

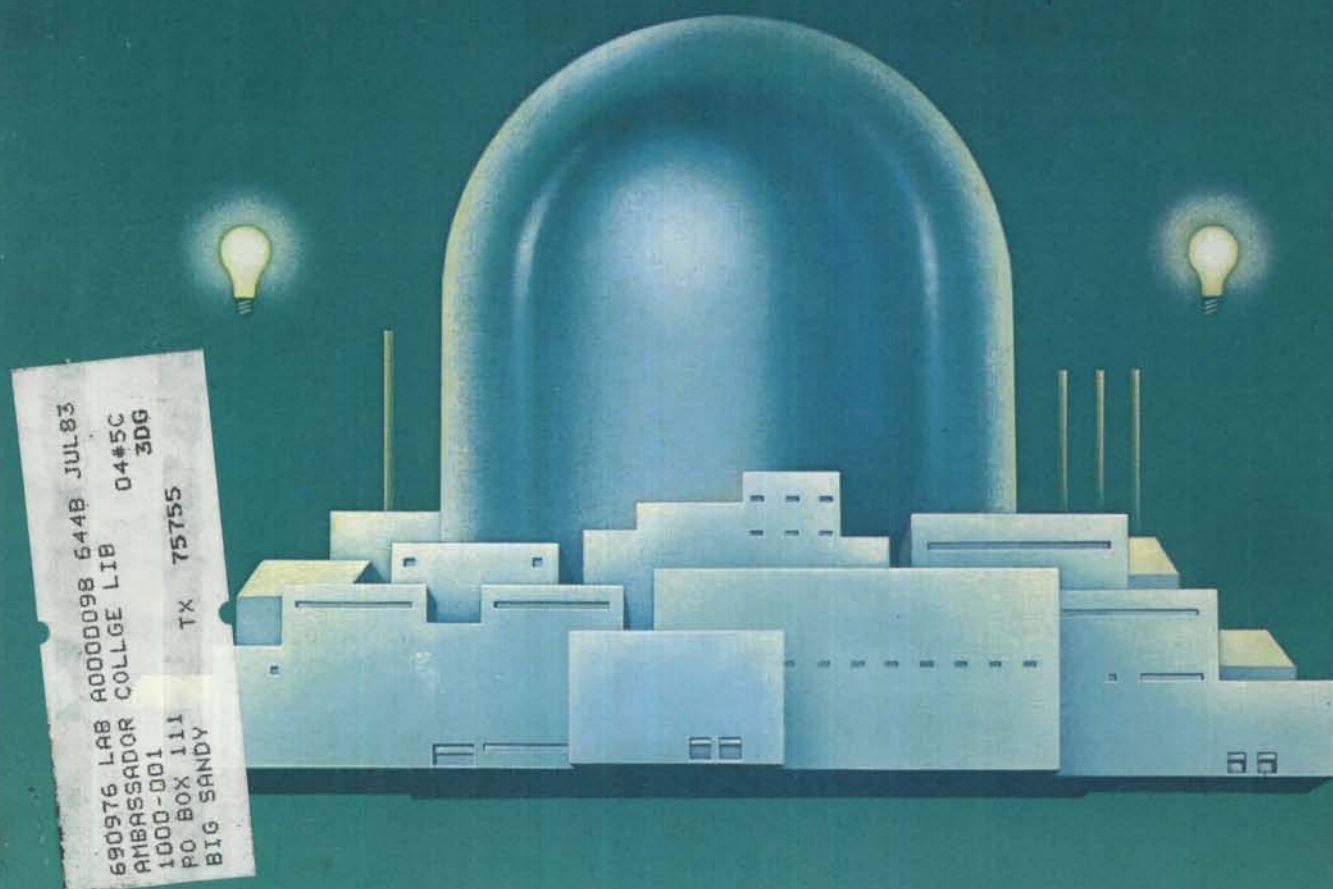
THE Atlantic

ROBERT B. REICH ON THE ECONOMY / HUMOR BY ROY BLOUNT, JR. / MARTIN AMIS ON D.M. THOMAS

DREAM MACHINE

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BY WILLIAM LANOUE



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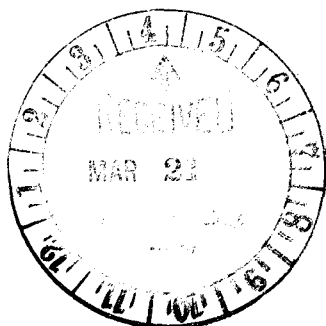
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WATCHING THE RUSSIANS

The article by Cullen Murphy on the work of Murray Feshbach in filling out Soviet statistics shows the kind of pride that goeth before a fall ("Watching the Russians," February *Atlantic*). The Soviets try to conceal something; Feshbach figures it out and publishes his conclusions and his methods. The Soviets get to try again, though the article contains no hint that they ever fooled us about anything.

When a specialist in some part of an organization becomes head of the whole organization, there is often increased emphasis on his methods. The accession of Andropov portends more concealment, disinformation, and repression, and larger-scale covert actions abroad.

JOHN MCCARTHY
Stanford, Calif.

For several years I have reviewed Soviet literature in East German translation for *World Literature Today* (published by the University of Oklahoma), while others have reviewed the Russian originals. Now, all of a sudden, the USSR has stopped sending us review copies, and their East German satellite state has followed suit. The net result is a deficient report on Russian literature in *World Literature Today*, which otherwise would have been only too glad to publish a reasonably complete survey. I call your attention to this situation as merely another example of the extreme xenophobia in which the USSR is indulging. Cullen Murphy's article is only too timely.

ERNST ROSE
Leesburg, Fla.

THE BUDGET AMENDMENT

Milton Friedman's argument in favor of the balanced-budget amendment ("Less Red Ink," February *Atlantic*) overlooks one large economic question: whether government budget deficits are needed to "prime the pump" when the economy is contracting. Mr. Friedman clearly does not believe such deficits are needed, although he refrains from say-

ing it, but the fact that he believes the issue is settled does not make it so. Whether economists have been polled on this question I don't know, but I think that at least half probably would disagree with Mr. Friedman on this point.

The Constitution provides the option for a constitutional convention, but not for how to call it, select delegates, run it, etc. The power for making those decisions rests with the very Congress such a convention would be called to circumvent. Moreover, once called, the convention could address any issue it wished. Every student of American History must know how dangerous a constitutional convention would be in the hands of men less scrupulous than our founding fathers.

JONATHAN P. MURRAY
Arlington, Va.

An issue Mr. Friedman did not address is the phrase "fiscal year." Otherwise, I agree completely with him.

In my adulthood I have seen the fiscal year move from January first to July first, and from July first to October first. In no recent year has Congress been able to complete all budget and spending bills without a continuing resolution. These resolutions usually carry over current fiscal-year spending for periods from October to December 31 or late in January. Usually the continuations are at current spending levels unless a portion of the new spending bill pertaining to a specific department has already been agreed on. This dilutes the cash available for spending in the "new" fiscal year they're working on, and, I believe, leads to the mid-year additional deficits.

If corrective action is to be taken to make our elected (and unelected) officials responsive to the public concerning budgetary matters, I feel such action must include a definition of the federal fiscal year as a twelve-month period. Otherwise it will become the most fluid date in the annals of future histories.

NANCY CADUFF
Painesville, Ohio

The function of the Constitution is to outline the basic principles and aims of government and to protect the funda-

mental rights of citizens. It never was intended to include legislation pertaining to the day-to-day business of government.

A constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget, even in the form recommended by Milton Friedman, would have prevented enactment of the entire New Deal program, which brought us out of the Great Depression.

If today's economic conditions demand a balanced budget—and, contrary to Professor Friedman's claim, there is not universal agreement on that—there is no reason why Congress cannot enact one. And any voter who believes that his elected representative does not properly reflect his own views can always vote for someone else, the democratic way by which the will of the majority prevails. The Constitution already provides for this. No new amendments are needed.

WALTER GRIMES
Washington, D.C.

Milton Friedman replies:

Walter Grimes is wrong: whether or not the New Deal program was desirable, the amendment would not have prevented its enactment. FDR commanded majorities in the Congress far longer than necessary to activate the escape clauses in sections 1 and 2 of the amendment.

Nancy Caduff makes a valid point. The "fiscal year" has been slippery in practice, and it might be desirable to include a specific definition of the term in the amendment.

Jonathan Murray's assertion about "how dangerous a constitutional convention would be in the hands of men less scrupulous than our founding fathers" is, I believe, wrong on two counts. First, there is no presumption that the delegates to such a convention would be less scrupulous than our founding fathers. My own belief is that the opportunity to participate in such a historic occasion would attract an outstanding array of able and talented citizens as candidates for selection as delegates; and the solemnity of the occasion would lead voters to choose delegates with special care. Second, no amendment proposed by the convention could be adopted unless approved by three quarters of the states. The vision of a runaway convention destroying precious liberties is a figment of overheated imaginations seeking to prop up the status quo.

THE PERPETUAL CAMPAIGN

In his January article about Walter Mondale, Gregg Easterbrook employs the term "entitlements" to describe Social Security. This is a propaganda term, apparently invented by the insurance industry in its campaign to label this government insurance program as a form of charity. He goes on to say, quite falsely, that "Democrats like to justify entitlements as programs of compassion for the downtrodden. . . ." If he is referring to Social Security, he would better do his homework and read a bit of elementary history.

I note that he does not name any Democrat who has joined the Republican campaign to brand the program as charity, and to obscure the fact that this insurance program is a contract between the government and the American people.

FREDRICK S. GRAM
St. Paul, Minn.

Gregg Easterbrook refers to "the disgraced Carter." Warren G. Harding was disgraced; Richard M. Nixon was disgraced. In what sense does ex-President Carter, who served his country honorably during a difficult period, belong in such company?

ELINOR FITZGERALD
Syracuse, N.Y.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In his enthusiasm for showing the Soviet economic crisis to be a "mirror" of our own, Lester Thurow, in his review of Marshall Goldman's *U.S.S.R. in Crisis* (February Atlantic), both overstates the case and misses a fundamental advantage of a market-oriented economy over a planned economy. Although Thurow quite correctly points to similar problems of overcapacity in steel production and the failure of both the USSR and the U.S. to manage a humane and "orderly retreat," he ignores the inherent innovation advantage of a market economy.

A planned economy such as those of the Soviet Union and the Eastern European bloc depends on already established firms for technological advancement and the development of new products. It would be as if our own economy depended on the fifty largest corporations for all innovations with little opportunity for the entry of new or smaller

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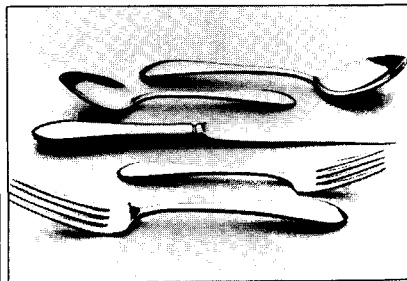
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firms. Yet, as Burton Klein has noted, innovations most often emerge from firms quite small and new to the economy. As firms grow and age, they depend on new firms for technological advancement or continue to rely on yesterday's technology. These innovations are not "superficial," as Thurow implies, but rather reflect the most basic changes our economy has made. The automobile and aircraft engines were pioneered by small, new firms who have grown to dominate these industries today. Companies unknown fifteen years ago introduced integrated circuits, microprocessors, etc., long before companies such as IBM entered these newer markets. Large companies do make innovations, but an economy that depends on large, existing bureaucracies for all innovation will be at a great disadvantage.

A market economy thus encourages the innovation of new technology by giving new firms the opportunity to obtain capital and compete with new products, while a USSR-style planned economy depends on existing firms or the foresight of government planners. A government can and certainly should aid the process of innovation and growth, as the history of industrial policies in Japan illustrates, but the market-orientation of the United States is what makes Marshall Goldman's assertion that "change has come easier to the United States" quite correct.

CHARLES A. BLANCHARD
Cambridge, Mass.

Tracy Kidder's excellent summary of threats to the upper atmosphere ("Trouble in the Stratosphere," November *Atlantic*) accurately reflects the gravity of the issues. If we wait for scientific certainty or empirical documentation of damage, it may be too late for even Professor McElroy's grandiose scheme for engineering the atmosphere.

However, Kidder's analysis of the possibility of international cooperation is unduly pessimistic. All of the major fluorocarbon-producing countries have substantially reduced their use of the chemical since publication of the theory, although only the U.S., Canada, and Sweden ban most aerosol uses. Even so, per capita use in the U.S. is still higher than in any other country, even after the ban. Also, the initial steps toward an international convention to protect the ozone layer were taken last year, despite almost no support from the United

States. Kidder also contradicts himself by stating that "the industrialized world has already largely given up the most dispensable uses of those chemicals" while simultaneously claiming that other nations have done very little to reduce use of fluorocarbons in aerosols.

It is not true that eliminating the danger from fluorocarbons would mean "altering throughout the world almost all systems of cooling and refrigeration." Most home air-conditioners use a system that is based on a variation of fluorocarbon that poses almost no threat to the ozone layer. A non-fluorocarbon-based refrigeration system became available last year from a small Florida company, but Du Pont has no interest in this system since it is not dependent on the use of any Du Pont products.

Finally, it is worth noting that the fluorocarbon manufacturers and users mounted a huge and nearly successful lobbying effort last year seeking to amend the ozone-protection provisions of the Clean Air Act. The changes they sought would have made it much more difficult to regulate fluorocarbons. The changes were incorporated in Senate amendments to the Clean Air Act approved in committee, but the bill never came to a vote. The issue therefore has important political as well as scientific dimensions.

ALAN S. MILLER
Natural Resources Defense Council
Washington, D.C.

As the author of the Automobile Research Competition Act, a bill in Congress to which Michael VerMeulen makes general reference ("Transportation: The Demand for High Gas Mileage," January *Atlantic*), I would like to comment as follows.

1. VerMeulen neglects to describe the attributes of the automobile that Battelle Memorial Institute found to be feasible: a four-passenger (with luggage) car that meets safety and EPA requirements, can use the interstate-highway system, has a mean life of 100,000 miles, gets 80-85 mpg with gasoline and 100-105 with diesel, can be developed within three to five years, and sells for about \$6,500 in 1982 dollars.

2. The essence of Battelle's car, the "Pertran," is that it would meet the everyday needs of a majority of American families.

3. This is quite a different vehicle from GM's (unpriced) "two-passenger com-

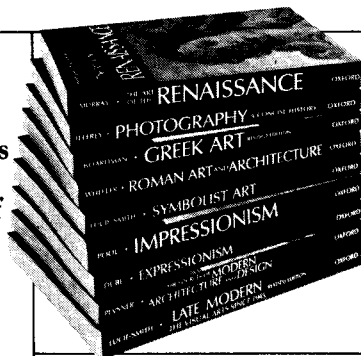
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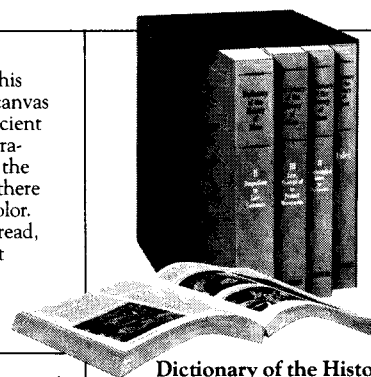
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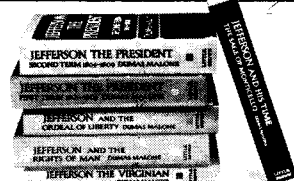
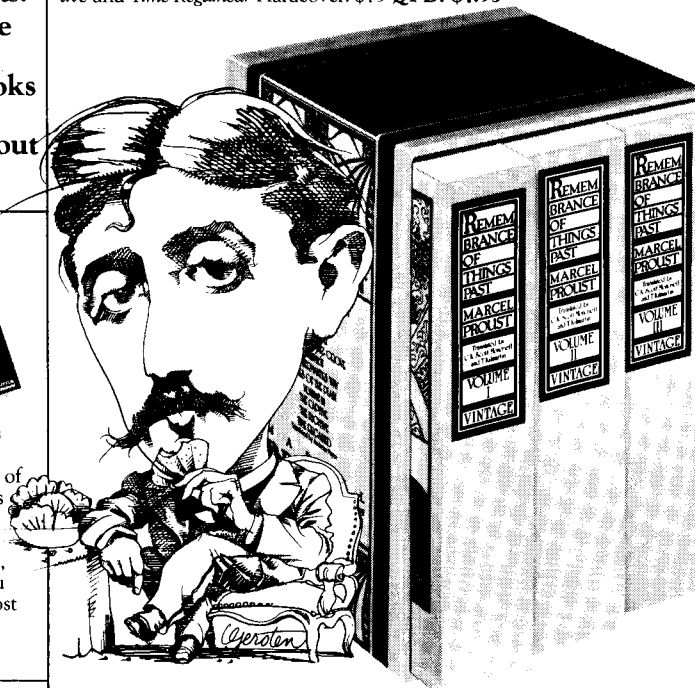


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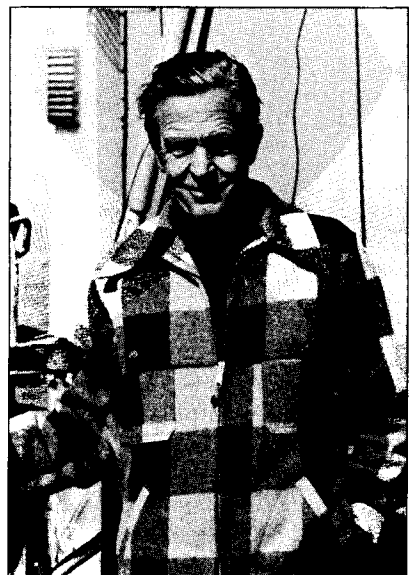
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muter," which VerMeulen does describe.

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5. VerMeulen falls into what I call the "public doesn't want them" trap, which American auto companies invariably use as an excuse for not building the less profitable smaller fuel-efficient cars. In the past, American companies have cited that in 1973, the last year of "cheap" gas, 83 percent of cars sold were American, and they were mostly big cars. That leaves only 17 percent for foreign, i.e., usually small, fuel-efficient cars. However, in a 10-million-car market like that of 1973, this "small" 17 percent becomes a very significant 1.7 million units.

Given the thin line between the current oil "glut" and skyrocketing prices due to the potential unavailability of Persian Gulf oil and/or the end of the worldwide recession—of which VerMeulen is obviously aware—I believe the real choice facing the American public in the relatively near future is between 25 mpg and 100 mpg cars. A practical family car selling for about \$6,500 would give a substantial part of the American public a good edge against another shortage.

ROBERT N. SHAMANSKY
Columbus, Ohio

I was a midwestern young adult when Ma Barker, that religious, feminine, loving, sweet, and sensitive pride of Missouri, and her gang of murdering bank robbers operated up and down the Mississippi Valley.

When I read the yarn told by her ninety-four-year-old daughter, Pinkie, to Lynn Caraganis (February *Atlantic*), my first impression was that your editors are young and my second was that I can hardly wait to read the novel that Ms. Caraganis is writing.

NICHOLAS CHAMPLIN
Hillsboro, Ore.

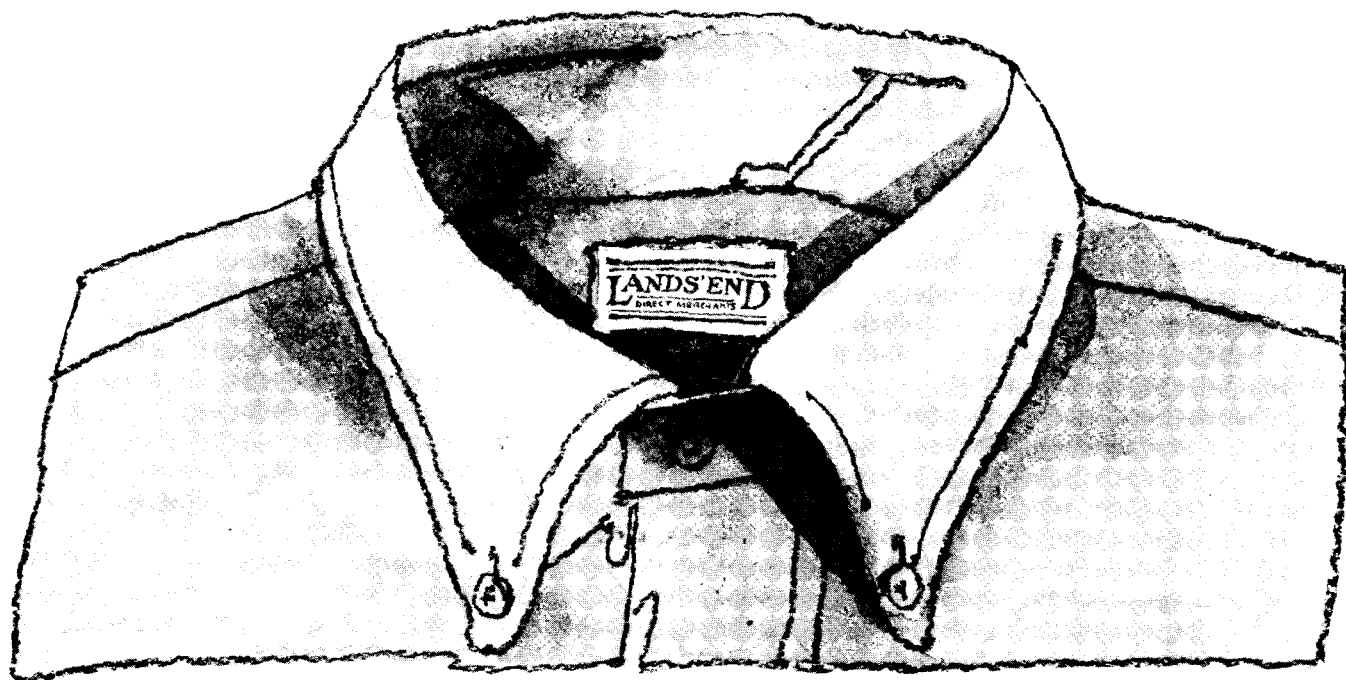
The poem "Supernatural Love," by Gjertrud Schnackenberg (December *Atlantic*), was the most beautiful thing I've read in a long time.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON ELOQUENT STATISTICS

A new study of military and social spending details where nations are concentrating their resources



RUTH LEGER SIVARD has been publishing *World Military and Social Expenditures* since 1974, the year after she left her job as chief of the economics division of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Her annual report is a riveting document with an unfortunate title; it suggests a weighty tome of arduous reading, precisely what it is not. It may, in fact, be the most effective (and least publicized) portrait we have of our imperiled planet. In a magazine-size booklet of only forty-four pages, the 1982 edition quantifies the arms race and its staggering economic consequences with a concision and clarity that even the most ardent cold warrior would find difficult to dismiss.

The numbers she presents are dismaying. An estimated 100 million people are engaged directly or indirectly in military activities: 25 million troops march in the world's armed forces, backed three-to-one by reserves, paramilitary forces, and the civilians needed to produce the weapons and services essential for their operation. An estimated one billion people live in poverty; 900 million adults remain illiterate; 600 million people are under- or unemployed. Between 1960 and 1980, the population of the developed world grew from 879 million to slightly more than one billion. The developing

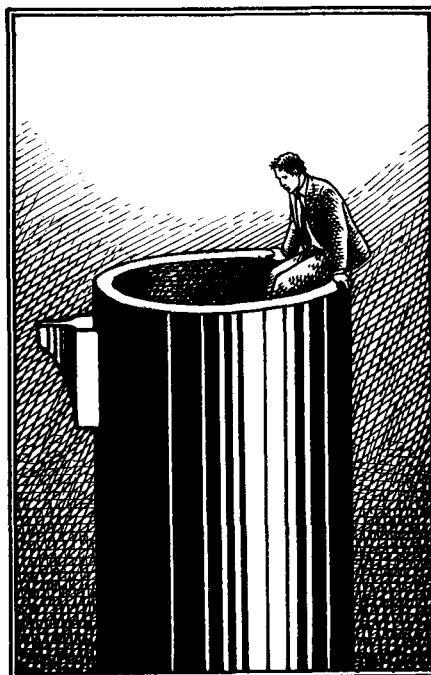
countries grew from 2.17 billion to 3.42 billion. During that same period, the armed forces in the developed nations decreased from 9.9 million to 9.5 million, while in the Third World the total almost doubled, to 15 million—nearly two thirds of the world's total armed forces. Arms imports of developing countries have risen even more sharply; in 1980, they came to \$20 billion, three quarters of world arms trade. The poorest countries now have access to the most advanced forms of military technology.

They have access to military guidance, as well. According to Sivard, an incomplete record shows ninety-three countries and territories in which there is a foreign military presence, with at least 1,800,000 personnel involved. One quarter of the forces, she says, are on foreign ground to fight wars; the rest are abroad

for such reasons as supporting governments in power, providing training, conducting nuclear tests, and establishing listening posts or bases for ships and planes. In 1981, the United States provided military training to forces from sixty developing countries, the United Kingdom to trainees from twenty-three developing countries.

"The intrusion of military authority and influence into the political realm has been one of the fastest growing enterprises of the second half of this century," Sivard writes. Of the 113 countries she lists in the Third World, fifty-two are under military domination by their national governments. More than thirty are producing weapons, some as complex as fighter aircraft and missiles. According to Amnesty International, the U.S. State Department, and other sources cited by the author, forty-nine of the fifty-two regimes limit citizens' rights to safety under the law, "almost two-thirds of them showing a consistent pattern of extreme repression, including the use of torture . . ." In the past twenty-two years, 112 coups have taken place in these developing nations; Bolivia led the way, with eight, followed by Ghana (five) and Argentina, Honduras, Peru, Bangladesh, Vietnam, and Benin (four each).

Sivard calculates that since 1960 more than 10 million people have died in sixty-five major wars (defined as causing more than 1,000 deaths). This, of course, is only a partial accounting. Forty-nine countries have been caught up in war since 1960, almost all of them in the Third World. In 1982 alone, new and old conflicts spilled blood in El Salvador, the Falklands, Northern Ireland, Afghanistan, Lebanon, Iran-Iraq, Ethiopia-Somalia, the Western Sahara, and Angola.





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Since Portugal's intervention in Angola, in 1961, succeeded by South Africa's invasion in 1976, 48,000 civilian deaths and 7,000 battle deaths have occurred. This kind of ratio marks the new face of warfare. "The historical record shows," Sivard writes,

that to an increasing degree civilians are the main casualties of wars, whether they are international or civil. In the 1960s civilian and military deaths were about equal, but in the last decade civilian deaths rose sharply. The average in the later period is three civilian deaths to one battle death. A major reason for this is the increasingly sophisticated weaponry available even in developing countries, where most of the fighting has been. Weapons, fired from great distances, are more destructive and indiscriminate. Aided by mechanized equipment, conflicts fan out more rapidly, destroying crops and food supplies, causing floods of helpless refugees. Starvation takes many of them.

Since the wholesale bombing of World War II, wanton violence has become a common feature of modern war. It is no longer the men who fight but rather those for whom they are presumably fighting who become the main victims of war.

Such language typifies Sivard's approach. Her case for disarmament requires no polemics; she builds it with blocks of devastating information, most of it buttressed by neatly laid-out, handsome graphs, charts, tables, and maps.

One map, for example, shows that across the United States there are 20,000 tactical and 10,000 strategic nuclear weapons; the USSR has 10,000 and 7,400. France has 300 and eighty, the United Kingdom 250 and 192, and China 300 and four. In 1950, fewer than ten research reactors operated, in four countries; now more than 300 exist, in fifty-four nations. Since 1945, some 1,300 nuclear test explosions have taken place, and the rate has accelerated in recent years to the point of about one test a week in 1981. The proliferation of "peaceful" power reactors (to almost 300 worldwide) only incubates the disease: the average commercial reactor annually yields about 500 pounds of plutonium, which can be used to manufacture nuclear weapons.

Sivard reports that last year military expenditures totaled about \$600 billion, with an additional \$50 billion for re-

search and development—efforts employing nearly half a million scientists and engineers—and \$35 billion in arms trade. Military procurement, she says, has created industrial giants; all told, the arms business now accounts for \$150 billion in annual sales, ranking in size just below the annual incomes of the world's fourteen largest national economies. This spending discourages investment in nonmilitary activities, diverts research efforts to fields that do not produce growth, and teaches skills that are of little use in the civilian economy. Defense spending, she says, is the least effective way to produce job opportunities in developing countries. Sivard estimates that if this rush to manufacture and buy weapons continues at the same rate it has since 1960, national governments will have spent an additional \$15 trillion (in today's dollars) on arms by the year 2000. At least 8 million more men will be under arms, and trade in weapons will approach \$100 billion a year. The number of strategic nuclear warheads will be double that of today—the equivalent of seven tons of TNT for every person on earth.

PERHAPS THE MOST telling section of the 1982 edition is the ten-page statistical annex, which tracks military and social trends in 141 countries. In 1979, for example, El Salvador's military budget totaled \$48 million, more than \$10 per capita in a country of 4.7 million people. The per capita expenditure for health was about \$9. One doctor practiced for every 3,330 people, a ratio that ranked El Salvador behind eighty-two other nations. One hospital bed existed for every 590 patients (rank: 89). Only 44 percent of the population had access to safe drinking water (81). Only half the school-age population attended school (94), and 37 percent of the people were illiterate (72). El Salvador ranked eighty-second in overall economic-social standing, a measurement Sivard arrives at by averaging her rankings for education, health, and gross national product per capita. To complete the equation, Sivard reports elsewhere in her compendium that since 1976, 45,000 people have died in the fighting in El Salvador, 25,000 of them civilians.

In 1979, the U.S. ranked seventh in Sivard's economic-social standings, behind Sweden, Denmark, Norway, France, Iceland, and Australia. One person in seven lived below the poverty lev-

el, while the government spent \$60,474 per member of the armed forces. We ranked particularly poorly for a (once *the*) modern industrial state: twelfth in public expenditure per capita for health, twentieth in population per physician, thirty-fourth in population per hospital bed. We were a nation of 417,300 doctors and 2 million uniformed warriors. Our public expenditure for health totaled \$86.3 billion. The military received \$122.3 billion, which represented nearly a quarter of the world total of military expenditures. These disparities have grown in the past three years.

The Soviet Union, of course, also plays this deadly game of budgetary triage. On Sivard's economic-social scale it ranks twenty-third, behind the above-named seven and Canada, West Germany, Switzerland, Finland, Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, Kuwait, East Germany, Austria, Japan, Italy, and Israel. Despite such seemingly impressive rankings as population per physician (first) and population per hospital bed (sixth), the USSR's public expenditure for health ranked thirty-fourth. The country's infant-mortality rate is almost double the average for other developed countries. The budgets for health (\$24 billion) and education (\$55.3 billion) combined totaled \$35 billion less than the \$114 billion military budget. There were nearly one million physicians, but 3.7 million men in the armed forces, each costing \$31,165 per year in public funds.

Sivard is careful to stress in her extensive "Notes on Data" section that secrecy in the Soviet Union and among the Warsaw Pact nations makes reliable military figures difficult to pin down. She draws primarily on Western sources—her own research, the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London, the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, and the Central Intelligence Agency, among others. In a detailed, two-page analysis of Western estimates of Soviet-bloc military expenditures, she decries the failure of the USSR to make its numbers public. Refusal to do so is an important cause of the arms race, she argues, because the CIA's "method of calculation is not only based on an extremely fragile structure of evidence but also has built into it an upward bias because of the worst-case assumptions applied to unknowns in the estimating process."

SOME OF SIVARD'S statistics are numbingly familiar: "The world's stockpile of nuclear weapons is equivalent to 16,000 million tons of TNT." But her great strength is her determination to jolt us awake by putting familiar facts in perspective: "In World War II, 3 million tons of munitions were expended, and 40-50 million people died." For those who find the escalation of megatonnage too abstract to grasp, she supplies a more accessible measure: "The efficiency of a US car (fuel use to weight) has doubled since World War II; the efficiency of a nuclear weapon (destructive yield to weight) has increased 150 times." To protect our vital interest in Middle East oil, we are spending \$4.5 billion a year on a rapid-deployment force, but we spend only \$400 million on the search for renewable energy sources as an alternative to oil. World public expenditures average \$19,300 per soldier, \$380 per school-age child.

No administration is eager to publicize these comparisons, or any of the others Sivard makes. She left the Arms Control Agency in 1973 after budget cuts stopped publication of *World Military Expenditures*, the analysis she had produced at the agency for several years. It was later reinstated; the single issue the Reagan Administration has produced carries no social statistics and little economic analysis. Only a few thousand copies are printed each year and, not surprisingly, the agency makes a minimal effort to promote the document. For the past eight years, working out of her home in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C., Sivard has almost single-handedly sought to fill what she sees as the vacuum.

For the first few years, Sivard labored without pay. Now she draws a modest salary from the \$60,000 annual budget provided by the sponsors her work has attracted: the Arms Control Association, the Institute for World Order, the Peace Through Law Education Fund, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Stanley Foundation, the Union of Concerned Scientists, Project Ploughshares in Canada, the British Council of Churches, and the United Nations Association of Sweden. Leading peace activists have also joined her board of advisers, among them Dr. Helen Caldicott, president of Physicians for Social Responsibility; Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, of Harvard; and Professor Alva Myrdal, former minister of disarmament in Sweden.



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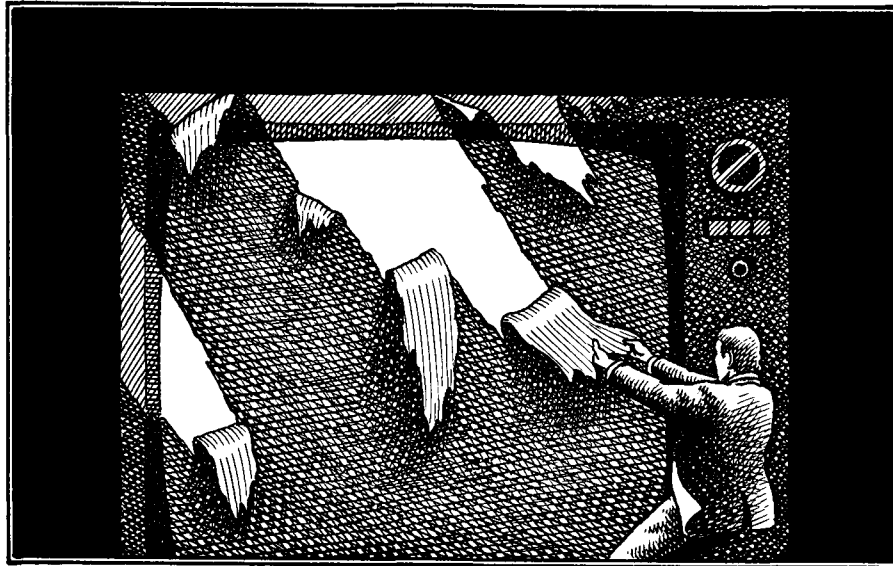
Unfortunately, neither the embrace of these respectable names and organizations nor Sivard's dedication has turned *World Military and Social Expenditures* into the best seller it deserves to be. The 1981 edition sold only 22,000 copies. The 1982 edition, which came out last October, had a print run of just 3,000 more. (It is available for \$4 from World Priorities, Inc., Box 1003, Leesburg, Virginia 22075.) Over the years, various editions have been translated into Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Spanish, German, and Dutch, adding a few thousand copies to the annual totals. Some of Sivard's sponsors do a certain amount of promotion each year, but her unique portrait remains underexposed.

Sivard can hardly be credited with dis-

covering the high cost of the arms race, or the widespread misery it causes. But nowhere on the disarmament bookshelf is the social impact of the pervasive "security" mentality laid out so calmly, succinctly, and, most important, specifically: "The Poseidon submarine . . . carries 16 missiles, each with 10 warheads, each warhead with an explosive force over three times that of the Hiroshima bomb. Conceivably a single submarine could destroy 160 targets, more targets than there are cities in the USSR."

— Richard Pollak

Richard Pollak, founding editor of MORE and former literary editor of The Nation, is at work on a novel.



PARIS NEWSROOM POLITICS

The Socialists have been slow to act on their promise to end government dominance of television news



LAST BASTILLE DAY, Philippe Labro, a television journalist, made French broadcasting history. It happened during an informal holiday interview given by President François Mitterrand to the country's two largest networks, on the midday news. Upset by the unexpected length of the conversation, Labro, anchorman for one of the host channels, cut the President's live remarks in mid-sen-

tence and returned to studio programming. Labro's invited guests for the birthday of the Republic, to whom he devoted the rest of the news, were cats, long-haired and languorous, nestled on plump cushions around the studio.

The next day, Labro was quoted on the front page of *Le Figaro*, the leading paper in opposition to Mitterrand's Socialist government, as suggesting that his action was a healthy departure from the "too-reverential" behavior of television journalists in the past. Some others at his network, Antenne 2, saw nothing admirable in it. The incident emerged not as a symbol of independence but as evidence of the tangled and often bitter relations between the government and the three-network television system. The climate of television—regularly described as "poisoned"—is the result of a quarter-century of conservative and

Gaullist rule in which high government officials ordered politically useful programs on the air, deleted bothersome ones, and denied political opponents—the left—effective access to the screen.

Ironically, the left played a role in establishing the tradition of government control of television news. In 1956, the Fourth Republic Socialist government of Guy Mollet (in which Mitterrand was minister of justice) created a director of radio and television information to justify its actions in Suez and Algeria. Six years later, President Charles de Gaulle instituted a flatly totalitarian system of news control. At a daily meeting, government ministers, top bureaucrats, and television directors planned the evening news, explicitly defining subjects to promote and themes to forbid—mostly critiques from the left. During this period, the Office of French Radio and Television (ORTF) dominated virtually all broadcasting in France, and provided stability: everyone—employees, audience, and officials—knew what to expect.

In 1974, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing broke the ORTF into seven separate organizations, including the three TV networks, a move prompted in part by the potential threat of a single agency with so much influence on public opinion. Giscard also refined the government's style of news control, relying less on presidential censorship than on dependable allies at the helm of the broadcasting societies—such as Jean-Pierre Elkabbach, the news director installed at Antenne 2 in 1977. Giscard did not, however, abandon more direct influence: 82 percent of Antenne 2's journalists declared in a 1978 survey that they had been pressured by government ministers; outspokenly leftist journalists were blacklisted.

Government leaders had clear reasons for adopting these practices. In France, the power of television is particularly concentrated in delivering the news. Newspaper readership is dramatically lower than in Sweden or Britain, for example, and runs at a rate about 25 percent lower than in the United States. In surveys, 39 percent of the French say that TV is their main source of news, a figure that may understate the extent of its impact: the nightly TV news audience is measured at 17 million by leading surveys, total newspaper circulation at 9 million.

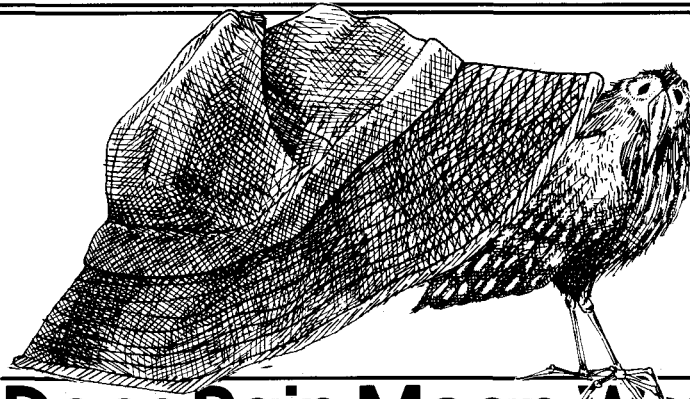
Using news as government propagand-

da was justified by successive regimes with a sort of catechism: 1. The television journalist has special responsibilities. 2. Television is objective. 3. It is the voice of France. This orthodoxy fueled a thirty-year debate among news professionals on the question "Are television journalists the same as other journalists?" The proposed difference, of course, was that as "public servants," television journalists had to respect the will of the people—that is, to support their elected leaders. In the name of duty, journalists interviewed high government officials with prearranged questions and answers. Opposition leaders, for years scarcely seen on TV, appeared more frequently after 1974, but the overall coverage almost never permitted harsh criticism of the government.

Newsroom hiring, not surprisingly, became a prerogative of the Hôtel Matignon, the prime minister's office, and television jobs have served in France much as diplomatic assignments do in the United States. Though some television journalists have long been dedicated professionals, the job has often been a reward for political loyalty, a stepping-stone to influence, or a *placard doré*, a gilded closet for bothersome but ineffectual friends. To those on the left, as well as to a considerable number of critics in the press, such journalists were simply *carpettes*, serviles who cushioned the step of the powerful.

WITH THE ELECTION of the Socialist government, in May of 1981, the television system, for so long beyond the reach of its leftist critics, was suddenly theirs. The Socialists prepared to act on their campaign promises to free television from direct political control, and to encourage more originality in programming. But first, with exuberant supporters urging revenge in kind for the years of one-sided news coverage, they did some housecleaning.

Celebrating Mitterrand's election victory at the Place de la Bastille, an enormous crowd shouted in unison, "Fire Elkabbach!" Two months later, in July of 1981, Elkabbach, a symbol of Giscard's news manipulation, was ousted. By the end of that summer, the heads of all three television networks and the state radio system had been replaced. In the spring of last year, Jean-Marie Cavada, the only network news chief hired before the election still to have his job, and one of the country's most energetic and respected



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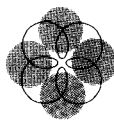
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TV journalists, was pressured out of office. The price for removing the old government's appointees was a wave of doubt, even anguish, among the government's allies in the press.

Although the Socialists refrained from a witch hunt among lower-level broadcast journalists, they did try to change the balance in the newsrooms, by hiring a number of leftist newspaper writers, including several communists, and rehiring others dismissed in the past for political reasons. In the first year, the Socialists hired 1,600 people—about 10 percent of the industry's work force—in all areas of broadcasting. Unfortunately, since so many of the leftists in the newsroom were either new to TV or returnees who had been absent for as long as a decade, they were not in a position to retool news practices from the bottom up.

In fact, an impressive title, requiring little work, still seems as important as always. With 193 journalists worldwide, Antenne 2 last year counted twenty-four editors in chief and associate editors in chief, the equivalent of American producers; at T.F.1, its rival network, the proportion of producers to journalists was only slightly lower. And the most durable opinion, one that French journalists have been repeating about each other for years, remains in steady circulation: "Maybe one in four is competent," says Philippe Chatenay, a foreign news reporter for Antenne 2, voicing for the record what many others will say only in private.

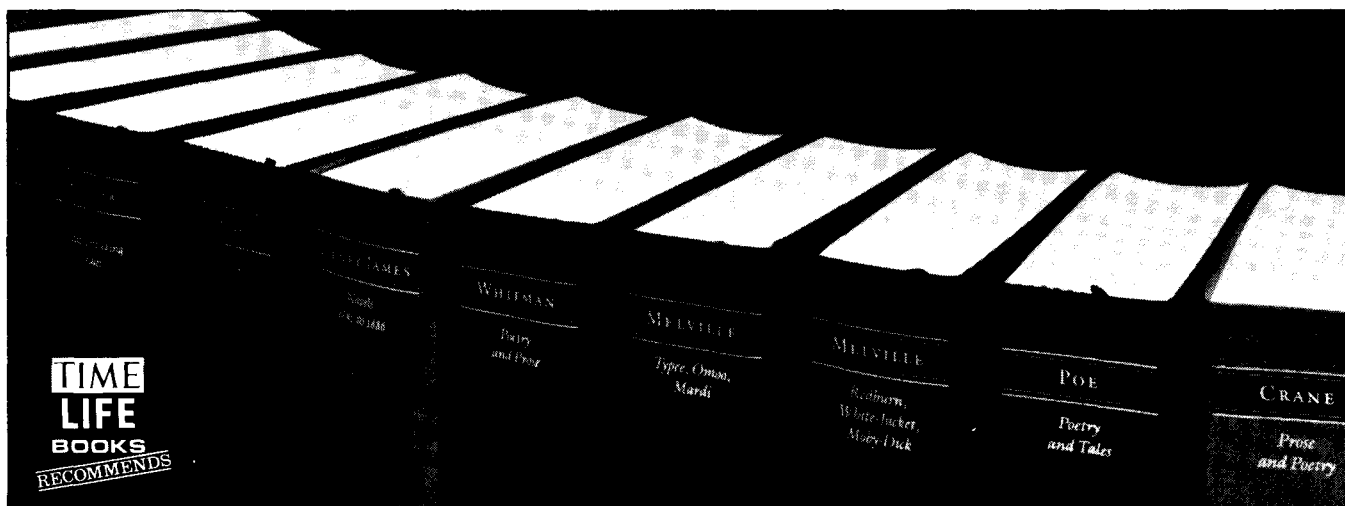
Despite the appearance that on camera not much was changing, government ministers expressed, with scout-like sincerity, the wish "not to do to our political adversaries what they did to us for twenty years." Mitterrand himself has shrewdly exemplified restraint, appearing infrequently on television—a deliberate contrast to Giscard, who never missed a chance to rustle up a TV showcase. Georges Fillioud, minister of communication, moved rapidly to install a commission to plan a new, less political relationship between the government and television. But the Socialists hedged their bet, wary that, with so many entrenched methods still being practiced, the right's traditional dominance of the medium would continue. They slowed down the pace of reform, with the result that a planned four-month transition took more than a year, during which a spirit of hesitation and anxiety settled over the editorial staffs.

When the government passed its "new law of the audiovisual," last July, after fourteen months in power, it carefully restricted formal independence for television. The law created a High Authority, whose members cannot be fired by the government, to oversee public broadcasting, breaking the direct link between the Élysée Palace and network operations. The authority retains a political aspect: six of its nine members are named by the Socialists, and Michèle Cotta, former director of Radio-France and a prominent Socialist journalist, is its president. But the authority's choices for new heads of the television and radio networks—the first nominees not named by the president or prime minister—were in general better known for their professional or administrative careers than for political ideology.

INSIDE THE TELEVISION newsrooms, one change is unmistakable. The centralized control of information dramatically broke down after May 10, 1981. "There's lots of freedom, very little interference," says Chatenay, at Antenne 2. "The boss might say he doesn't like the rhythm or timing of a piece, but there are no orders on content." Journalists throughout the television system, in and out of Paris, reiterate the absence of direct pressure from current superiors or from the government on what or what not to say.

The autonomy of the editorial staffs has, in fact, reached startling levels. "I write all of the copy for the broadcast, and no one reads it before I go on the air," says Christine Ockrent, anchorwoman of the evening national news on Antenne 2. Ockrent, who once worked for NBC and CBS, contrasts her individual writing with American news, "which is prepared by rewriters with no personal touch." Other journalists affirm that no editor reviews their copy before it goes on the air.

At Antenne 2, the transformation could hardly be more marked. Elkabach ran a completely centralized newsroom and sometimes drastically reworked reporting he disapproved of, according to reporters whose work he edited. Although he claimed never to have used it, "extension 61," a direct line from the newsroom to the Élysée Palace switchboard, remained a notorious fixture of his tenure. His successor, François-Henri de Virieu, not only had the line closed but often did not even attend



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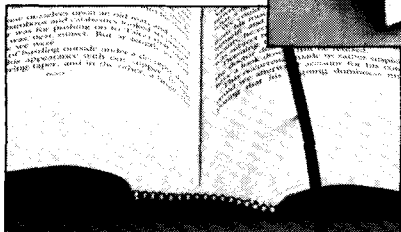
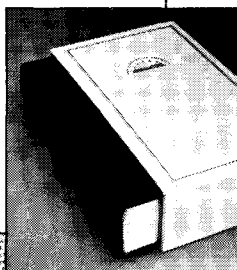
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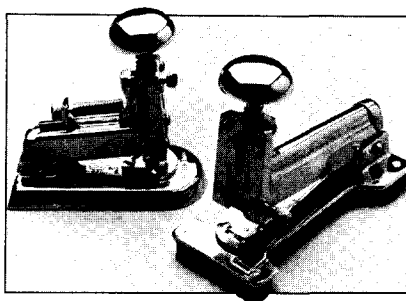
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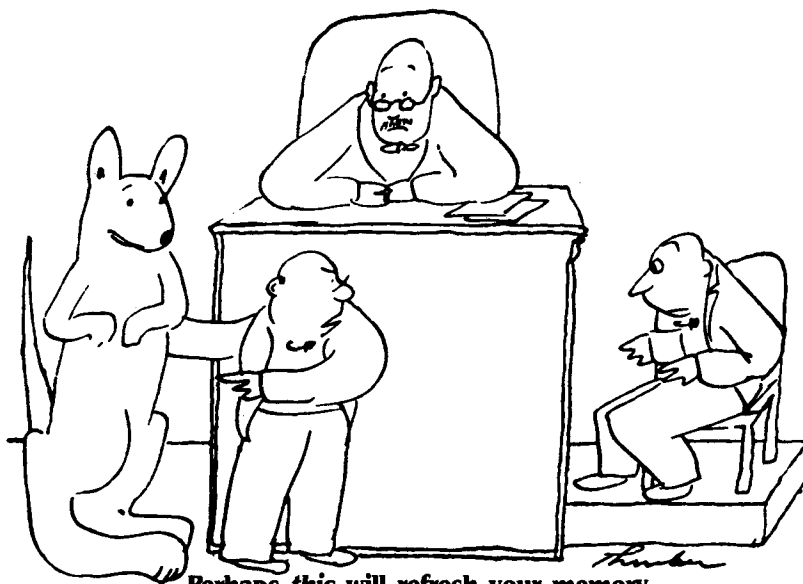
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the editorial conferences where story lineups are decided. "Elkabbach was like an abusive father, but he was a father-figure nonetheless," says Laurent Sauerwein, who came to television a year ago from the Communist daily *L'Humanité*. "We have swung to the opposite extreme—no leadership."

Speculating on the abrupt end of news management, Chatenay says, "I think it's because the Socialists don't know how to control news, after twenty or thirty years out of power." Former president Giscard, he says, "would underline parts of his speeches and say, 'If I were you, I'd emphasize this or that.'" Other critics have joked that the Socialists took care of their inexperience by leaving so many old journalists on the job, who by habit went to the ministers' doorsteps each day.

In the view of some militant Socialists and some in the Communist Party, television has changed for the worse under Mitterrand. Too many concessions have been made, says a reporter at Antenne 2, "to an entertainment concept of the news." Other proposals to change traditional practices—whether to allow publication of official viewer surveys, for example, or to air more American series—are dismissed by the hard-liners as "attacks on the idea of television as a public service."

To partisans of a more "Socialist" style of broadcasting, as well as a number of journalists of varied politics, one of Mitterrand's appointments has come to symbolize the "anti-public-service" problem: Pierre Desgraupes, the head of Antenne 2. A fiercely independent media veteran, fired from TV in 1972 for political sins against the right, Desgraupes defends television as diversion, not pedagogy.

Desgraupes ignored all cues from the government—and from the newsroom—about whom to hire, choosing De Virieu as news director over strenuous objections from both sides. Last September, just as single-handedly, he named Joseph Pasteur, one of his closest associates, to succeed De Virieu. Resentment toward Desgraupes grew further when he suspended Bernard Langlois, a newsman, for commenting on the air that the death of Princess Grace "changes nothing in human destiny." Despite his unpopularity among journalists, Desgraupes was the only network director reappointed to his post by the newly created High Authority.

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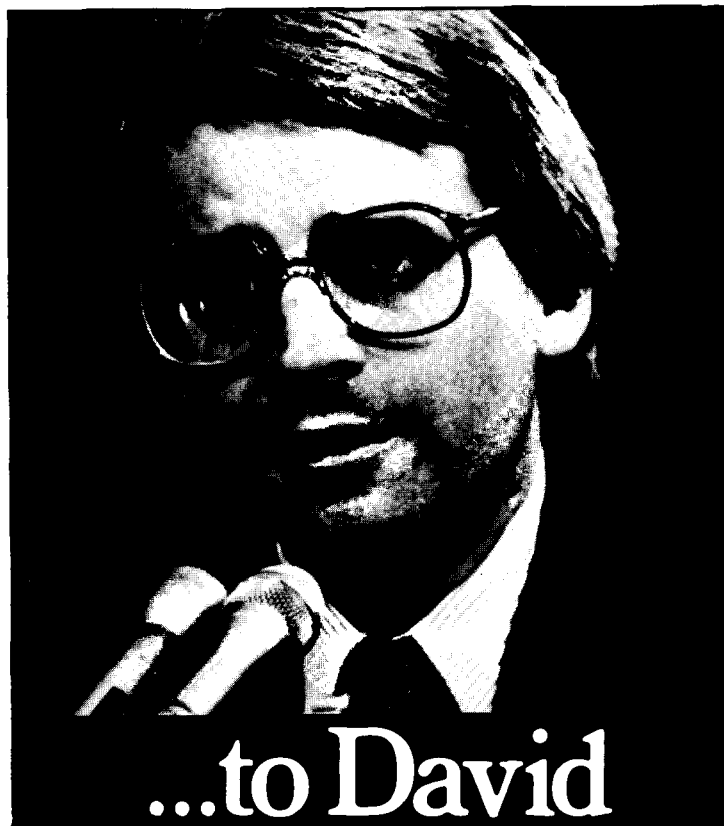
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THE Atlantic

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AS IN ITS EARLY years, television remains a part-time medium in France. Airing programs only from noon to midnight, TV is not yet the unceasing companion to daily life that it has become in the U.S. And the French watch less of it—an average of two hours and fifteen minutes a day—than the typical American, who, says the A.C. Nielsen rating service, sees four hours and twenty-five minutes a day.

The first major program of a typical broadcast day is the midday news, especially popular in the parts of France outside the largest cities, where many households still gather for lunch. A mixture of dubbed American serials, such as *Starsky et Hutch*, talk shows, instructional programs, and after-school cartoons dominates the afternoons on both T.F.1 and Antenne 2. In early evening, F.R.3, the network of regional stations, goes on the air, broadcasting twenty minutes of regional news simultaneously on all three networks; there is no other regular local news on television.

Prime time begins with the national evening news, at eight—"the queen program, the locomotive that pulls behind it the grid of programs," in the words of a critic in *Le Monde Diplomatique*. The *grand journal* also attracts—directly before and after it—the most commercials. Evening shows, which usually run an hour, include musical varieties and dramatic series, but the big hits tend to be films, both made for TV and cinema reruns. Not only in prime-time talk shows but in *dramatiques*, which tend toward lots of anguish but little action, there is an emphasis on conversation in French programming.

Accordingly, much of the TV news in France consists of "talking heads"—up to twelve or fifteen minutes of continuous reading by newscasters. This can become tedious, but in the hands of a first-class reporter, a complicated and non-visual story may get the analytical and historically oriented coverage it deserves, particularly if it concerns international news. The foreign-news reporters clearly feel it is permissible to express their point of view, even if it is not in agreement with the government's. Journalistic tradition in France has always blurred the distinction between opinion and straight reporting. But touchy domestic matters, such as reversals in economic policy, tend to receive different, sparer treatment. Both government and opposition representatives

have their say, but there is less extensive commentary by journalists. In explaining the timidity of the profession at difficult moments, news people blame not government pressure but one of the traditional attitudes in France: that challenging governmental officials is an unnecessary breach of good manners.

In effect, journalists, in print as well as in broadcasting, fear that the public will turn on them if they are too aggressive toward high officials. A survey conducted by Louis Harris for the magazine *L'Express* before the last election suggests that the French would rather not know some things about their leaders. Those polled opposed the publication of



documents about the past personal behavior of public officials by 49 to 41 percent. Only one in six wanted to know the financial standing of candidates for the presidency.

ALTHOUGH EVERYONE AGREES that there are far too few journalists to cover news in France, any further expansion of news staffs seems questionable. The 8-billion-franc (\$1.1 billion) radio-television budget is in financial difficulty, with two of its seven divisions facing a deficit of nearly one billion francs (\$142 million). Most of the available remedies in some way challenge the "public service" ideology of television or its long-established practices.

One solution, which the Socialists have already used in part, is to increase

advertising on TV. Limited to just eighteen minutes a day on the national networks, commercials have appeared this winter for the first time ever on F.R.3. Despite the seemingly modest time available (a U.S. broadcasters' code "limited" ads to eight and a half minutes an hour, and the FCC ceiling now in effect permits sixteen minutes an hour), the commercials provide more than 50 percent of the total budgets of Antenne 2 and T.F.1. Both networks have long been turning away potential advertisers because of the time limits; the option to relax them is there if the Socialists want to raise more money. But until fifteen years ago, TV carried no advertising, and the notion that television is a public right, not a sales medium, enjoys strong public support and political safety.

To help raise the 2 billion francs (\$285 million) estimated as the cost of the Socialists' TV reforms, the government has raised the annual fee charged against every TV set in use. The fee, currently 471 francs (\$67) a year for a color set, less for black-and-white, in effect gives the viewer a right to expect good signal reception as a public service.

In response to public pressure for more variety on TV, the government announced last June the creation of a fourth channel. Calling it Channel More, the government proposed making it a vehicle for privately made feature productions and late-night movies for paying subscribers. Among television viewers, there is skepticism about the proposal. "If they show things like *The Cultivation of Sugar Beets in Alsace*," observes an engineer involved in technical planning for the channel, "I can assure you, no one will pay."

Satellites, due to be launched jointly by France and West Germany in 1985, and by Luxembourg in 1986, will increase the number of channels reaching France, and some of them might be run by private broadcasters. Negotiations among European countries are under way to define national airwave rights, with the French considering a \$7 billion plan to install a nationwide cable system that would receive and distribute all satellite transmissions, in effect preserving the government monopoly. But recently, Georges Fillioud has spoken of the importance of private production and capital in improving programming. More than any of the earlier plans to loosen the ties between government and television, such statements suggest that the



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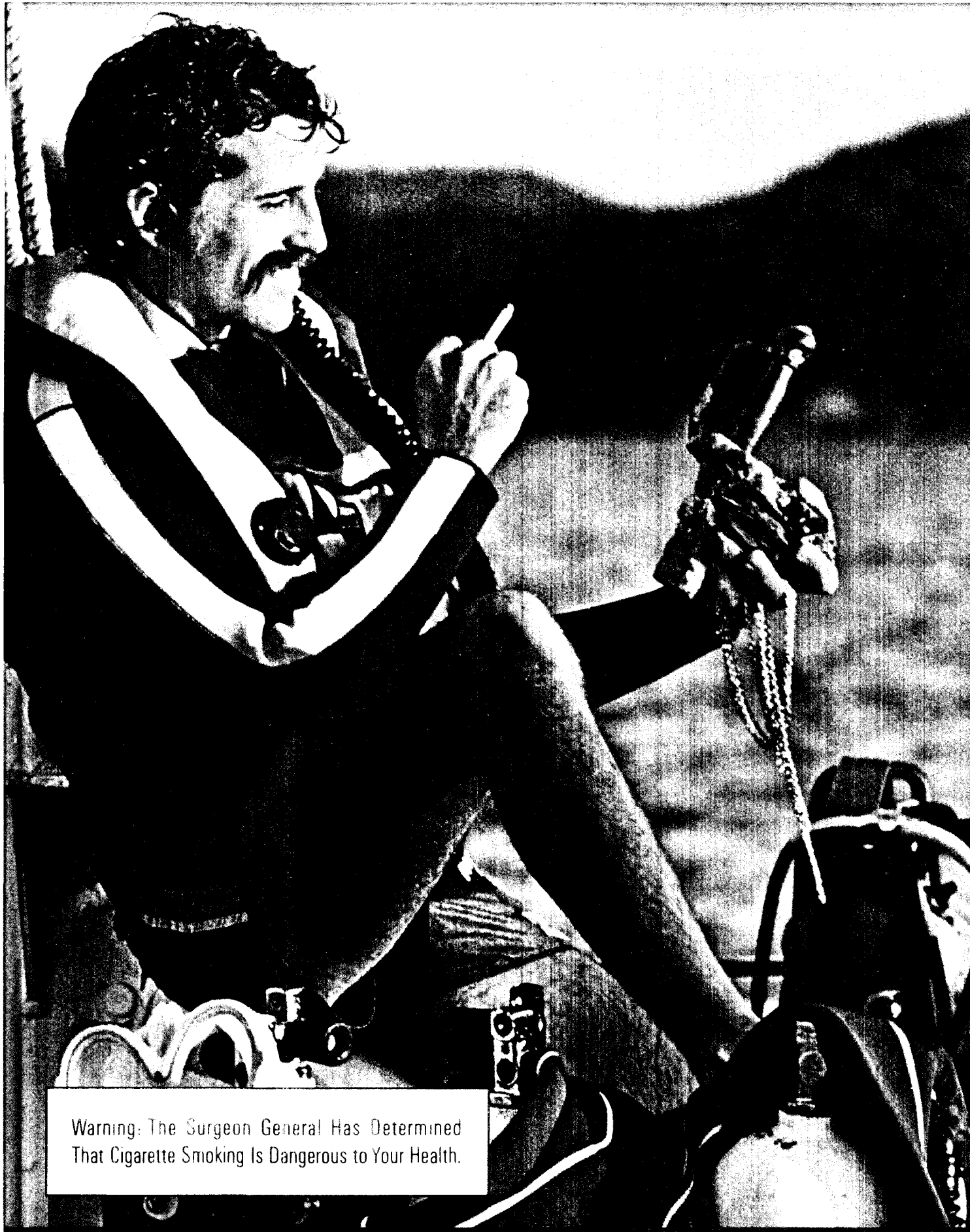
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Socialists might leave their mark on French broadcasting by presiding over the debut of private television in the all-public system.

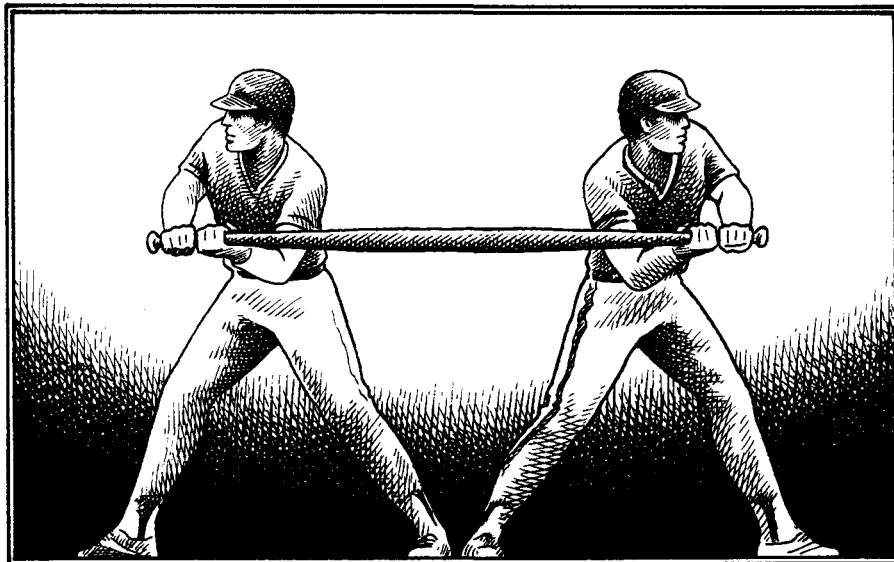
For a considerable portion of the French viewing public, such an event would be welcome. "Real reform is coming from the sky!" said *Science et Vie* magazine last spring, listing the variety of satellites that may be beaming signals into French territory in less than three years. There is also the desire among journalists to emulate the independence of the "Anglo-Saxon tradition" of the BBC, in England, which reported war news unfavorable to its government while fighting continued in the Falklands. A private network might well include a news operation.

For some on the left—the militants,

the Communists—Fillioud's hints of an accommodation with the capitalist media are an abdication of what they see as a mandate to make public institutions promote socialist ideas. A leaflet that appeared in the television studios soon after the Socialist victory expressed their disappointment. "When you are the rightist under the right, you have responsibilities," the flyer read. "When you are leftist under the right, you are turned out. When you are rightist under the left, you are promoted; and when you are leftist under the left, you must fortify yourself with patience."

— Daniel Cohen

Daniel Cohen, a free-lance writer and photographer, worked in French television for two months last year.



BASEBALL SCHEDULE MAKERS

When owners begin tampering with a schedule that packs 162 games for each of twenty-six teams into a six-month span, one thing leads to another



THE BASEBALL SEASON of 1983, like baseball seasons past, was supposed to begin with one special game in each league: an American League game in Baltimore—the idea being that President Reagan might be persuaded to come north and throw out the first ball—and a National League game in Cincinnati,

in honor of the Reds' standing as the oldest team in professional baseball. This scheme is not simply traditional; it's in the rules: a ceremonial opening day is observed in no more than two cities, usually on a Monday or a Wednesday in early April, and the rest of the teams join in the following day. This year, however, Baltimore and Cincinnati, which also did the honors in 1982, will share their opening-day thunder with two additional American League games, in Arlington, Texas, and Oakland, California. Nobody in baseball is particularly happy about this development; it just happened. It seems the American League side of the 1983 schedule had a small glitch in it; league officials and club owners began fiddling with it, and, as often happens when someone begins fiddling with a schedule that packs 162 games for each

of twenty-six teams into a maximum of 183 days, with a day off every three weeks to satisfy the players' union, one thing led to another.

Bob Fishel, who works in the American League office as right-hand man to the president, Lee MacPhail, explained it to me this way: Sometime during the 1982 season, the management of the Oakland A's looked closely at the proposed schedule for 1983 and noticed that the A's would not be at home for any of the season's three major holidays (Memorial Day, July 4, and Labor Day), which are considered by many teams, though not all, to be good days for attendance. Oakland's July 4 opponent, the Texas Rangers, had home games scheduled for all three holidays, so, to redress the inequity, the schedule-makers suggested shifting Texas's July 4 series to Oakland. Texas, after being promised a July 4 game for 1984, agreed.

This move, however, produced a conflict in the Bay Area with the National League's San Francisco Giants, who are considered, for the purposes of scheduling, to be in the same market as Oakland. Wherever two teams play in close proximity (San Francisco–Oakland, Los Angeles–Anaheim, Chicago, and New York), the owners try to avoid having both at home on the same day. Because every team must play virtually every day, this means that one team is almost always home when the other is away. Oakland was supposed to be out of town on July 4, so the Giants had been scheduled at home, against the San Diego Padres. The Giants also had home games scheduled for Memorial Day and Labor Day. Would the Giants and the Padres agree to move their July 4 series down to San Diego, so the A's could have a holiday all to themselves? The two National League teams agreed to the change, but, because a team must play each opponent an equal number of games at home and away, this would necessitate switching another Padres–Giants series from San Diego up to San Francisco. One such series was set for the opening of the season, and this was the one chosen for the switch. Of course, since San Francisco had originally been scheduled to open the season away, Oakland had been scheduled to open at home, so now another conflict appeared—for opening day, no less, which is generally a better attendance day than the Fourth of July. To evade this conflict, the American League petitioned the National for an

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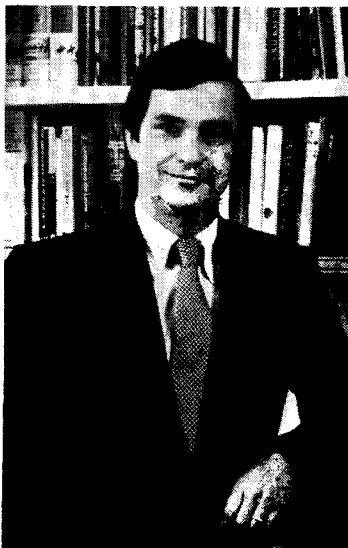


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exception to the normal opening-day rule. They said, let the A's open one day ahead of schedule, on the same day as Baltimore and Cincinnati; this way San Francisco and San Diego can have the next day, their opening day, all to themselves. Perhaps because two of their own stood to benefit from this proposal, the National League owners agreed to it.

Meanwhile, back in Texas, the Rangers—who, remember, had already parted with their July 4 game—were scheduled to begin their season with a three-game series against the Chicago White Sox, April 5, 6, and 7. On April 8, the Sox were due in Detroit for the Tigers' home opener. Detroit wanted its opening-day game to be played in the afternoon—not only for tradition's sake but also because Michigan nights in early April are usually too chilly for baseball. Texas, for its part, wanted its April 7 game to be a night game; in Arlington, where summer afternoons can be unbearably hot, almost every game is a night game. But the White Sox could not play a day game in Detroit after a night game in Texas; the Basic Agreement between the Players Association and the major leagues, the labor contract of professional baseball, prohibits a day game after a night game if a flight of more than ninety minutes intervenes. The American League therefore asked the Rangers to start their April 7 game no later than 5 P.M., the cutoff for a day game, to comply with the rule. But the Rangers pleaded for a different solution. Their adult fans, they said, would simply not come out for a 5 P.M. game, and their young fans would still be in the thick of the school year. The Rangers weren't worried only about gate income; they also feared bad publicity. If word got around that they'd drawn a measly two or three thousand on the third day of their season-opening series, the year would seem a failure almost before it had begun. The Rangers said they'd rather wipe the game off the schedule than play it at 5 P.M.; better yet, they said, why not let us play our usual night game on April 4, along with Baltimore, Cincinnati, and, now, Oakland? The American League owners found this a satisfactory solution to the problem, but the National League owners—who had already acceded to one perversion of opening-day tradition and had nothing to gain from another—refused to go along this time. In December, at the winter baseball

meetings in Hawaii, Lee MacPhail thus was obliged to seek a formal change in the rules: he proposed that if circumstances permit no other reasonable solution to this sort of dilemma, the president of either league should be allowed to schedule extra games on the day of the traditional ceremonial openers. The American League clubs voted unanimously for this proposal. The National League clubs voted unanimously against it. Bowie Kuhn, the lame-duck commissioner of baseball, broke the tie by siding with the American League, and that's why four games, not two, will be played on April 4.

BOB FISHEL UNRAVELED this story for me in his office at American League headquarters, on Park Avenue in New York, on a Wednesday afternoon in early January. He had one hand on his telephone and one eye on a large computer printout that lay spread over his desk. The 1983 American League schedule was about to be printed, and Fishel was phoning around the league to verify game times and check for last-minute changes. Coincidentally, he had spent a good portion of his morning working on the 1984 schedule, in a preliminary meeting with the four other people who work directly on the American League schedule: Lee MacPhail, Fishel's boss; Bob Holbrook, who used to work in the league office and now, in semi-retirement, serves as a schedule consultant; and Henry and Holly Stephenson, a couple of young computer programmers who do the nuts-and-bolts scheduling for both major baseball leagues (as well as the National Basketball Association and the Major Indoor Soccer League). All agreed that with its political nominating conventions and the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, 1984 was going to be a tougher year than most. Here are some of the things they talked about:

Squeeze weeks. Blake Cullen, who is Fishel's counterpart in the National League, had already made clear that his league favored April 5 for the opening of the 1984 season, but the Stephensons lobbied for an April 2 start instead, arguing that the extra three days were needed to avoid a squeeze week. In a squeeze week, instead of the normal six games against two different teams, a team plays seven games against three different teams, a situation that is considered undesirable because it leads to, among other things, doubleheaders.

Once thought of by many teams as attractions, doubleheaders are now out of favor. Modern owners claim they cannot afford to give two games for the price of one. For a team that averages, say, 20,000 admissions per date at \$5 a head, a doubleheader—even if it draws an extra 10,000 people into the stadium—represents a loss of \$50,000, not counting parking and concessions revenue. For most clubs, that's enough to pay a utility infielder's salary for several weeks.

Warm weather. These two words, used either as an adjective or as a noun, are schedule-makers' shorthand for "scheduling early games in warm-weather cities," an idea whose time came shortly after the anomalous April blizzards of 1982. The snows buried six opening-day games, from Milwaukee to New York, and caused the postponement of no fewer than seventeen games in the season's first week. On April 10, the fifth day of their scheduled season, the Chicago White Sox had yet to play a single game. Bob Holbrook, who has been working on schedules for about eighteen years, served as the American League's spokesman in the uproar that followed.

For three days, he told me, sports reporters from all over the country phoned to inform him that some of the postponements could have been avoided through more fortuitous scheduling. The Seattle Mariners, who inhabit a domed stadium in their home town, began their season in the Minnesota Twins' new dome, which was just opening in Minneapolis. Meanwhile, Boston was scheduled at Chicago, and California at Oakland. The curious callers, as well as a few outraged owners and managers, wanted to know: Why had the schedule-makers wasted an indoor stadium by putting Seattle in Minnesota? Why hadn't they sent Boston and Chicago to those cozy domes, or to the relative safety of Oakland and Anaheim? Why, for that matter, had they dragged the Texas Rangers up to Yankee Stadium instead of sending the Yankees to open in Texas?

Holbrook had answers to these specific questions: for example, the Seattle Mariners had been given the privilege of christening the Twins' new stadium because they had never in their five-year history been favored with a "road opener"—that is, they had never collected

the visitor's share, 20 percent, of another team's opening-day bonanza. However, to the more general question of why the schedule-makers hadn't accounted for the possibility of snow in April, Holbrook could only answer that, first, they had many other things to worry about and, second, they didn't think it was going to snow in April. Now, at least as long as the debacle is fresh in everybody's mind, the schedulers have to assume that the opening-day snows could come again. One of the goals of their January meeting was to find, among the American League's roster of fourteen clubs, seven "warm-weather" cities where they could confidently schedule at least the first series of the season. Oakland would do, of course, but the National League might claim that 1984 would be San Francisco's turn to open at home, because Oakland would be interfering with San Francisco's opener in 1983. Anaheim would do, but 1984 would be the Dodgers' turn to open in Los Angeles. Chicago would certainly not do, but the Cubs were supposed to open away in 1984, and if both the White Sox and the Cubs opened away, they would inevita-



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bly find themselves competing in Chicago at some point later in the season. The owners would either have to agree to some conflicts in the two-team markets or arrange to have Cleveland and Boston moved several hundred miles to the south.

Club considerations. Somewhat more predictable than the weather are club owners and general managers, who can be counted on year after year to scratch and fight for every possible scheduling advantage. At the meeting, Henry Stephenson passed around a summary of "individual club considerations" for 1984, compiled from the clubs' responses to a scheduling questionnaire. The document makes fascinating reading. In addition to listing such things as football weekends and special-event dates for those cities that have municipal, multi-use stadiums, the summary presents each club's wish list for the year. For 1984, the White Sox wish not to waste a visit from the Yankees, the league's most potent attraction, in the month of April, when fan interest is generally low. This wish could be repeated by every other team in the league, but the Sox had the Yankees in April of 1982 and are scheduled to have them in April of 1983, so they may get their way in 1984. The Baltimore Orioles, as always, wish to be on the road during the Preakness Stakes—a horse race that rarely lasts longer than two minutes—partly, they say, because the traffic resulting from the two events would strain the resources of the police. The Twins have requested away dates for the second weekend in May; that is the beginning of Minnesota's fishing season, an end-of-hibernation ritual that state residents observe with almost fanatic devotion. The Mariners hope to be away for Seattle's annual Seafair; the Blue Jays want to be home for Canadian holidays and in the U.S. for American holidays; the Red Sox insist on being home on Patriot's Day, when they traditionally schedule an 11 A.M. game, which will have a good chance of ending shortly before the finish of the Boston Marathon. Bob Holbrook, who has lived in Boston most of his life, tells me that the Red Sox usually register a few other preferences that didn't show up on the questionnaire. Perhaps because of the city's Irish heritage, Mother's Day is a bad baseball day in Boston, and the Red Sox would rather celebrate it elsewhere. They also like to be away, Holbrook says, on Good Friday. Similarly, the Yan-

kees have requested road trips for Easter weekend and Yom Kippur.

Political conventions. As Holbrook flipped through his copy of the wish list, he pointed out that the Texas Rangers had asked to be in Arlington during the Republican National Convention, which will be held in nearby Dallas; in 1980, he recalled, when the Republicans convened in Detroit, the Tigers asked to be away. Lee MacPhail said that if he were running a team in a convention city, he'd prefer to be away. Bob Fishel didn't express an opinion on that, but he did say that when he and MacPhail worked together in the New York Yankees' front office, they were careful to schedule television games opposite major network broadcasts from the convention floor. "We'd get great ratings," he said.

According to Bob Holbrook, the difference between the Rangers' preference and the Tigers' is easily explained: the millionaire owner of the Rangers, Eddie Chiles, is a "big Republican." Holbrook is probably right, but I have been pondering the matter since I first learned of it, and I've managed to fascinate myself with the notion that the attitudes of the two ball clubs somehow reflect the fortunes and characters of their cities. Detroit asks to be away on July 4 of 1984, and to be home for no more than one holiday in all, while Texas asks for home dates on both July 4 and Labor Day. The Rangers, whose stadium lies in the suburban sprawl between Dallas and Fort Worth, are reluctant to play an early-season game at five o'clock on a weekday evening, while the Tigers, who play in downtown Detroit, always ask for a weekday season opener, because businessmen there traditionally take that afternoon off and spend it at the ball park. Detroit, which has had big-league baseball since the turn of the century, seems to treat it as part of an everyday routine that would be disrupted by a holiday or a political convention. Texas, on the other hand, with an expansion team in the nation's new belt of prosperity, thinks of major-league baseball as an occasion for community pride: *You say the Republicans are comin' to town? Hell, let's throw 'em a party!*

Could this be another manifestation of the difference between the gray, crotchety urban North and the sunny, optimistic exurban South? I was quite fond of the idea until I considered the Cleveland Indians, another old, northern team that plays in a downtown stadium to a popu-

A New Information Age

When Samuel Morse telegraphed the message, "What hath God wrought?" in 1844, he was expressing his awe over the new technology, and perhaps his uncertainty over what it would mean to humanity. The telegraph brought dramatic changes as people gained instant access to information across continents and oceans.

Society was later transformed by the telegraph's offspring—the telephone, radio, television. With the popularization of a new communication tool—the desk-top computer—our society is on the verge of a vast jump into a new information age.

Personal computers are expected to turn up in four out of five American homes by 1990. By linking a computer to a TV set and then to the telephone network and outside data banks, we will transform our homes into communications centers with access to a dizzying array of information services.

From the home we'll soon be able to choose specific TV programs, films, sports events, and concerts from a diverse entertainment menu; scan the headlines of an electronic newspaper, requesting printouts of stories of interest; find out if it's expected to rain; see how the stock market is doing; check on how our favorite team did in the big game; search for a new home in our price range in the neighborhood of our choice; check airline schedules, or find phone numbers in a constantly updated electronic directory; look up an old issue of a magazine, or even do research into the life and ideas of everyone from Alexander the Great to

Emile Zola.

Many American homes—estimates range from 7% to 30% within 10 years—will have two-way communication capability. This means we'll be able to bank at home, checking our balances, paying bills, and transferring funds among accounts. We'll be able to order goods seen on commercials or shop from TV catalogs, and charge the cost to our accounts. Some forecasters predict that 20% of U.S. retail sales will be done through home computer systems by 1990.

Fewer people will need to travel to work, saving commuting and office expenses. Typists will work at home on word processors linked to their offices. Financial analysts will compose reports at home and beam them to employers or clients. Lawyers will have an entire electronically catalogued legal library at their fingertips.

This new information age will create new economic and educational opportunities. But it also will raise important questions. Will the increase in home offices give workers more independence and closer relationships with their families? Or will it lead to more isolation and fragmentation in society? Will a new information age bring about a new age of understanding? Or will access to so much information just keep us busy sending and receiving data without aiding our understanding?

Just as in Samuel Morse's day, we stand in awe of new technology. And the answers to our questions, just like the answer to Morse's, are still unfolding before us.



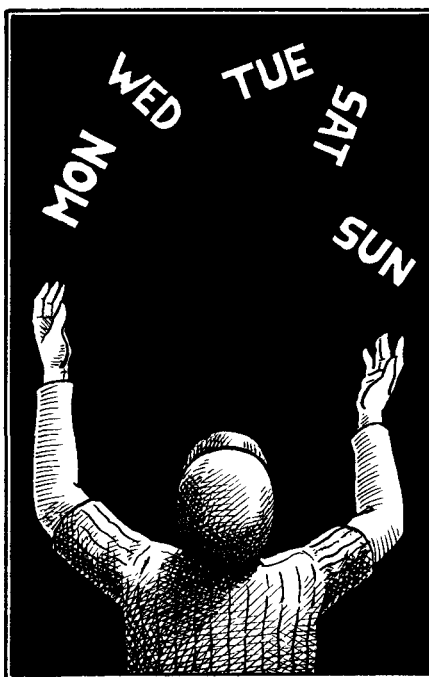
lace with much on its mind. Cleveland always insists on a Saturday home opener—these games sometimes draw more than 70,000 people—and the Indians love to be home on the Fourth of July.

Semi-repeaters. Some baseball people will tell you that the schedule is now “done on computer,” but that is not quite so. Henry and Holly Stephenson do work extensively with an IMS 8000 computer—it occupies a corner of their home in Staten Island—but “the machine,” as Henry calls it, serves mainly to monitor and report on the schedule as it is being developed. It tallies, for example, the number of miles each team is being asked to travel, and points out the conflict when a proposed change puts two teams from the same locale “at home” simultaneously. The schedule itself is still very much a pencil-and-eraser operation, one performed mostly by Holly, who, according to her husband, is “great at puzzles.”

If the schedule is a puzzle, its basic piece is the “semi-repeater,” a pattern devised by Harry Simmons, a kind, energetic, baseball-adoring gentleman of seventy-five who made the schedules for more than twenty years before the Stephensons replaced him, in 1981. (Simmons wrote the popular “So You Think You Know Baseball!” feature in the old *Saturday Evening Post*. It continues today, with a question mark instead of an exclamation point, in *Baseball Digest*.) Essentially, the semi-repeater is a mini-schedule in which one small group of teams plays two series against another small group, one series at home, the other away. A good example is found in the American League’s 1983 schedule for August: on the nineteenth of that month, each of the league’s three West Coast teams—California, Oakland, and Seattle—will play in the league’s Eastern Division. While California plays three games in Yankee Stadium, Seattle will play three in Cleveland, and Oakland three in Milwaukee. Then the teams will shuffle: Oakland will play New York while California plays Cleveland and Seattle plays Milwaukee. After one more shuffle, each of the teams in the western group will have played each of the teams in the eastern, whereupon all six teams will pack up, fly to the West Coast, and repeat the pattern—with variations—in the home stadiums of the western clubs. If the Angels played the Yankees in New York, and then played them immediately again in California, that would be a

“back-to-back” series, or a “repeater” (and it would require a lot of air travel). The semi-repeater spreads the games out in time—though not enough to please many owners—and, by grouping the three western teams together and placing them on the coast at the same time, reduces travel expenses for the visitors.

In the American League, where each team plays thirteen games against the teams in its own division and twelve against those in the other division, each semi-repeater is played twice in a year: once in the “prime” half of the season—mid-June through Labor Day, when the weather is best and schoolchildren are



on vacation—and once in the early or late stages of the season. (In the National League, whose twelve teams fall more easily into the twos and threes that tend to dominate the mathematics of the schedule, clubs play the teams in their own division eighteen times and those in the other division twelve.) Each pair of semi-repeaters can be arranged so that a team visiting on a weekend one time will come in midweek the next. Issues of “balance” like these are important to club owners, because the difference in dollars between a Friday-night game with the Yankees in July and a Tuesday-afternoon game with the Blue Jays in April can be enormous.

In the January schedule meeting, Lee MacPhail put one of the first semi-repeaters of the 1984 puzzle in place by

pointing out that in the spring of that year, the first major movement of teams from east to west should involve three National League teams, traveling to play the San Francisco Giants, the Los Angeles Dodgers, and the San Diego Padres. While these games were being played, the American League’s West Coast teams would be away, to avoid conflicts in Oakland–San Francisco and Anaheim–Los Angeles. When the National League’s West Coast teams flew east to “semi-repeat” their games in the home towns of the teams that had just visited them, then the American League’s western teams would play host to a group of three teams from the east. In other words, the National League semi-repeater had to be matched with its mirror image in the American League—standard procedure where two-team cities are involved. MacPhail communicated all this with nine words: “It’s the National League’s turn to go west first”—and everybody in the room nodded knowingly.

AS THE MEETING wound down and talk grew casual, the schedule-makers began to skip forward and back from the year 1984, and to make more liberal use of their arcane verbal shorthand. A disorienting sense of time travel settled over the conference table. In the minds, or at least the words, of the people in the room, the 1983 season, which would not begin for three months, was already over. They were talking about it in the past tense. Henry Stephenson had a perpetual-calendar book in his hand, and he was flipping back and forth through it while the others said things like “How did we handle that in ’83?” and “They opened in the West in ’83.” When Lee MacPhail casually mentioned that Easter of 1985 would fall on April 7, Stephenson let out a groan, as though he had immediately perceived the gravity of the situation. Then MacPhail said there was a good side to that—the season would not go past the end of September, which would mean relatively few games after Labor Day, though he may have been talking about 1986 by this time. In any case, everyone else in the room seemed to know just what he meant, and why one thing followed from the other.

—Michael Lenehan

Michael Lenehan lives in Chicago and is a frequent contributor to *The Atlantic*.

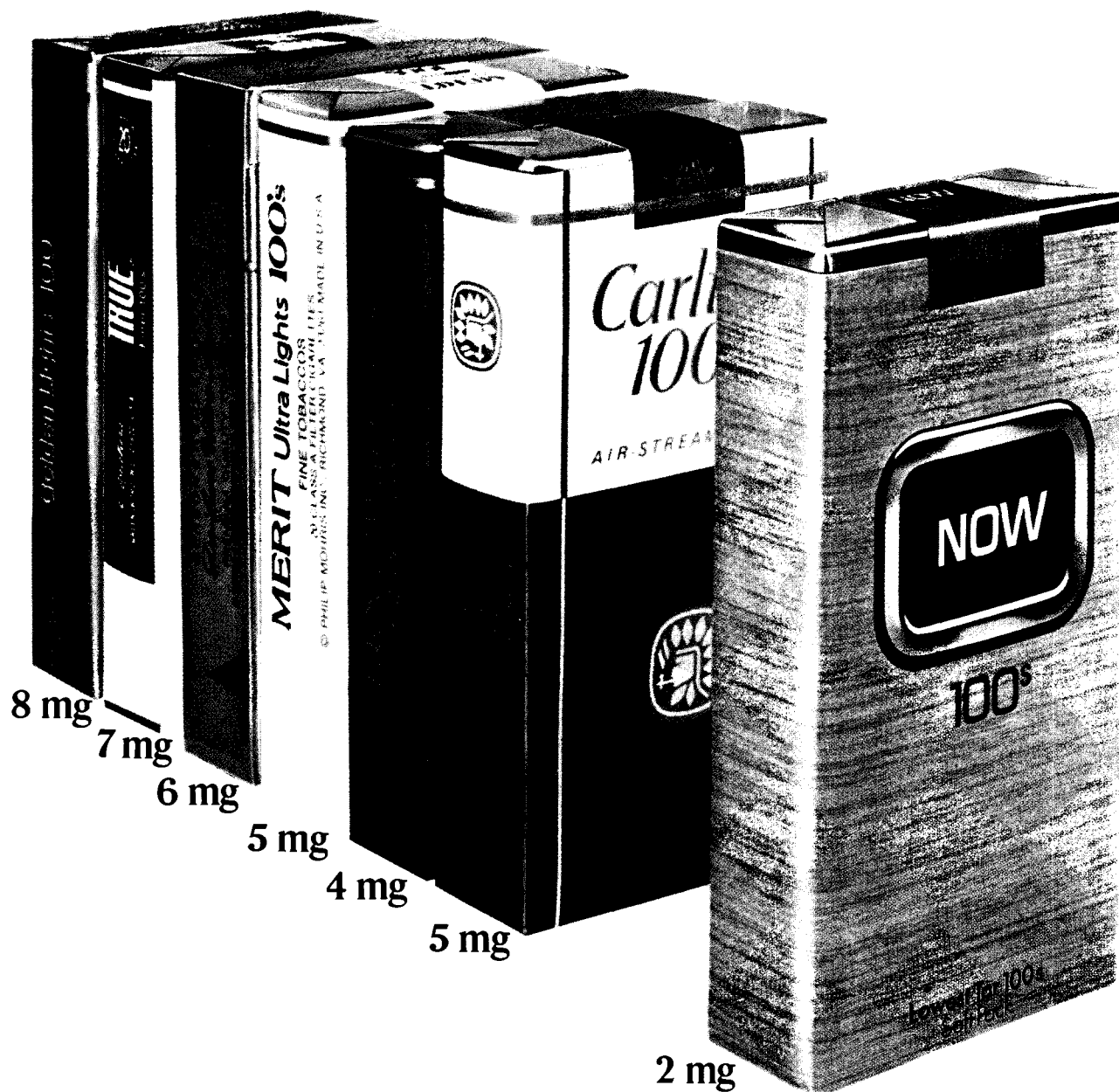
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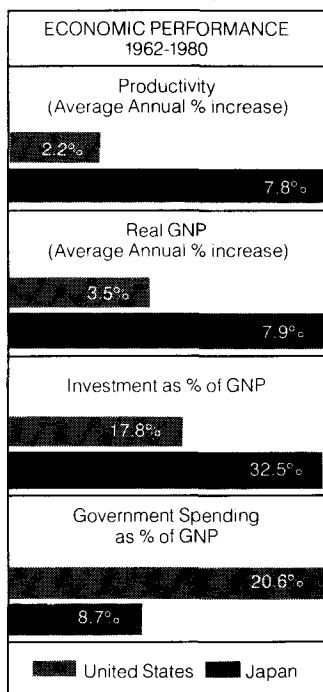
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This chart compares the U.S. economy with Japan's over the 1962-1980 period.



During those years, Japan's GNP growth rate in constant



dollars was 2.3 times ours, because its investment rate was 1.8 times ours; its productivity grew 3.5 times ours—while government spending as a percent of GNP in Japan was less than half ours.

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Here are some additional figures for our economic scoreboard: Each year, 115 million Japanese invest more in new plants and equipment than 220 million Americans.

So on the average, machinery in Japan is now 6 to 7 years newer than here. That's why a certain Japanese automaker can produce 9 engines per employee-day while one large American car company turns out just 2.

And so today, Japan leads the world in automobile production; it has surpassed us in steel production and dominates world markets in cameras, hand-held calculators and television sets.

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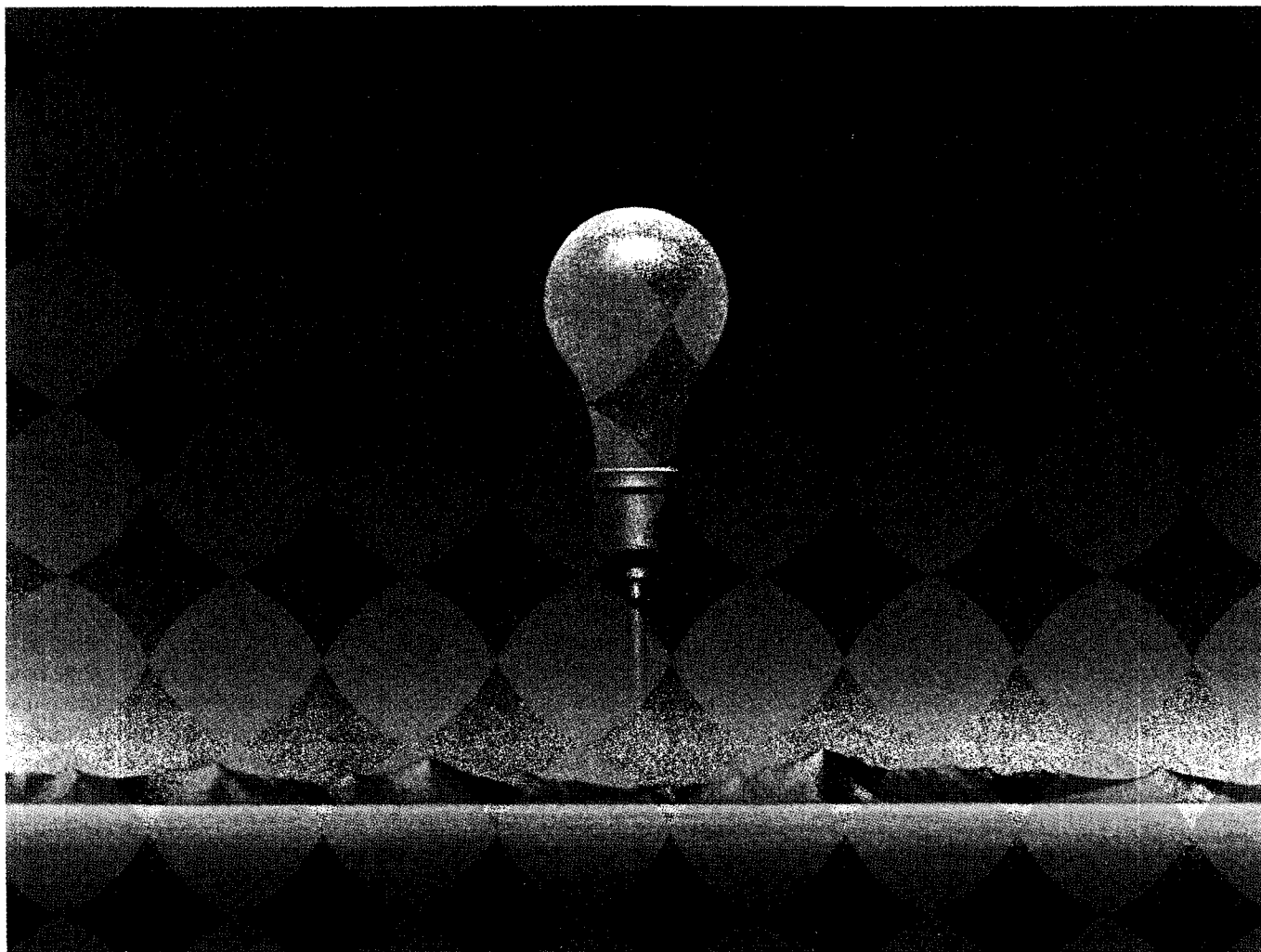
We'll need to be more responsive to those for whom we work and more skillful in motivating those who work for us.

Increased individual initiative, coupled with a willingness to take on more responsibility, will pay off immeasurably for each of us and for our nation.

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*Why the costly, dangerous, and maybe unworkable
breeder reactor lives on*

DREAM MACHINE

BY WILLIAM LANOUE

THE NOTION THAT YOU CAN CHEAT NATURE AND gain something for nothing is as old as human ingenuity itself. Medieval alchemists sought a “philosopher’s stone” that would transmute base metals into gold, and tinkering inventors have tried for centuries to make a perpetual-motion machine. All came to naught.

In a sense, the arrival of the nuclear age has not discouraged these ancient pursuits but intensified them. Since the 1940s, a new generation of dreamers and tinkerers—physicists, engineers, publicists, and politicians—has taken up the search, and at its urging, the federal government has committed more than \$10 billion, thousands of careers, and nearly four decades to building nuclear-power plants that are supposed to make more fuel than they consume

while generating electricity. This new “alchemist’s dream,” as its boosters have called it, is the breeder reactor. It represents the costliest energy-research project in U.S. history—one that survives despite accidents, delays, mismanagement, bitter scientific and political argument, and ever-rising costs. Last fall, Congress came close to withdrawing all funds for a breeder scheduled to be built beside the Clinch River, in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and it may succeed in doing so this year. The Clinch River reactor, which would be the largest and most expensive American breeder ever built, has been the subject of controversy for more than ten years. How the project came to be and how it has survived serves as a revealing example of the way politics and nuclear energy have been intertwined.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID WILCOX

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A breeder reactor looks like other nuclear-power plants running today, and, like them, it can generate electricity, by splitting atoms to release heat to boil water to drive a steam generator. But the breeder entails an important difference: its special purpose is to convert otherwise useless metals into new atomic fuel. A nuclear plant that produces at least as much fuel as it consumes can legitimately be called a "breeder." Conventional reactors are not breeders, even though they produce some new fuel, because they produce much less than they consume.

If the breeder can be made to work as its promoters hope, it promises the United States an era of "endless energy." And, they say, the energy autarky this would bring could assure the nation's prosperity and political stability "essentially forever," or, if not quite forever, then at least "until the next Ice Age." There's a catch, however. The fuel that both breeders and conventional reactors make while generating electricity is plutonium—a toxic, man-made metal. Plutonium stays dangerously radioactive for millennia, and is the explosive element in most atomic bombs. Whereas a 1,000-megawatt conventional power reactor typically produces enough plutonium in a year to make about twenty bombs, a breeder reactor of the same size would produce enough to make as many as 100. (One megawatt is one million watts.) Thus, critics fear the huge stockpiles of plutonium that a fleet of breeders would produce. With tons of commercial plutonium in circulation, nations or terrorists would have relatively little trouble obtaining the few pounds needed to make a bomb.

THESE TWO EXTREME PREDICTIONS UNDERLIE DEBATES about the economic costs and benefits of breeders, although the mundane details are often the ones that arouse the passions of debaters. Deeper still are competing social and economic beliefs, such as growth versus no growth, or the inclination to produce rather than conserve energy. Seen broadly, the controversy over the breeder turns on the faith of the promoters that technology will be able to solve the social, political, and environmental problems it creates, and on the fear of the skeptics that the breeder's problems outweigh its promise. The fight expected in Congress this spring over whether or not to build the Clinch River breeder will be essentially a fight over these competing visions of reality.

The pursuit of the Clinch River breeder has acquired "a macho aspect," according to Victor Gilinsky, a member of the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC). He says that engineers and utility executives see their quarrel with the breeder's critics as a "test" of their ability "to deal with a hysterical minority." He says that, in like fashion, government officials consider the struggle with anti-nuclear

groups to be "an indicator of their ability to run the country." Carl Walske, the president of the Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc., the nuclear industry's trade association, views the breeder in still more personal terms than these. He says, "Telling a utility executive that he can't have a breeder is like telling a man he can't have grandchildren."

Last August, the NRC granted a preliminary permit for the Clinch River site to be leveled. The builders began the job soon after—although as yet they have no guarantees that the NRC will rule the plant safe for the site or grant a construction permit—in hopes that Congress would then be reluctant to withdraw the project's funds. They sent crews in to clear 250 acres of trees, to move 1.6 million cubic yards of soil, and to excavate nearly a million cubic yards of rock. As of this writing, the NRC must still formally approve the site's preparation, so even this work is being done on a gamble.

If a breeder is ever built at Clinch River, it will be the fourth that American taxpayers have financed. The first, whose construction began in 1949, in Idaho, produced the first electricity generated by the atom. The second, begun near Detroit in 1956, as the "first commercial breeder," produced electricity so expensive that its owners have not bothered to calculate the cost. Both of these facilities suffered one of the worst malfunctions that can befall a nuclear plant: a partial meltdown of the radioactive, heat-producing core. The third breeder, begun in Idaho in 1957, has avoided meltdowns and produced electricity for nineteen years, but it was designed only to test different breeder fuels, not to breed new fuel itself. Its relatively simple design, which has been adopted for larger reactors in France and the Soviet Union (countries whose breeder programs are years ahead of ours), so far has been rejected by planners for future plants here.

The Clinch River breeder is not the last to be proposed. This past October, the Electric Power Research Institute (EPRI), a research-and-development center run by a group of utilities, opened an office near Chicago to begin planning for a fifth breeder—two or three times bigger than the one proposed for the Clinch River site—to be built, they hope, with foreign money. Floyd Culler, the president of EPRI, says, "If the Clinch River breeder reactor is built and successful, the follow-on program is necessary as the next step toward a commercial product available some time after the year 2000. If [the Clinch River reactor] fails, it's equally necessary to sustain breeder development in the United States, because [the development has] no focal point without it."

What Culler's faith reveals, and what the breeder's supporters have shown, is that they need this dream machine, even if it does not work well, as a symbol of the atom's stubborn, ultimate reward. According to Gilinsky, "It promises endless energy, and once you're on to that, you see your way through to infinity."

The breeder has evolved from an intellectual marvel to a military adjunct to a commercial possibility to a political

William Lanouette, a contributing editor of National Journal, lives in Washington, D.C., and has written about atomic energy for a number of publications.

symbol. Reviewing the breeder's history, one can see more clearly how the atom has enraptured—or entrapped—scientists, politicians, and the rest of us.

The plutonium made by breeders is the first element created by man. It is useful to understand what plutonium is and how it is made, since the breeder is designed to make it by the ton. The element is derived from uranium (U), which is mined from rock and which, in its raw state, consists of about 99 percent U-238 (238 represents the number of neutrons and protons in a single atom) and less than one percent U-235. (Atoms are composed of positively charged protons and neutral neutrons, which together form an atom's nucleus, and negatively charged electrons, which spin around this nucleus.)

In a breeder reactor, a core of U-235 is surrounded by a blanket of U-238. Making plutonium is a three-step process, the first step of which is "fission." U-235 atoms are unstable, and when enough of them are concentrated in one place ("critical mass"), the neutrons of some of those atoms, which are routinely and randomly given off, will hit other atoms and split them in two, releasing some neutrons at the same time. If each neutron released strikes another atom, which then releases more neutrons, a "chain reaction" is created. When a U-235 atom fissions in the breeder reactor's core, one or more neutrons escape into the blanket, where they bombard atoms of U-238. Only a few elements will fission when a neutron strikes them, and U-235 is one; most, including U-238, absorb the escaped neutron instead, adding it to their own mass and weight. This "neutron absorption" is the second step in making plutonium. When a U-238 atom absorbs a neutron, it becomes U-239. So far, the process has taken a few millionths of a second. The third step, "radioactive decay," takes about three days, as the U-239 breaks down into neptunium-239 and, finally, plutonium-239. Once plutonium is made, it can replace U-235 as the breeder's core to fuel chain reactions. In fact, most breeders are designed to run on plutonium, not uranium.

Plutonium (Pu) wasn't known for certain to exist until February 23, 1941, when it was separated at the University of California at Berkeley by the chemist Glenn Seaborg, working with his colleagues Joseph Kennedy and Arthur Wahl. The discovery came in the midst of research elsewhere to design a nuclear weapon, and it had been predicted earlier.

First had come the work of Leo Szilard, a Hungarian-born physicist who had studied in Berlin under the physicist Albert Einstein and fled Germany in 1933. That year, he conceived the two essential requirements for the release of nuclear energy—critical mass and chain reaction—and he soon recognized his idea's potential for weaponry. In 1938, Szilard joined a research team at Columbia University that was headed by another immigrant, the Italian physicist Enrico Fermi. There, working with the Canadian physicist Walter Zinn, Szilard refined his theory and confirmed the uranium atom's explosive promise. (In 1939,

Szilard and two other Hungarian immigrants, the physicists Eugene Wigner and Edward Teller, persuaded Einstein to sign a letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, urging him to develop nuclear weapons before the Germans did. The letter set in motion the Army's Manhattan Engineer District, commonly referred to as "the Manhattan Project"—the top-secret effort to make an atomic bomb.)

In 1940, the Columbia team discovered that when a U-235 atom fissions in natural uranium, at least one of its neutrons is absorbed by the non-fissionable U-238. Fermi and Szilard considered the absorption of little importance, but a physicist at Princeton University, Louis Turner, suggested that the U-238 might be transformed by the absorption into a new element, which might itself fission. Since U-238 is 140 times more plentiful in nature than U-235, Turner proposed that the transformation might be a means to create a more abundant supply of an explosive element for bombs. Turner's suggestion led Seaborg and his colleagues to try to separate such an element.

The Berkeley team bombarded natural uranium with neutrons in the university's cyclotron, or "atom smasher," and their chemical analyses of the result proved Turner's prediction that a new element would be created. A month later, together with the physicist Emilio Segre, they confirmed Turner's more important corollary: that the new element would fission as easily as U-235 does. This knowledge gave the United States a potential alternative to scarce U-235 for use in atomic bombs.

According to the late Robert E. Wilson, who helped to oversee the development of nuclear energy in the government in the early 1960s, "If there ever was an element that deserved a name associated with hell, it is plutonium. This is not only because of its use in atomic bombs—which certainly would amply qualify it—but also because of its fiendishly toxic properties, even in small amounts." According to Seaborg, "Wilson's indictment of its poisonous quality [is] almost an understatement," because a particle "the size of an ordinary speck of dust" can cause lung cancer when inhaled. When inhaled or swallowed, plutonium can deposit in bones, in the lymph nodes, and in the liver, causing tumors. It is so highly reactive that small chips and shavings of it can ignite; it emits radioactivity constantly, and must be stored in small pieces to prevent spontaneous chain reactions.

ON DECEMBER 2, 1942, WHEN SCIENTISTS ON THE Manhattan Project, working in a squash court under the stands of the University of Chicago's football field, used U-235 to create the world's first self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction, they showed in practical terms how the energy giving atoms their form and strength could be released at will. Once it was clear that a chain reaction could occur, the Manhattan Project scientists knew that an atomic bomb would probably work. Their task from then on was to make as much plutonium as

possible, as quickly as they could. At least two technologies had potential to accomplish this goal: the water-cooled reactor and the breeder.

According to Alvin Weinberg, a physicist on the Manhattan Project, who later became the director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, Szilard gave the breeder its name. The idea, however, was Turner's. Once he had figured out that uranium might be transformed into the new element that Seaborg later separated, he suggested that this transformation might be truly advantageous if *more* plutonium were produced than uranium was consumed. In a public lecture that Szilard gave in 1946, he said, "With this remark of Turner, a whole landscape of the future of atomic energy arose before our eyes in the spring of 1940, and from then on the struggle with ideas ceased and the struggle with the inertia of Man began." Szilard's observation demonstrates the Manhattan Project scientists' recognition that the breeder held promise as a power source even as they worked to develop its potential for weapons.

The work of the Manhattan Project scientists in the early 1940s had revealed that the neutrons released to split atoms behave differently at different speeds. A "fast" neutron moves at about one fortieth the speed of light, or 17 million miles an hour. If a neutron is slowed down, or "moderated," they discovered, it has a better chance of striking the nucleus of another atom. Such "slow" neutrons move at about 5,000 miles an hour, and, generally speaking, they are safer to work with and easier to control.

Plutonium can be made from uranium that is bombarded by either fast or slow neutrons. The Chicago scientists were intrigued by the possibility Turner had raised of using fast neutrons to "breed" more fissionable material than a reactor consumed as fuel, but they lacked confidence in their ability to work with a fast-neutron reactor, because they never had; most of their experiments had been with slow neutrons (the first chain reaction was accomplished in a slow-neutron reactor, for example). Moreover, a slow-neutron reactor can sustain a chain reaction using fuel low in U-235. Because such uranium was scarce, and because a fast-neutron reactor would demand much more of it, the scientists decided in the spring of 1943 in favor of the slow-neutron option. They called for reactors using water to moderate the speed of the neutrons and to cool the radioactive core—a strategy that is the basis for the design of conventional reactors today. (Other moderators that have been tried in experimental reactors since the war include graphite and beryllium, both of which slow neutrons down efficiently.)

Such power reactors are called "light-water" plants, because they use ordinary water as a moderator and coolant. "Heavy-water" reactors—using water whose hydrogen atom has an extra neutron, which doubles the atom's weight—have also been designed and built in the years since nuclear energy was first conceived. The advantage of heavy-water reactors is that the neutrons in their cores are less likely to be absorbed by the water, so that these

reactors require even less U-235 than light-water plants do to sustain a chain reaction.

Water-cooled reactors do not bombard a blanket and transmute it into a new element, as breeders do. Instead, tubes containing U-235 diluted by U-238 stand in a core, through which water is pumped, together with "control rods" of non-fissionable material that absorbs the U-235's neutrons and prevents them from fissioning. When the control rods are withdrawn, the neutrons travel through the water to reach and split U-235 atoms in other tubes, and a chain reaction is created. The water circulating through the core carries off the chain reaction's heat and steam drives a turbine to make electricity. Because the non-fissionable U-238 in the tubes can absorb neutrons, some of it is transmuted into plutonium, as in a breeder reactor.

Plutonium in the spent fuel of the water-cooled plants designed only to generate electricity is an undesirable and hazardous by-product. But for the Manhattan Project scientists, plutonium was the goal. Because a breeder promised to make much more plutonium than the reactors feasible at the time could, theoretical work on one continued throughout the war.

Szilard was especially productive. In January of 1943, just five weeks after the first chain reaction had been accomplished, he gave a memorandum to Arthur Compton, the leader of the Manhattan Project's plutonium-making program, spelling out his specifications for a fast-neutron, plutonium-breeder reactor. His proposal was rejected, because slow-neutron non-breeders were already being planned. In April of 1944, Szilard again proposed a fast breeder, this one to be cooled by liquid bismuth or liquid sodium (two metals that conduct heat well but do not slow a neutron's speed as much as water), and he predicted that the machine could double its original consignment of fuel in four and a half years. But by then, huge slow-neutron, non-breeder reactors and chemical separation plants for the manufacture of plutonium had been built at Hanford, Washington, and a secret bomb-making facility in New Mexico—Los Alamos—was ready to receive the product. All the same, Szilard proposed still another fast breeder, in March of 1945, and predicted that this one could make ten tons of plutonium in three years, doubling its original complement of fuel in one year. In the decades since, the expected "doubling time"—the period required to make as much new fuel as a breeder reactor starts with—has stretched as breeders have actually operated: to five years during the 1950s, between seven and ten years in the 1960s, and at best between forty and fifty years today.

ALTHOUGH BY THE END OF THE WAR NO BREEDER had been built, several schemes for one had evolved, using neutrons at different speeds. Szilard and Fermi favored fast-neutron, liquid-metal-cooled breeders, along the lines of the reactors Szilard had been

suggesting—the design upon which the three American breeders and the proposed Clinch River plant are based.

Slow-neutron breeding is also theoretically possible, but much trickier to achieve. In a light-water breeder, the hydrogen in the water absorbs some neutrons, which are therefore lost to the chain reaction. To compensate, the fuel must be enriched with more fissionable material and the core itself must be more compact than in conventional power reactors. Even then, breeding is only marginal. For this reason, the light-water breeder received little attention until the 1970s, when one was tested.

A different slow-neutron scheme, which Wigner conceived during the war, improved on the light-water format. Wigner suggested that a coolant other than water would avoid the problem of absorption. Weinberg studied molten salt's potential during the 1950s, and designed a molten-salt-cooled reactor as a precursor to a breeder in 1957. It was to use as fuel artificial U-233—a synthetic, fissionable element, which Seaborg discovered in 1941—rather than plutonium, and bombard thorium-232, turning it into more U-233. Unlike conventional reactors, whose fuel is solid and whose moderator is liquid, the molten-salt reactor's fuel was to be dissolved in the liquid salt and flow through the reactor across solid bars of graphite—the moderator—to bring about a chain reaction. The molten-salt breeder still appeals to many physicists, because it would use slow neutrons to convert a relatively abundant metal (thorium) into an element (U-233) that can fission about as well as the rare U-235 does. The design and engineering are simpler than for a uranium-to-plutonium breeder, and the radioactive core has about one tenth the fissionable material—a significant safety advantage. Thorium breeding has also been explored in a light-water-reactor design.

The nuclear physicist Theodore Taylor, a consultant at Princeton University, says, "Physicists seem to prefer the thorium breeder for its elegance and safety; engineers seem to prefer the plutonium breeder, because of its performance as a producer of fuel." Milton Shaw, an engineer, prefers plutonium breeders, and during his tenure in the 1960s and early 1970s as the director of reactor research at the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), established by Congress in 1946, he systematically cut off development of alternatives. A small molten-salt non-breeder reactor (called Molten Salt Reactor Experiment, or MSRE, and nicknamed "Misery") was operated at Oak Ridge in the late 1960s, as part of research on an atomic-powered airplane, but it was abandoned in 1972. No molten-salt breeder has ever been built.

In 1946, the physicist Hans Bethe, of Cornell University, proposed a third scheme: a beryllium-moderated and sodium-cooled breeder of plutonium from U-238 that would slow neutrons to an intermediate speed. The General Electric Company built a reactor near Schenectady, New York, in the late 1940s, to test Bethe's design, but the reactor

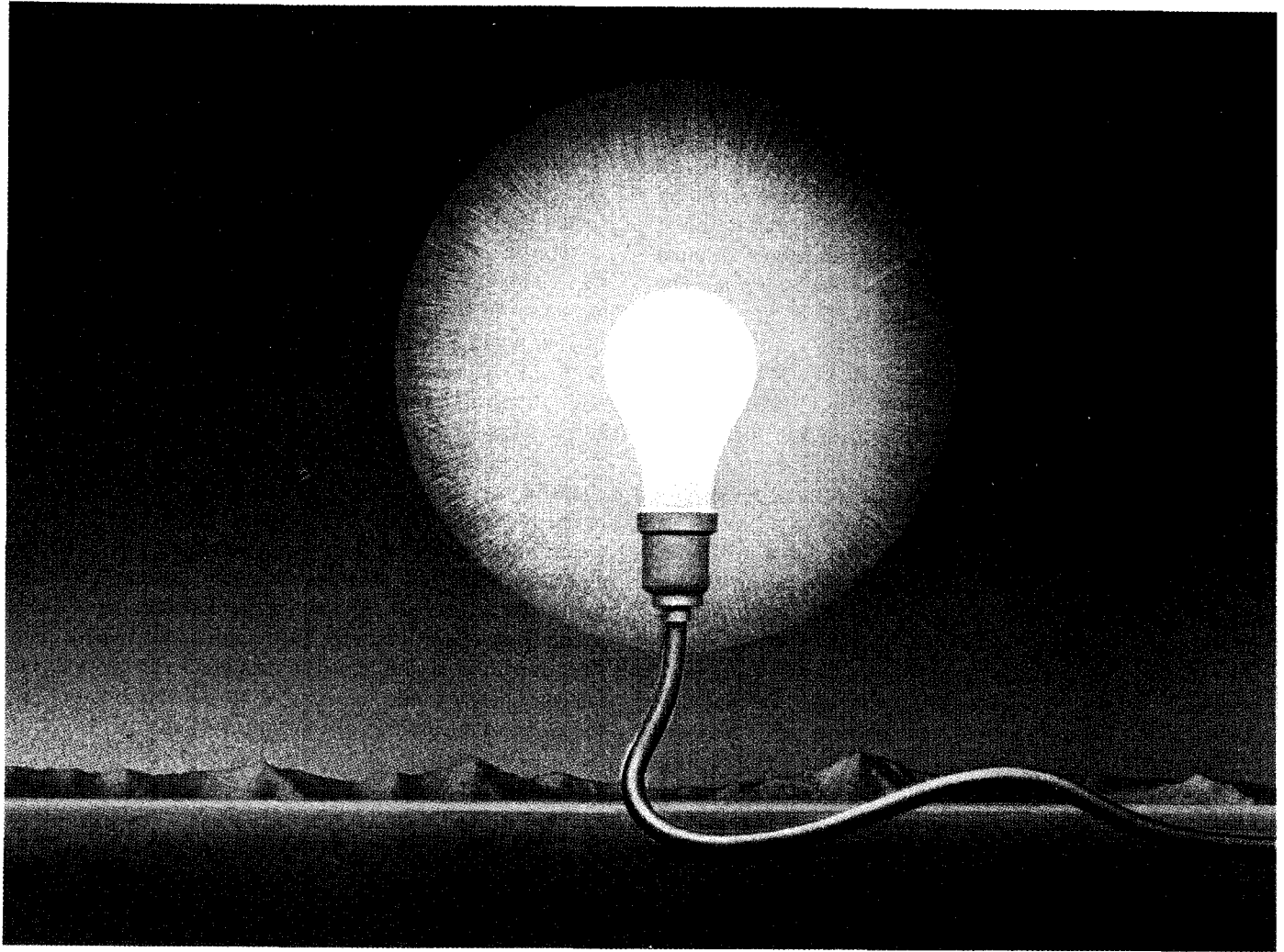
didn't work well, and in 1950 the AEC converted it for research on a sodium-cooled submarine reactor, of the type that later powered the U.S.S. *Seawolf*. (This submarine gave Jimmy Carter his first exposure to atomic energy. Perhaps his later aversion to it can be explained by the reactor's trouble containing the sodium—trouble so common that the ship was nicknamed "Twenty Thousand Leaks Under the Sea.")

Once the theoretical understanding of atomic physics was complete, the excitement and mysteries of science gave way to the more mundane problems of engineering. At that point, Szilard lost interest in breeders, and turned instead to microbiology. Until he died, in 1964, he worked also to control the spread of nuclear weapons. Other nuclear pioneers—Fermi, Zinn, Bethe, and, eventually, Teller—turned their interest in atomic power to finding peaceful uses for it: in medicine, in industrial research, and in the generation of electricity. Indeed, the quest to devise a constructive role for the atom, to compensate for its destructive potential, became, for some, a form of atonement—an act of faith. But the atom was stubborn. Early predictions of cars, trains, and planes powered by pint-sized reactors proved impossible to fulfill. The notion that nuclear energy would someday be "too cheap to meter" is, today, an ironic artifact of that hopeful era.

OF ALL THE PIONEERS, WALTER ZINN WAS PERHAPS the most determined to transfer the breeder from paper to concrete. After the war, he moved with Fermi from Columbia to the University of Chicago and, finally, to the Argonne National Laboratory, which was built outside of Chicago and opened in 1946.

Zinn became Argonne's first director, and under him reactor research flourished. First he tried to put on paper the visions of the breeder that had captivated Szilard, Fermi, and Wigner during the war. By 1947, he was convinced that he could build a successful breeder. The task seemed critical, given the continued scarcity of fissionable material and the increased demand for such material, as a result of the Defense Department's increased production of the MK-3 plutonium bomb, modeled after the "Fat Man" bomb dropped on Nagasaki.

The physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, who had been the director of Los Alamos during the war, wrote a letter to the AEC's first chairman, David Lilienthal, in October of 1947, urging that "every assistance be given to the Argonne Laboratory to realize their plans as early as possible." His prestige helped Zinn's case, and the next month the commission approved construction of a fast-neutron breeder—the Experimental Breeder Reactor Number 1, or EBR-1. The reactor was to be cooled chiefly by liquid sodium and to use U-235 as fuel to convert U-238 to Pu-239. The AEC reported to Congress that the potential of breeders for both power-generation and bomb-making was an important reason for developing such reactors.



The project's code name was Operation Bootstrap.

EBR-1 was aptly numbered. It was a machine of firsts: the first reactor authorized by the new Atomic Energy Commission; the first to generate electricity from atomic energy; the first to show that breeding new fuel was technically possible; the first to run on plutonium; and the first to have a core meltdown.

Delays and cost overruns—conspicuous features of every breeder since—plagued EBR-1. The commission was told that it would take eighteen months to build the plant. Instead it took two years just to complete the plans, with further delays resulting from the need to custom-make almost every piece of equipment. As the AEC's historian, Richard Hewlett, wrote later, in an unpublished chronicle of EBR-1: "It was not in the Olympian realms of the nuclear scientist that the obstacles were found but rather in the frustrating work-a-day world of the mechanic, the electrician, and the plumber."

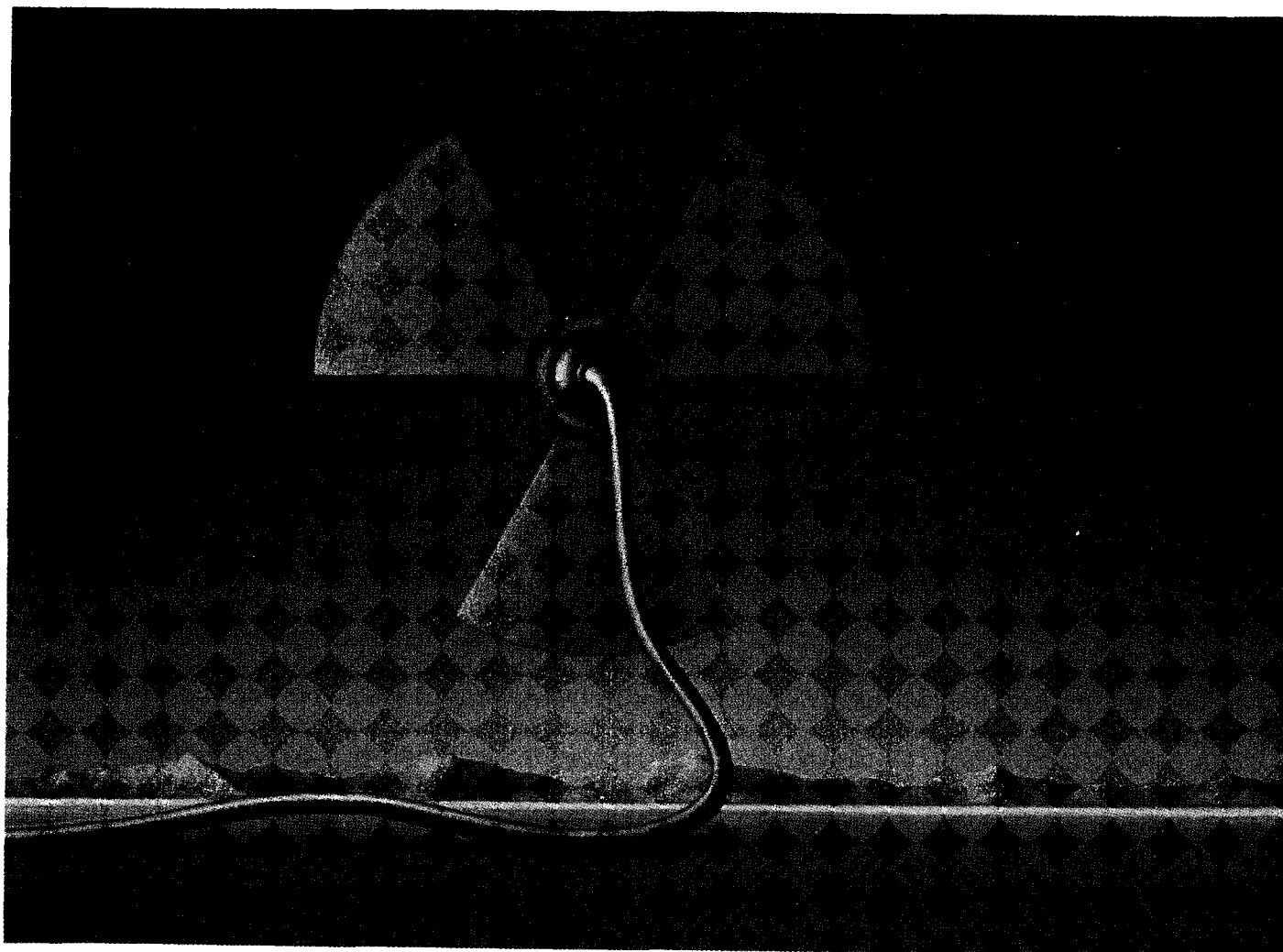
Zinn and his staff wanted to build their breeder at Argonne, but the AEC's safety committee thought that the risk of an accidental explosion was too great, and recommended a less-populous site. It took until February of 1949 to find one—an artillery test-range near Arco, Idaho, on a

lava-and-sand plateau by the Snake River—and six months more to approve it.

After all that trouble, Zinn's breeder was delayed once again. Just ten days after the AEC authorized the building of EBR-1 in Idaho, President Harry S. Truman announced that the Soviet Union had exploded an atomic bomb, an event that demanded the reappraisal of all reactor-development programs. Three things saved Zinn's breeder: although it required weapons-grade fuel (U-235) to run, it would also make such fuel (plutonium), and it could be finished in a short time, at a relatively modest cost of \$3 million.

Zinn faced new problems once he moved west. His construction team lived about eighty miles from the site and had to drive to it each day. Winter storms hampered the pouring of concrete, and sand clogged some of the plant's delicate machinery.

The construction ended in the spring of 1951, and in June the crew loaded the fuel into the football-sized core, only to discover that Zinn's consignment of U-235 from the weapons stockpile—about ninety-three pounds—wasn't enough to start a chain reaction; more had to be shipped from Argonne. Finally, in August, the reactor was able to



sustain a chain reaction. Then, on December 20, Zinn and his crew slowly raised the reactor's power level and hooked the machine up to a generator. Zinn wrote in the control-room log book that day, "Electricity flows from atomic energy."

The next day, Zinn's crew spent hours tinkering with the reactor to keep it from shutting down—"scramming"—whenever the power level was raised. When the machine finally stayed on and was hooked up to a generator, it supplied power for the whole building. Some of the machinists turned out small brass knobs, as souvenirs, on their lathes. Zinn made one too. They were the first mechanical products of the atomic age. Zinn sent a telegram to the AEC's director of reactor development, in Washington. Security demanded that his message be cryptic: "Our boy started his journey today. All is well. He was able to undertake the trip without assistance. Merry Xmas." The AEC announced the achievement on December 29.

In June of 1953, EBR-1 proved that breeding was technically possible, when chemists separated a few milligrams of plutonium from the fuel—not much, but Gordon Dean, the new chairman of the AEC, made the most of it, announcing that breeding had been achieved. By then, power

had begun to replace weaponry as the reactor's chief goal, and Dean warned that breeding was so far a slow and difficult process, which might be too expensive to be adapted directly for commercial power. The "real significance," he said, was that the breeder could transform naturally abundant U-238 into fuel for other kinds of power reactors.

The AEC wasn't as quick to announce what happened at EBR-1 on November 29, 1955, when the reactor crew tested the radioactive core's ability to run with less sodium coolant. They discovered it couldn't. When the chain reaction surged rapidly, the supervisor told the operator to "scram" the reactor, but the operator didn't hear, having just taken a call from his wife on the control-room telephone. The supervisor leaped over a table in the control room and hit the scram button, but he was two seconds too late. The core overheated and more than half the fuel melted, blowing radioactive gas out of the building. No one inside was harmed, but it took two years to decontaminate the core and clean out the mangled fuel.

Zinn had opposed the core-heating tests of EBR-1, but had been overruled by his superiors at the AEC. The day after the reactor's meltdown, he called Washington to re-

port the bad news. As he recalls his message, it was, like his coded telegram, brief but portentous: "Well, fellas, it's happened. Nobody's hurt, as far as we can tell. But remember, I told you so."

After EBR-1, Zinn built another reactor at the Idaho test site—EBR-2, which is the most successful breeder in the U.S. to date. For EBR-2, Zinn submerged the main components in a sealed pool of sodium coolant, and this strategy has proved to be simpler and safer than EBR-1's loops of pipe.

EBR-2 is a breeder that does not breed. It has been used instead to generate electricity, test various breeder cores, and demonstrate that plutonium made in a fast-neutron reactor can be recovered and refabricated as new fuel. Its success is measured chiefly by its longevity. Although EBR-2, like other sodium-cooled breeders, has been prone to fires, none has been serious, and the reactor has run almost continuously since it was started up, in 1964. Nevertheless, its design has been rejected by American planners, though other countries have employed it with relatively good results.

BREEDER CORES HAVE GROWN STEADILY SINCE THE 114-pound, football-sized one that melted in EBR-1. The core of EBR-2 weighs 510 pounds, and is the size of the glass jug on an office water-cooler. In the first commercial breeder, Fermi-1, whose fuel also suffered a partial meltdown, the 1,000-pound core is the size of a fifty-five-gallon drum. And if the Clinch River breeder is built, its core will weigh 11 tons and be the size of a hot-water heater. The cores of future breeders will be even larger, perhaps weighing 50 tons. The fuel in a breeder core is "fundamentally explosive," Wigner has said; "I don't like the idea of having thousands of pounds of plutonium at one place."

What worries Wigner and many other physicists is that in large reactors, the plutonium may melt and compact into clusters that can form new critical masses—perhaps setting off small atomic explosions. In water-cooled, non-breeder reactors like the one at Three Mile Island, whose fuel is only about 3 percent fissionable U-235, the neutrons are slowed to increase their chances of fissioning other U-235 atoms, thus maintaining the chain reaction. Loss of the coolant speeds up the neutrons, with the result that they fission fewer atoms and the chain reaction slows down. But in the breeder, whose core is about 15 percent U-235 or Pu-239, the challenge is not to encourage a chain reaction but to control it. So many fissionable atoms are packed together that the probability that a neutron will hit one and split it is extremely high from the start. Sodium coolant absorbs the heat given off by the rapid chain reaction and keeps the core's temperature stable. If the coolant boiled away, the temperature would rise within a few millionths of a second and the fuel would melt. The AEC and its successors have called this a "hypothetical core-disruptive accident," or

HCDA—jargon that has the effect of minimizing what may be a fatal flaw in breeder technology.

Hans Bethe has postulated that if an atomic explosion occurred in a breeder, its force would equal a few hundred pounds of TNT, rather than the kilotons and megatons released in a planned nuclear explosion. He says, "I think this [explosive force] can be contained in the reactor vessel. But those who have studied this problem don't say [the vessel will never be breached], and I wish they could."

The HCDA is not an explosion of the reactor itself, which would level the landscape with a blast and fireball. Instead, it refers to small atomic explosions inside the reactor, which could rip apart the steel vessel surrounding the core and its coolant. The explosions would spew lethal radioactive gases and debris into a large building that is designed to contain just such a surge. But if the pressure became too great, or the wrong valves were opened in the confusion of an accident, as has happened at other plants, these deadly gases could escape into the atmosphere, perhaps killing thousands of people downwind and contaminating the soil and groundwater for generations.

This is considered a "worst-case scenario" by nuclear-safety experts—one that has a very slight probability. But the risk is serious enough that it helped to delay for a number of years the construction of Fermi-1, in Michigan. The HCDA is an issue that members of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission have yet to consider as they decide whether or not to approve construction of the Clinch River breeder.

WHEN WALKER CISLER TALKS ABOUT HIS MANY trips to Russia, one event stands out: a bath he took at a guest house in the Urals. "It was beautiful," he recalled recently. "I had a bathtub full of hot water heated by the BN-600—heated by the atom, heated by a breeder." Cisler would love to bathe at his home, in Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan, in water heated by a breeder, and as the president and, later, the chairman of the board (now retired) of the Detroit Edison Company, he worked to build and run the Fermi breeder.

The plant cost more than \$140 million and generated what is doubtless the most expensive privately produced electricity in U.S. history. "We never figured it out—on purpose," a company spokeswoman says.

Cisler formally proposed building the Fermi fast breeder in 1955. Two years earlier, he had declared: "We do not expect *any* appropriations of public money to our project." In the end, however, with his pride in free enterprise shattered by lengthy and expensive construction delays, design and operating errors, a costly and dangerous partial core-melt, and repeated accidents with the breeder's sodium coolant, Cisler did ask the federal government for money to keep his plant running, and he is still bitter that he was refused. "He dreamed the impossible dream, and it

was just that: impossible," a local businessman later told a writer for the *Detroit Free Press*.

Cisler, a veteran of the War Production Board during World War II, joined Detroit Edison in 1945. He says that having seen "the industrial strength of our country focused on a single purpose" in wartime, he hoped that the country's industrial strength would be focused anew after the war, on commercial uses of the atom. The managers of Detroit Edison had themselves been eager for atomic power since 1940, when Alex Dow, who was then Detroit Edison's president, ordered a study of the energy potential in uranium. The utility's annual report for 1945 asserted, "If and when atomic energy is applied to power production, we hope to be among the first to take advantage of it." The AEC's Industrial Advisory Group, of which Cisler was a member, recommended in 1948 that classified nuclear technology be shared with private industry.

The utilities came to regard making plutonium along with electricity as a new way to express their patriotism during the Cold War. They lobbied hard to amend the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 to allow the utilities to sell nuclear power and forbid the government from doing so. (Because power made incidentally at the government's plutonium production or research facilities *could* be sold, as the act was amended in 1954, the Clinch River breeder, whose chief purpose is research, complies with the law.) President Eisenhower had declared an "Atoms for Peace" program, and many companies were enthusiastic about joining Detroit Edison to build a breeder. In 1955, twenty-five electric utilities, four engineering and construction firms, and four manufacturers formed Atomic Power Development Associates (APDA). The new group then sent the AEC a proposal for a 100-megawatt fast breeder, which would sell steam to Detroit Edison, the principal partner, and plutonium to the federal government.

Lewis Strauss, a Wall Street financier who shared Cisler's faith in private industry, was the chairman of the AEC and an informal adviser to Eisenhower at the time. Strauss announced the Fermi project at the first UN conference on peaceful uses of the atom—an announcement that he hoped would upstage the Soviet Union's plans to build a breeder. For Strauss and Cisler, just as Cold War ideology defined the pursuit of the breeder as a race, so free-market values dictated that building the breeder should be a private endeavor. Indeed, to this day, the breeder's promise of ideological advantage and business profits from both domestic and foreign markets has sustained the promoters' faith in the technology and buttressed their pitch to Congress and the public, despite rising opposition and almost routine mechanical failures.

The Democratic Senator Albert Gore, of Tennessee, challenged the wisdom of the 1954 amendments, and introduced a bill to change them, in order to allow the federal government to build and run six nuclear plants. Cisler

and Strauss both testified against the bill; in doing so, they angered another senator, Clinton P. Anderson, of New Mexico, who was the chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and a Democrat who favored a wider federal role in generating and selling nuclear power.

Gore's bill did not pass the House, but Anderson and Strauss clashed again, in 1956, over the Fermi breeder's construction permit. The AEC's Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards, a panel of engineers and scientists, was required to review such permit applications but did not have to publish its findings. The advisory committee had reported to the AEC that "there is insufficient information available at this time to give assurance that the [Fermi breeder] can be operated at this site without public hazard." The advisory committee also doubted that federal safety research then under way would serve to diminish the risk before the plant began to operate. Anderson demanded the report's release, and Strauss was slow to comply. Two weeks after the report was finally made public, the AEC, ignoring the warnings of its advisers, voted three-to-one to grant Fermi a provisional construction permit.

Enraged, Anderson called the permit the "result of Star Chamber proceedings," and complained that the AEC was confusing its promotional and regulatory functions—a charge that troubled the commission throughout its tenure and eventually brought about its reorganization. Representative Chet Holifield, a California Democrat and a member of the joint committee, attacked Strauss for "overruling the grave warnings" of his own advisory committee and proceeding "in a reckless and arrogant manner." Four days later, at the Fermi breeder's hastily arranged groundbreaking ceremonies on the shore of Lake Erie, Strauss chided his congressional critics; he said that their opposition "aids the attack which is being directed against the free enterprise development of nuclear power in this country."

Anderson retaliated by urging several citizens' groups and the United Auto Workers to protest the plant's licensing in hearings the following year. And when the nuclear-plant insurance bill (the Price-Anderson Act) was passed, in 1957, he added a provision making the AEC advisory committee a statutory body whose findings must be public. Beyond that, he won a further amendment—which has grieved the nuclear industry ever since—requiring public participation in all nuclear-plant licensing. Finally, Anderson successfully led the Senate opposition when Eisenhower nominated Strauss to be his secretary of commerce, in 1959.

In addition to congressional obstacles, the Fermi breeder had to survive a long battle in the courts. When the AEC issued its final construction permit, in 1958, the United Auto Workers appealed, and in 1960 the AEC's ruling was reversed. Only after the Supreme Court reversed the decision, in 1961, was the permit allowed to stand.

DETROIT EDISON'S TROUBLES WITH THE BREEDER were far from over. Construction and reconstruction were continual. Technical and design problems strung out for years: among other things, the core and the steam generators had to be redesigned.

Steam generators are troublesome pieces of equipment in all sodium-cooled breeders. The generators are vessels in which hot sodium from the core flows around pipes filled with water. When the water absorbs heat from the sodium, it becomes steam and drives a turbine. But sodium is a volatile metal that explodes on contact with water and burns in air. Even pinhole-sized leaks in the pipes can therefore have destructive and time-consuming consequences. In 1962, the first of several sodium explosions at the Fermi plant ripped out part of the reactor's coolant system. Indeed, sodium-water "reactions," as the plant staff called them, became so frequent that the principal steam-generator pipes were named after the sound they made: Ker-Pow #1, Ker-Pow #2, and Ker-Pow #3. Although few serious injuries occurred, the repairs were costly and took many months to complete.

After the Fermi breeder at last went "critical," in 1963—four years behind schedule—more safety and repair problems held up the plant's operating license for another two years. More engineering problems followed licensing, and the plant did not begin commercial operation until 1966.

Cisler and his colleagues did not celebrate for long. Six safety devices, called "conical flow guides," had been added to the underside of the core, to improve the rush of sodium to the fuel, but after only three months of operation at low power, two of these foot-long plates broke loose and blocked the coolant's flow. A small part of the core melted, alarms went off, and the reactor was scrambled. Operators didn't know for months what had caused the fuel to melt, how much damage had been done, or how to deal with the radioactive debris. The fact that they knew so little led to concern on the part of the operators and the AEC that more fuel might melt. Fortunately, none did, and no one was harmed. The accident could have been much worse. According to one state public-health study, several thousand people downwind might have died if the containment building had been breached.

The fuel-melting accident only compounded the seriousness of still other disappointments. The plant had not bred any new fuel, because it kept breaking down. But as it turned out, even if the reactor had bred plutonium, the government had less and less reason to buy any for weapons, chiefly because it had begun to produce more plutonium of its own, at military plants, and bombs were being designed to use less. In 1954, Cisler had hoped to earn \$100 a gram for the separated plutonium from the breeder. Instead, by 1957, its value was only \$30 a gram, and by the early 1960s, about \$10 a gram.

In 1970, the Fermi plant was started again, and ran for a while intermittently. To help recoup the rising costs, the owners thought of turning their commercial venture into a

research project, but the fuel itself was nearly depleted, its radioactive power run down like a dying battery. Cisler tried to raise money from U.S. and foreign utilities to install an experimental core, with little success. Reluctantly, he turned to the AEC, which had conducted basic breeder research on Detroit Edison's behalf, and invited Seaborg, who was the chairman of the AEC from 1961 to 1971, to visit the site.

"We painted up the place to make it look like a going operation, but the fuel was so weak we really had to watch our timing," Eldon Alexanderson, who was then the plant's assistant superintendent, recalls. The operators wanted to "put on a show" for Seaborg, he says, and did so with precision: "We'd get up to full power just when [Seaborg] came through the gate. And once he went out the gate, we'd turn it right off. That fuel was on its last legs. And we weren't very trustful of our thermocouples [in-core thermometers], either; they were giving us slightly wrong temperatures."

In 1972, after Seaborg's visit, the AEC decided that the Fermi plant was a lost cause. A memo on Cisler's appeal for federal funds concluded that the research data from Fermi would be "perhaps useful, though not a priority input." The plant was shut down that year, after having run at full power for only about a hundred days in all. Cisler saw by 1972 that other private utilities would not chip in to help him, because the AEC was pressuring them to raise \$250 million for a newer dream machine: the Clinch River breeder.

Walter J. McCarthy, Jr., was for a time the general manager of the coalition of owners that oversaw Fermi. Today he is the chairman of Detroit Edison's board. "My view right now, for an electric-power company like ours, is that the principal focus of attention on nuclear power should not be the breeder; it should, in fact, be making the light-water reactors operate reliably, safely, and routinely," he says. The Fermi plant continues to give him some concern. The sodium coolant—70,000 gallons that are still slightly radioactive—is stored there in airtight drums, but must be carefully removed by next year. To avoid the cost of disposal, the Fermi sodium has been given to the Clinch River project. (If that plant is killed, Detroit Edison will have to find another taker or a hazardous-waste site that can accept the sodium.) Once the sodium is removed, McCarthy will be able to leave the problem of Fermi's radioactive vessel to his successors. The vessel can't be dismantled for another fifty years—the time needed for its radioactivity to decline enough for crews to remove it without costly and cumbersome shielding.

THROUGHOUT THE 1960S, WHILE THE FERMI PLANT suffered one blow after another, Washington's view of breeders couldn't have been rosier. As chairman of the AEC, Seaborg often made visionary speeches that described the "plutonium economy" of the future. He

talked of building nuclear-powered merchant ships, planes, and rockets. The detonation of small atomic bombs would open up new sea-level canals and loosen natural-gas deposits.

Seaborg saw future heavy industry built around a complex of large breeder reactors many times the size of today's plants. Their plentiful and cheap power, for both heat and electricity, would recycle garbage and produce new metal alloys, ceramics, and plastics. Because power costs would be low, it would pay to extract raw materials from trash, creating a "junkless society." What's more, he said, "as used in breeder reactors," plutonium "will be the fuel of the future," a metal whose value "may someday make it a logical contender to replace gold as the standard of our monetary system." He mentioned this possibility in a speech on "large-scale alchemy," which he gave at a celebration of Hanford's twenty-fifth anniversary, in 1968.

"By the end of the 1950s, the AEC realized it had pretty well completed its mission: uranium-enrichment plants and plutonium-production lines [for weapons] were going, and [the AEC] spun off the light-water reactor technology and got it on its way," Victor Gilinsky says. A nuclear-policy analyst since 1971, and an NRC commissioner since 1975, Gilinsky understands the AEC as well as anyone. "The AEC was a collection of odd projects, and [the commissioners] were looking for something to motivate people," he says. "But I think also there must have been a concern that unless you get involved in a large, multi-year project, your budget is vulnerable."

That large, multi-year project was the breeder. By pitching the machine to President John F. Kennedy's desire for innovation and world prestige (a desire that placed the breeder in competition with the space race for funds), Seaborg used it to revitalize his agency. In his 1962 report, "Civilian Nuclear Power," a response to Kennedy's request for a "new and hard look at the role of nuclear power in our economy," Seaborg argued that an ambitious breeder program would provide for "the maintenance of U.S. technological leadership in the world. . . ." His report described breeders as "essential to long-range major use of nuclear energy."

The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy willingly shared Seaborg's view. Representative Holifield, who, during the Fermi debates, had challenged the AEC's "reckless and arrogant manner," did warn Seaborg in 1962 that "major problems remain to be solved" with breeders, but within a year Holifield was advocating that billions more be spent for breeder development, "to bring in a perpetual source of energy."

Not everyone was convinced, however. Louis Roddis, Jr., then the president of the Atomic Industrial Forum, questioned Seaborg's "urgency and optimism" about breeders. Lilienthal mocked the breeder: "When you get asked hard questions about the old-fashioned atomic-power plant, just say 'breeder' and you're off the hook, because

a breeder atomic plant has never yet been built, so who can dispute the lovely forecasts?"

Nevertheless, the breeder, helped by practical politics, was on its way. In 1964, as a concession to the coal lobby, which feared the nuclear-power industry's competition, the joint committee decided to cut research-and-development money for light-water reactors (a close threat to coal power) and to increase the budget for the breeder (a more distant threat). Within the AEC, the breeder became supreme. "The whole AEC became a vehicle for this project, and everything had to fit with it," Gilinsky says.

The AEC hired Milton Shaw, who had been an administrator in the Navy's submarine program under Hyman Rickover, to direct reactor development. Shaw served from 1964 to 1973, and his stewardship both advanced and retarded breeder development. Shaw focused on the liquid-metal fast breeder reactor (LMFBR), cooled by sodium with a U-238-to-Pu-239 fuel cycle, because he believed that this scheme was the closest to perfection. Thus, during his tenure, breeders cooled by helium gas (which has even less of a moderating effect than sodium), steam (an alternative that one of the nuclear contractors pressed for), and salt were essentially abandoned, and thorium-to-U-233 as an alternative fuel cycle was slighted. At the same time, having limited his options, Shaw deferred building a demonstration breeder and concentrated instead on an ambitious component-testing program, which delayed for years the building of an actual plant—a strategy he had learned from Rickover. Above all, Shaw was cautious. "My wife jokes that when I build a dog house, it'll withstand a seismic event," he said recently.

While Shaw was narrowing the scope and slowing the pace, the AEC commissioners pushed on with their vision of breeders as the saviors of an economy that would soon be starved for energy. In a supplement, issued in 1967, to Seaborg's 1962 report, the AEC said that "immediate emphasis" should be put on the fast-flux test facility (FFTF) at Hanford, a reactor designed to test breeder fuel, but the AEC promised that "a number of sodium-cooled fast-breeder demonstration plants [would] be built during the 1970s." In 1967, the AEC gave Shaw's LMFBR its highest priority, predicting that the doubling time for producing new fuel could be as short as eight to ten years—then also the doubling time of U.S. electricity demand.

But politicians and industry executives wanted more than rhetoric: they wanted contracts. Representative Craig Hosmer, a Republican of California, was aware of European breeder programs that had commenced, and he proposed in 1967 that the United States build three prototype plants: one cooled by liquid metal, one by gas, and one by steam. Also in 1967, the leading reactor contractors, General Electric and Westinghouse, urged the joint committee to authorize a breeder demonstration plant within two years. General Electric favored the steam-cooled breeder, because it had mastered a similar technology for light-water reactors, rather than the sodium-cooled model

avored by Shaw. Both firms saw breeders as useful tools for selling their light-water plants to utility companies, since breeders would guarantee future fuel supplies.

President Lyndon B. Johnson mentioned the breeder's importance in his 1967-budget message, but at the end of the year, at a ceremony marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first chain reaction, he cautioned that plutonium could be diverted from breeders for weapons. In 1968, the Edison Electric Institute, a trade group for the privately owned utilities, released its own breeder study, drafted by a panel that Walker Cisler chaired. The institute panel concluded that "the electric utility industry needs fast breeder reactors to protect its rapidly growing investment in nuclear power by conserving low-cost ores," and recommended building at least two LMFBR demonstration plants in the early 1970s and continuing work on gas- and steam-cooled designs.

Thus, by the late 1960s, pressure was increasing to build more experimental and commercial breeders—pressure arising in part from glorious economic predictions and the knowledge that other countries were moving ahead with their own breeder technologies.

Seaborg worked to make President Richard M. Nixon an advocate of the breeder in 1969, using as his agent the chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, Paul McCracken. In a letter to McCracken about energy options, in 1970, Seaborg called the breeder "an urgent national need." By his logic, the program was inevitable. Seaborg wrote: "Clearly, all the considerations—technical, economic, and political—have converged in a most timely and mutually reinforcing manner so as to impel us to move forward aggressively with development of the breeder system." Apparently, during this decade of dreams, the question asked about the breeder wasn't "Why?" It was "Where?" and "When?"

WHEN PRESIDENT NIXON ANNOUNCED THE FIRST national energy policy, in 1971, he touted breeders as "our best hope today for meeting the nation's growing demand for economical, clean energy." But in the same year, the need for breeders began to ebb. As new deposits of natural uranium were discovered, fears of a nuclear-fuel shortage by the late 1980s were eased. (The shortage isn't expected now until 2050 or beyond, if it occurs at all.) The number of new nuclear plants was smaller than the AEC had expected, as a result of rising construction costs and delays. Furthermore, electricity prices, which had fallen steadily since 1950, leveled off in 1971 and then began an ascent that has continued to the present—the result of rising costs for oil, coal, and new plants. In reaction, the growth rate of electricity consumption fell drastically, and with it the need for many nuclear-power plants and breeders to fuel them.

At this turning point in 1971, the AEC revised its forecasts of installed nuclear capacity radically. For the year

1975, the forecast was dropped from 59 to 54 gigawatts; the actual capacity in 1975 proved to be 37. (One gigawatt, or one billion watts, is about the capacity of one large light-water plant.) For the year 1980, the forecast was dropped from 150 to 132 gigawatts; the actual capacity proved to be 53. And for the year 1985, the forecast was dropped from 300 to 280 gigawatts; the capacity expected now is about 90. Longer-range federal forecasts of American nuclear capacity have fallen even more steeply as the nation's demand for electricity has declined and nuclear plants have been delayed: for the year 1990, from 508 gigawatts predicted in 1972 to 121 predicted now, and for the year 2000, from 1,200 gigawatts predicted in 1972 to 165 now. Thus, well before the federal government and a group of utilities signed their agreement to fund a 375-megawatt breeder on the Clinch River—the reactor itself to be made by Westinghouse and the plant to be operated by the government-owned Tennessee Valley Authority—official predictions had begun to undermine the justification for it.

At about the same time, estimates of the plant's cost began to increase. "The AEC had an estimated cost for the Clinch River reactor of about \$500 million—an estimate that was at the time known to be stripped down," Chauncey Starr, vice chairman of the Electric Power Research Institute, said recently. "It was a sales number more than a realistic number, and a lot of people in the industry knew it at the time."

Still the utility industry went along, agreeing to pay half of Clinch River's cost. A few executives believed that the breeder actually would be needed soon, but most thought that they simply had no choice. "The industry had no interest in getting in, in a financial sense," Starr says. "The driving force was the AEC. The AEC was asked by Congress, 'Why do you want to go ahead with this program?' and they said, 'Well, industry wants it. Industry is the customer.' And then Congress said to the AEC, 'We don't believe it unless industry has some of their money in it.' The AEC wanted industry to put money in, and brought pressure on the industry, on the basis that at that time industry was getting into the light-water reactor business [and] needed AEC support. Given a choice, I don't think industry would have put up the money."

The utility companies that had already committed themselves to nuclear power were especially vulnerable to the AEC's pressure, because they believed they needed to guarantee future fuel supplies for their reactors, and they did not want to invite the displeasure of the commission's regulators. Thus, the nuclear-equipped utilities joined the AEC in trying to persuade the rest of the industry that atomic energy held the key to the future. To do this, they cited the predictions made by the AEC that nuclear power would become more economical than other energy sources; the conviction of the reactor manufacturers that "economies of scale" would allow bigger nuclear plants to generate electricity more cheaply than smaller ones; and, finally,

their own belief that neither of these promises could be realized until commercial breeders yielding an inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel had been developed.

From the beginning, many utilities had doubts about what their commitment to the breeder would entail. "Like Alice, they feel they will be falling down a hole without knowing where it leads," Peter McTague, who is now the chief executive officer of Green Mountain Power Corporation, in Vermont, said at an Atomic Industrial Forum seminar on the breeder in 1971. (At the time, he was a consultant on utility-plant engineering.) "Many of them are afraid that, instead of a rabbit hole leading to wondrous adventures, it may be a rat hole leading to financial disaster," he said. At the utility industry's urging, therefore, the joint committee persuaded Congress in 1972 to require the federal government to pay for all cost overruns incurred in building the Clinch River plant. The \$250 million agreed to in 1972 would be all that the utilities would ever have to put up. (This sum now represents a small fraction of Clinch River's projected total expense.) Nevertheless, several companies refused to sign.

Today, although more than 700 utilities have been enlisted to help pay for the plant, even some of the most enthusiastic contributors have regrets. "If there was any legal way that I could not pay that money, I would seek it out," says McCarthy, of Detroit Edison. (His utility has already paid half of the \$6.9 million it pledged when Walker Cisler was chairman of the board.)

Once the utilities had committed money to Clinch River, they expected to have a say in its development. But the utility-government entity that was created to supervise the project proved to be leaderless. Decisions fell to everyone, and to no one. Delays and compromises abounded. Costs escalated. And as the federal government found itself paying a larger share of the bill, it naturally expected—and gained—a larger share of the responsibility. A reorganization of the project in 1975 gave the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) a dominant role, but still required that the utilities participate in much of the decisionmaking. Today, the Clinch River project is run for the most part by the Department of Energy, which is also providing more than 90 percent of the money. (The AEC was abolished in 1975. Its regulatory functions were assigned to the new Nuclear Regulatory Commission and its research and promotional functions to ERDA, also newly created. In 1977, ERDA was turned into the cabinet-level Department of Energy.)

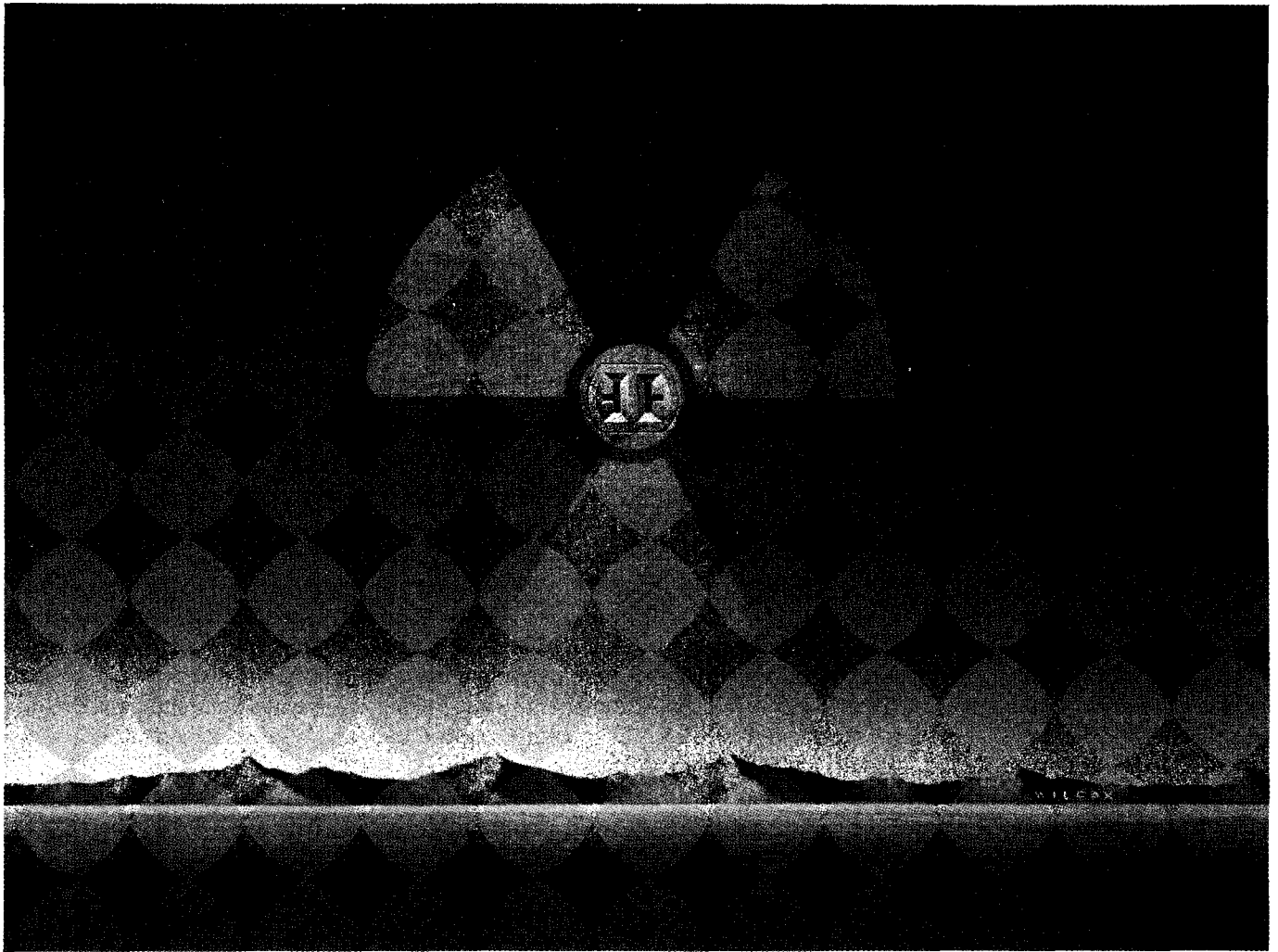
Control aside, many participants today feel that the project was a mistake for another reason: Clinch River has to undergo complete licensing by the NRC. The AEC used licensing to convince the joint committee that the plant would demonstrate for the utility companies all the steps they would have to take whenever they began to build breeders on their own. The argument had some appeal at the time. Since then, however, nuclear-plant licensing has

changed fundamentally. In 1969, when the plant was being planned, Congress passed the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA), which required that environmental-impact statements be drafted for major construction projects. In 1971, a federal court ruled that the AEC must abide by the rules of NEPA in its regulation of nuclear plants. The same year, the Scientists' Institute for Public Information successfully sued to have the impact statement cover the potential impact of the entire "plutonium economy" that would follow from the breeder's deployment, as well as the impact on the Clinch River site itself. The AEC issued this broad impact statement in 1974, and its optimism has provided grounds for attack by opponents ever since.

There are still other reasons for the utilities to regret their involvement. The problem of reprocessing is one. When the Clinch River contract was coming together, in 1971, there appeared to be a commercial reprocessing industry for spent nuclear fuel in the U.S. Today there is none. Reprocessing plants are essential to the breeder, because they would chemically separate plutonium and uranium from used fuel in both light-water and breeder reactors: plutonium made in light-water plants would go to a breeder as start-up fuel; later, when plutonium was "bred," it would be shipped to light-water plants and other breeders as new fuel.

The reprocessing plant at West Valley, New York, worked intermittently from 1966 until 1972, when it was shut down. Its owners have abandoned the operation, as a result of safety and environmental problems. General Electric decided in 1974 that a new reprocessing plant it had just finished at Morris, Illinois, was unworkable, and beyond fixing. A third commercial plant, at Barnwell, South Carolina, was under construction when the breeder contract was signed. Presidents Gerald R. Ford and Jimmy Carter deferred commercial reprocessing indefinitely, because of the weapons-proliferation threat it posed, and construction has been halted. Even though the Reagan Administration favors reprocessing, the plant probably will not be finished, for lack of funds. Barnwell's owner, Allied-General Nuclear Services, may try to sell it to the government-owned Savannah River nuclear complex, adjacent, for the recovery of plutonium for weapons. The Exxon Nuclear Corporation once talked about building a reprocessing plant near Oak Ridge, with the breeder as its chief client, but this plan has also been dropped.

In addition to all of these discouragements, much of the popular enthusiasm for nuclear power that once existed had begun to evaporate by the 1970s. After the 1973 Arab oil embargo, nuclear-power advocates thought that they would become heroes, because they could provide a reliable alternative energy source. But the demand for oil arises chiefly from uses other than electrical power, and so nuclear plants are not really a factor—the industry's claims to the contrary notwithstanding. Also, the recession caused by rising energy costs provoked a cut in the



demand for electricity and wiped out the need for more generating capacity. All nuclear plants ordered since 1974 have been canceled, and none has been ordered since 1978, the year before the notorious accident at Three Mile Island. Thus, to many who believe that nuclear power should have a bright future, the Clinch River plant has become a last hope. Alvin Weinberg calls the Clinch River breeder the "holy grail of nuclear power's developers." It poses a dilemma for them, as well. As one publicist for the utility industry reasons, if the utilities don't support Clinch River, they could jeopardize the prospects of any other breeder they might favor. On the other hand, if they do support it and the reactor is canceled—or is built and doesn't work—they could lose their credibility with the public and Congress.

UNTIL 1974, THE CLINCH RIVER BREEDER HAD AN easy time on Capitol Hill. That year, the protective body that had once nurtured breeders—the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy—was abolished in a broad congressional reform, and jurisdiction for nuclear affairs was scattered among more than a dozen committees

and subcommittees in the House and Senate. Each one has become a potential battleground.

When cost estimates jumped to \$700 million, in 1972, the increase was explained as the normal cost growth, or cost overrun, associated with federal research-and-development projects (proponents speak of "growth" and opponents of "overruns"). But when estimates of the final cost reached \$1.7 billion in 1974, and exceeded \$2 billion in 1977, boosters of the Clinch River project were hard pressed.

Much was at stake. By then, the AEC had canceled plans for other demonstration breeders, and turned most of its attention to Clinch River. The commission had been forced to economize, in part because of expensive problems incurred by the FFTF, the small fast-neutron reactor at Hanford.

The FFTF was supposed to cost \$87.5 million and be finished in 1974; its cost was \$647 million when it began operation last year. To many, the FFTF is a machine without a mission, because, except for its smaller size, it is similar in design to the Clinch River reactor. The FFTF can never be a substitute for Clinch River, however, because it is not supposed to breed fuel or to make electricity.

Instead, it was designed mainly to show how different breeder fuels perform. The results were supposed to help the planners of Clinch River, but the delays in building the FFTF have voided this function: the Clinch River plans were 87 percent complete when the FFTF began to run.

One reason the Clinch River breeder is such a contentious project is that, unlike the FFTF, it has become a hodgepodge of missions for a mixed group of backers. As other breeder projects have been canceled or deferred, the Clinch River reactor has been saddled with three different functions at once: it is to be a model of a larger breeder; an experimental plant to test new components; and a demonstration plant licensed and run in a utility system, to show the economic potential of breeders. Ordinarily, such functions are separate in research and development. According to Freeman Dyson, a nuclear physicist at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, "If you do a research-and-development program, most of the things ought to fail. That's the stupidity of doing things on a big scale. When you reach the scale at which you can't afford to have a failure, then you're too big." Dyson says, "There should have been about twenty-five small-scale experiments, which could have easily been done for the cost of one Clinch River."

IN 1977, AS COSTS ROSE, ERDA CONVENED A PANEL OF breeder experts. The panel was dominated by nuclear-industry representatives, and voted—predictably—eight to four to continue the project. The minority advocated dropping the Clinch River breeder because the projected demand for electricity had fallen and the fuel-efficiency of light-water reactors had potential for improvement. (Later studies by the General Accounting Office have asserted that the Clinch River project lacks direction and purpose, involves dubious accounting and contracting procedures, and—if built—should be the last breeder until the technology's future is thoroughly reassessed.)

President Carter took office with a strong personal dislike for plutonium, breeders, and nuclear proliferation, and he, too, tried to stop Clinch River. His opposition actually seemed to help the project for a while: Carter gave the breeder's supporters a common foe to rally against, and he gave Congress an institutional reason to reject his pleas. According to Starr, EPRI's vice chairman, "Congress resented that the White House wasn't working with it on many programs," and so it used the breeder "as a symbol of its political independence from the White House." Congress voted money to continue work on the project throughout Carter's term in office, although by narrowing margins.

One of the congressmen who criticized the breeder in the late 1970s was David Stockman, who was then a Republican representative of Michigan. He didn't gain much

attention for his views then, but they have been invoked often since. In 1977, Stockman said to Congress that "no further subsidization" of the Clinch River program was justified, because it was "totally incompatible with our free-market approach to energy policy." But when Stockman became President Ronald Reagan's budget director, he changed his position on the breeder, in order to ensure the support of Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, of Tennessee, for the 1982 budget. In an interview published in this magazine in 1981, Stockman said, "I didn't have to get rolled. I just got out of the way. It just wasn't worth fighting. This package will go nowhere without Baker, and Clinch River is just life or death to Baker. A very poor reason, I know."

Baker's stake in Clinch River runs deep. First, as a former member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, he has been for years an avid supporter of nuclear power. He is personally convinced that it represents the best hope for this country's energy future. Second, he shares his state's pride in the nuclear achievements that have been made at Oak Ridge since the war, by the national laboratory and more than a dozen research-reactor projects there. Finally, the breeder means money and jobs for local manufacturers, construction workers, contractors, and supporting businesses.

At present, among the states in which research and manufacture related to Clinch River are being done, Tennessee ranks third—after California and Pennsylvania—in economic benefits from the project, with 502 jobs and \$164.8 million. Its share will increase dramatically if the plant is built. At the height of construction, the project is expected to create between 4,000 and 8,000 jobs, the largest percentage of them in Tennessee. And of Clinch River's total expenditures, Tennessee should collect more revenue than any other state. The reactor's total cost is open to debate. The Department of Energy has estimated a cost of \$3.6 billion, but congressional critics think that the General Accounting Office's figure of \$8.5 billion is closer to the mark. According to the GAO, the \$3.6 billion estimate among other things understates the cost of plutonium and of running the plant, overstates the potential revenue from selling power, and omits interest on the money borrowed for the project, which alone may come to \$3.9 billion. Of course, the more Clinch River ultimately costs, the more Tennessee is likely to prosper—a fact that must give Baker little pleasure when he faces the reactor's critics.

Other fiscal conservatives have taken up the fight that the Reagan Administration has avoided. Indeed, one sign of Clinch River's vulnerability these days is that debates have begun about how much money would have to be spent to end it. A lobbyist for the nuclear industry estimates that scrapping the project could cost \$2 billion or more, including damage suits from the utilities that donated money outright, expenses to landscape the site, and contracts for equipment that will never be used. (About half of

the components have already been built.) The House Science and Technology Committee, which last voted, in 1981, to delete funds for the Clinch River breeder, has estimated a cost of \$44.5 million. The General Accounting Office has made several estimates as well, none of them greater than \$1 billion.

THE CLINCH RIVER BREEDER IS ONE OF THE LAST great federal enterprises (outside the Pentagon) remaining to be scaled down or ended in the effort to reduce the deficit. It seems that in the government, only Reagan and Baker stand between the project and its swift abandonment. The Taxpayers Coalition Against Clinch River Breeder Reactor, founded last year, includes such economically conservative groups as the National Taxpayers Union and the Council for a Competitive Economy, along with traditionally liberal environmental groups such as the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, and the National Audubon Society.

Deferring to the new emphasis on economic retrenchment, the Taxpayers Coalition likes to quote the economist Kenneth J. Arrow, who has written that the Clinch River breeder "is not an economically sound investment at this time," and the economist Walter W. Heller, who has written that spending more on the plant "would be throwing good money after bad."

Clinch River's critics raise the question of the plant's technical wisdom, as well. S. David Freeman, former chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority and now a member of the authority's governing board, has called the plant a "technological turkey," by which he means that it is obsolete, as a result of delays and foreign developments.

Among nuclear scientists who do not wholeheartedly favor Clinch River, some fear that to criticize it might be interpreted as an attack on the promise of nuclear power in general. Nuclear power has worked as a source of electricity at a lower cost than comparably sized coal-fired plants in some parts of the United States, and more economically than oil in most states; nor does it routinely pollute the atmosphere, as coal does. But, according to current projections, all the plants operating, under construction, or on order will have ample supplies of domestic fuel well into the next century, and so, these scientists say, the need for Clinch River is not urgent, at least in terms of energy demand in the near future.

To avoid giving the appearance of having lost faith in Clinch River, the Electric Power Research Institute's office near Chicago is underplaying its work on a follow-on breeder. Starr will say, however, that he thinks the Clinch River breeder project "was just bad management on a national scale." Given his choice, he would prefer an ambitious research program for gas-cooled breeders, and, like Alvin Weinberg, who prefers molten-salt breeders, Starr supports the Clinch River project mainly because it is

ready to be built now. Eugene Wigner thinks the Clinch River plant should be built for the "experience," but prefers that more work be done on the thorium-to-uranium breeders that he has advocated since the war, because they would concentrate about one tenth as much fissionable material in one place. Hans Bethe thinks that a different design of breeder should be pursued. Henry DeWolf Smyth, formerly the chairman of the Princeton physics department, who wrote the official chronicle of the Manhattan Project, thinks that "anything that's been sitting around, fought over, and redesigned and redesigned" invites safety complications with each change. Smyth says, "I think you better just pick a new site and start over, but I guess that's too radical for Congress." Even Glenn Seaborg is beginning to have second thoughts. "There's a feeling so much time has passed that the Clinch River breeder is obsolete, and that a newer, more modern approach should be launched," he says. "I think it may be coming to that point."

A number of outspoken advocates of the Clinch River breeder can be found in the scientific and technical communities. For example, Manson Benedict, a veteran of the Manhattan Project who is now an emeritus professor of nuclear engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, believes that the LMFBR "is the best prospect the United States has for nuclear-power generation after our limited resources of low-cost natural uranium are used up." He says that the proposed reactor "is the next logical step in the series of progressively larger breeder reactors that have been built in the United States." From a practical point of view, he says, the completed parts, the money spent so far, and the work of "a generation of engineers trained to design and build this plant and put it into operation" would all be "irretrievably lost if the Clinch River plant is not built."

Benedict and others also point to the nation's stockpile of 250,000 to 300,000 metric tons of U-238. The U-238 has accumulated over the years as a by-product of U-235's extraction from uranium ore, to make bombs and to fuel light-water power reactors and submarines. If all of the stockpiled U-238 were placed in breeders and converted, it would yield more than 200,000 metric tons of Pu-239. The plutonium could be used by breeders and conventional reactors as fuel to generate about 700 times the electricity made in the United States last year, according to an analyst at Oak Ridge.

The scientists who favor Clinch River are joined in their advocacy by the Committee on Jobs, Environment and Technology, a private organization founded last fall to mobilize support for Clinch River in the midst of fierce congressional opposition. With a full-page ad in a number of newspapers, the committee went on the attack. The ad said, "We don't usually agree . . . but on Clinch River we do," and listed eighteen labor unions, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the General Feder-

ation of Women's Clubs, the National Conference of Black Mayors, and the National Association of Manufacturers as new and unlikely allies. Less conspicuous in the ad were the names of the breeder's traditional supporters—among them the American Nuclear Energy Council (the industry's lobby), the American Nuclear Society, the Atomic Industrial Forum, Inc., and the Edison Electric Institute. The ad called the Clinch River breeder "the result of a 20-year alliance between the federal government and private industry," and said that the project "represents the spirit of innovative research and development that has characterized U.S. history at its best."

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT THE HISTORY OF CLINCH River will not go beyond reams of paper and tons of cleared earth. Last December, the House, aroused by the prospect of further cuts in federal social programs, voted to eliminate appropriations for the plant from the fiscal 1983 budget—the first time Clinch River had lost in a full-House vote. The Senate, just before its adjournment, agreed by a margin of only one vote to continue the appropriations.

A House-Senate conference committee, which met to come up with a budget resolution that would continue federal spending in lieu of agreement on a formal federal budget, compromised: \$14 million was cut from the Senate's appropriation, leaving a balance of \$181 million. As part of the deal, the Department of Energy must try to find ways to cut costs and raise more money, either from the utilities or, failing that, perhaps by issuing federally guaranteed bonds; its report is due this spring. In his proposed budget for the 1984 fiscal year, Reagan has asked Congress for \$270 million.

Attention now turns to the committees of the new Congress which must authorize further spending in the 1984 budget before any specific amounts can be appropriated. As of this writing, a subcommittee of the House Science and Technology Committee is likely to take the first vote. Its chairman, Representative Marilyn Bouquard, a Democrat whose district includes Oak Ridge, favors Clinch River and expects a tough fight. In the Senate, the threat to Clinch River is more subtle, for it comes also from the nuclear community itself, and involves maneuvering by the federal laboratories to protect their respective roles in the development of breeders. No votes are likely in the Senate until after the full House acts; then the Energy and Natural Resources Committee must decide whether to report a bill authorizing funds to the Senate. The committee's chairman, James McClure, a Republican from Idaho, believes that regardless of what happens to the Clinch River project, a pool-type reactor, known around the Senate as "the Snake River breeder," should be built in his home state. McClure is in an uncomfortable position, however. As a member of the Republican leadership, he is obliged to support Baker's interests. Publicly and with his votes, he

has, but he is said to be watching for an opportunity to help Idaho without hurting Tennessee.

One body that Baker can't influence is the Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards (ACRS), which has remained intact through all the reorganizations of the AEC. The committee's verdict on the dangers of the Fermi site provoked a political firestorm in 1956, and a negative ruling on the Clinch River plant would do the same. Significantly, the committee is having some real trouble making its decision, which might come later this year.

First, the ACRS is concerned about the breeder's worst safety problem: the "hypothetical core-disruptive accident." The last time the committee considered this risk, in 1976, it pointed out that most of the safety analyses of breeders are based on computer codes rather than actual tests, and that these codes "are at best semi-quantitative once fuel melting begins." The predictions by safety analysts about what might actually happen after breeder fuel melts proceed "primarily by plausibility arguments," the committee reported. It concluded that because sodium boiling could speed up the chain reaction in a core that contains "several critical masses" of plutonium, it was impossible "to establish with certainty that a severe excursion could not take place."

Second, the ACRS can't say definitely that the proposed breeder would be safe at the Clinch River site. All it had concluded by last July was that a conventional light-water reactor, of the type in operation around the country, probably would be. "The applicant is going at his own risk" by preparing the site for construction, a committee member said during recent hearings. "There is going to be a hole in the ground, all right, but there is not going to be a [Clinch River breeder] sitting there before we have come through with some further words on the matter."

The committee's words will be academic without Congress's approval of money to build the breeder. Difficult questions regarding the breeder's safety and its financial and technical warrants seem only to confound the congressmen who are undecided, and to reach them, boosters of the breeder are emphasizing emotions. Octave DuTemple, the executive director of the American Nuclear Society, says, "You can make all the technical arguments you want, but when you're in a political system you've got to really grab them, see? And I think one of the best arguments to grab them is simply patriotism and waving the flag and American supremacy in technology and the need for energy in the future."

That, after all, was what President Nixon seemed to have in mind when, in 1971, he declared the goal of completing the fourth breeder by 1980. His support was not purely patriotic, however. After announcing the project's high priority in the White House press room, he walked back to the Oval Office with Seaborg, and on the way, he made his interest in the breeder perfectly clear: "I want it built in California," he said. A few months later, Nixon announced at Hanford that he would authorize a second

breeder demonstration plant. But by October 10, 1973, with his attention consumed chiefly by the growing Water-gate scandal, Nixon proposed "leapfrogging" the breeder in favor of fusion, a remark overshadowed that day by Vice President Agnew's resignation.

ACCORDING TO EDWARD TELLER, THE BREEDER "was started by famous people who made the atomic bomb. And once you get [an idea like this] started, you cannot stop it. There are vested interests. Not only the vested interests of industry but the vested interests of administrators and politicians who fought for it. And the vested interests of scientists who put their whole lives into it. And they get indignant if you propose an alternative, yet alternatives are there, and we should discuss them."

Fusion—an altogether different nuclear technology—is one of several alternatives to the Clinch River design. Others include a fundamentally different arrangement for a liquid-metal fast breeder, a different fuel cycle, and exploitation of natural, renewable energy sources.

The different arrangement of the liquid-metal fast breeder is the pool design, which Walter Zinn invented for EBR-2 and which the French and the Soviets later adopted. The pool replaces the loops of pipe that were conceived to make reactors suitable for submarines and that became the basis for the design of the EBR-1, Fermi, and Clinch River plants. A study done in 1976 at EPRI by the architecture and engineering firm Burns and Roe, Inc., the designer of Clinch River, concluded that the pool configuration would be easier to build, cheaper to build and run, and safer, in most respects, than the loop, because it is simpler. By 1976, however, Clinch River's loops had been approved. Experts disagree about whether the pool or the loop is inherently safer. Teller, who has criticized all breeders as unsafe for years, dismissed the controversy, at a conference on energy technology in 1981, this way: "Pool, loop—loop, pool. It's the same word spelled backwards."

The search for a breeder fuel cycle that would make weapons proliferation more difficult has persisted since the 1940s. The thorium cycle favored by Wigner and Weinberg attracted new attention during the Carter Administration, because the fuel it breeds (U-233) can be made more resistant than Pu-239 to application in a nuclear weapon. (U-233 can be treated to become extremely difficult to separate and purify to achieve bomb-grade quality.) Moreover, the thorium cycle avoids most of the toxic and explosive risks associated with the handling of plutonium. The molten-salt-cooled breeder represents one approach to the thorium cycle, but its highly corrosive fuel is a disadvantage. Another approach, the light-water breeder, was supported by Carter when he tried to abolish Clinch River. Admiral Rickover had converted a government-owned nuclear-power plant, which previously had been run by a private utility, at Shippingport, Pennsylvania, into a light-wa-

ter breeder, in order to study such a reactor's potential. Carter threw the switch that started up the plant, in 1977. It was shut down last year, and until the core is examined, scientists will not know whether or not the plant bred new fuel. Some analysts believe that the decreased coolant required for a light-water reactor to breed at all is a safety hazard.

A gas-cooled, fast-neutron reactor is thought to be an adaptable breeder of uranium or plutonium; its coolant, helium, has even less moderating effect than sodium on the neutrons passing through it. According to some analysts, however, a loss-of-coolant accident would pose a serious problem, because once the helium was gone, there would be no medium to absorb the core's intense heat, and fuel melting would occur immediately. Thus, although gas-cooled, slow-neutron reactors moderated by graphite have been built in Pennsylvania and Colorado, no one has ventured to build an unmoderated gas-cooled breeder.

The two alternative nuclear technologies being studied are based on fusion—the power of the sun—in which energy is released when very light atoms are squeezed together, rather than when very heavy atoms are split apart, as in fission. A fusion reactor would accomplish this by trapping the atoms in a chamber, surrounding the chamber with magnets, and directing the magnetic fields inside to contain the atoms so that they could be made hot enough to fuse. The technology is at an early stage of development, largely because of its extreme physical demands. In order for a fusion reactor to work, the chamber's temperature must be one hundred million degrees Centigrade (several times hotter than the center of the sun) while the temperature of the magnets, inches away, must approach absolute zero (the coldest that physical materials can become).

Advocates of fusion want work on the breeder halted and the funds diverted to their cause. They say that if the breeder is needed after the turn of the century, and if fusion doesn't appear more promising by then, there would still be plenty of time to revive an aggressive breeder program. Advocates of breeders, however, warn that such a strategy could be dangerous. Donald Trauger, the associate director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, says, "The last thing you want is a crash program for breeders. These plants have to be scaled up gradually, to avoid safety and technical problems."

In the scientific community, fusion must compete with a hybrid scheme that involves both breeder and fusion technologies. A fission-fusion reactor would heat light atoms, without having to sustain the reaction, to release stray neutrons; the neutrons would then be absorbed in a blanket that would be transmuted into plutonium in one scheme, or uranium in another. Of course, the plutonium version would keep alive the threat of weapons proliferation. That threat would be diminished if the uranium version were pursued. The supporters of fission-fusion technology, Bethe and Teller among them, assert that either version would be environmentally cleaner and safer to run

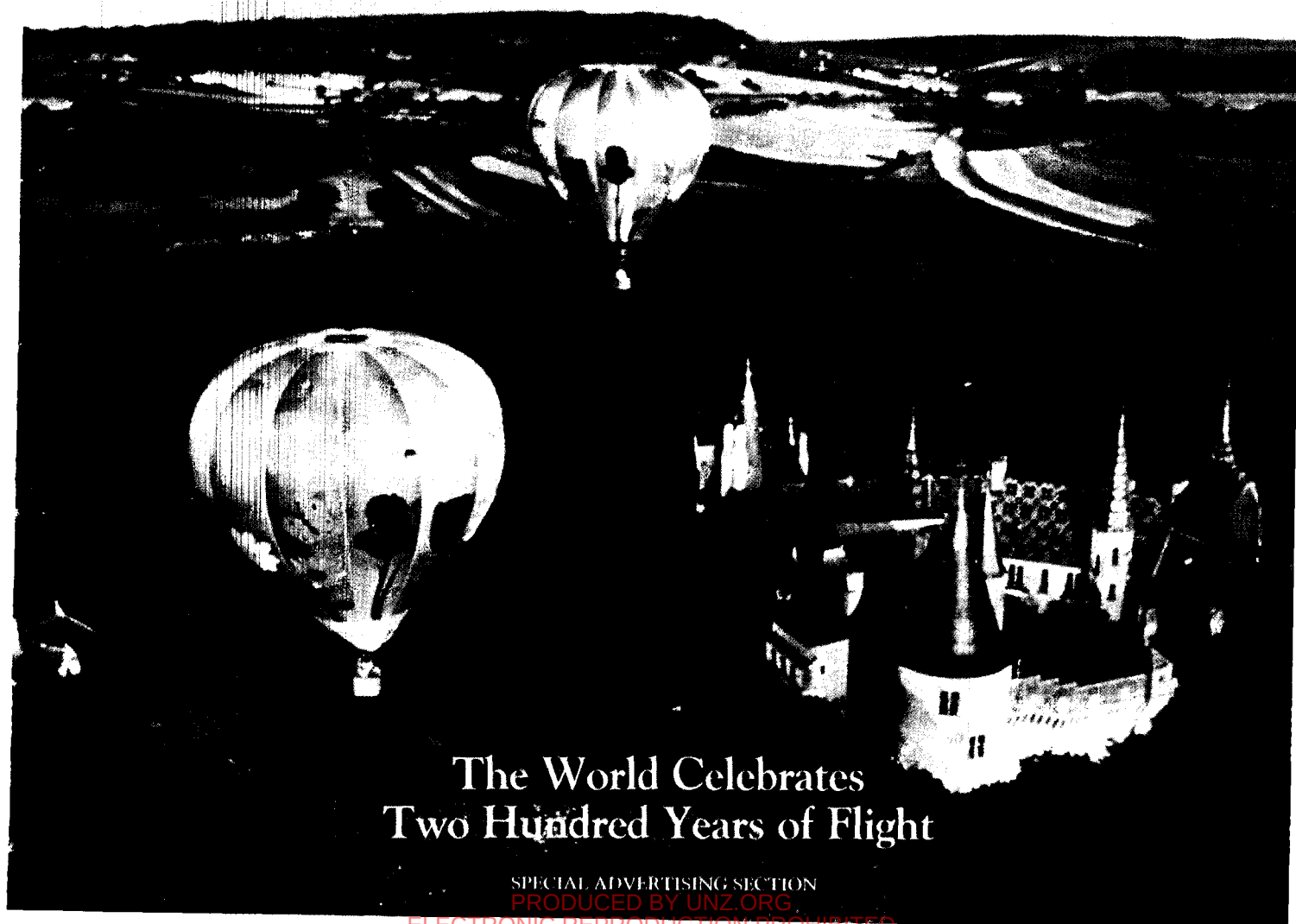
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THE
Atlantic
INTERNATIONAL
TRAVEL PLANNER

1983

EDITED BY KAY SHOWKER

1983



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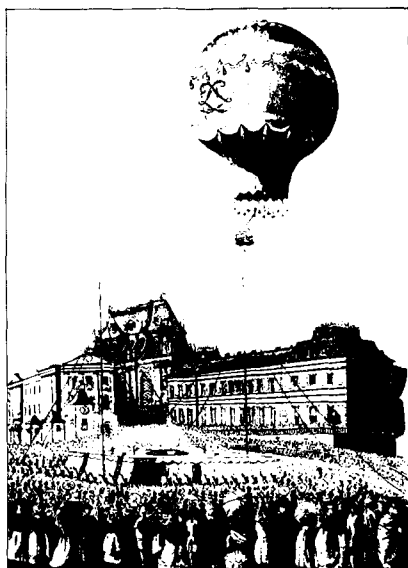
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Artist's rendition of one of the Montgolfiers' early balloon flights.

Cover photo courtesy of the French Government Tourist Office. Drawings by Glenna Lang.

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We are thankful for the assistance given to us by the many government tourist offices, a number of consulates, the European Travel Commission, the Pacific Area Travel Association, and the Caribbean Tourism Association in the preparation of this edition of *The Atlantic International Travel Planner*.

Since much of our information must be gathered in advance, we urge you to verify dates, events, and places. Where events do not specify a city, they are generally celebrated nationwide.

The Atlantic, 420 Lexington Avenue,
 New York, New York 10017 212-687-2424

THE Atlantic INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER

1983—A YEAR FOR REMEMBERING

Two hundred years ago in the small town of Annonay in the Rhone Valley, paper manufacturers Joseph Michel and Jacques Etienne Montgolfier sent a sheep, a rooster, and a duck as the first riders in their free-flight balloon. Two months later, on November 21, 1783, a linen-and-paper balloon constructed by the Montgolfier brothers carried two human pioneers 5½ miles across Paris on a 25-minute journey. We can only speculate about whether the event created as much excitement and suspense as the flights of John Glenn and Neil Armstrong, but there is little doubt that many understood its significance: it opened a new chapter in humanity's quest of the skies and paved the way for the revolution in travel that has affected every facet of our lives in this century.

Today, the 743 million passengers boarding planes each year are so accustomed to speeding across continents and oceans that they give little thought to how or where manned flight began. But when we stop to remember—as many will this year, during the 200th Anniversary of Flight—the distance we have traveled in two centuries from a balloon ride across Paris to a flight to the moon and a spaceship in orbit, it leaves us reeling.

In tribute to the pioneers of flight and those who followed, France and balloonists from around the world are staging a series of events and exhibitions, beginning in Burgundy in April and culminating in Paris with the re-enactment of the first manned flight on November 21. One of the most colorful events will take place on June 26, when 30 balloons will

lift off simultaneously from historic sites in Paris as a collective salute to the early aeronauts.

But great moments in flight are only some of the important events 1983 will recall. Milestones in the quest for spiritual elevation are marked by the 500th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, the millennium of Islam's most important center of learning and the oldest university in the world, Al-Azhar, and the Holy Year declared by Pope John Paul II.

Events that helped shape our hemisphere will be remembered too. Canada is celebrating the 400th anniversary of Newfoundland, the first colony of the British Empire. The 200th anniversary of the birth of Simon Bolivar will be celebrated by Venezuela and five other Latin American countries that called him the Liberator.

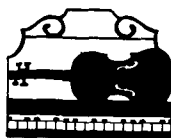
Indeed, the 11th annual *Atlantic International Travel Planner* lists more than 3000 events in 116 countries around the world, covering an extraordinary range of activity, from jazz and ballet in the midnight sun at the Arctic to sampling wine and wildflowers at the southernmost tip of Africa.

We hope you will keep the *International Travel Planner* handy and use it often when you are planning your travel. If you want more information, reader service cards have been provided on pages 13 and 21. You need only fill them in and send them along to receive detailed material as a further aid to planning your travel in 1983.

—Kay Showker

EUROPE

AUSTRIA



HIGHLIGHT '83

The 150th anniversary of Brahms's birth will be commemorated during the Salzburg Palace Concerts, when the composer's chamber music will be heard in its entirety.

April 1–June 30, Sept. 1–Dec. 31: OPERA SEASON. Vienna, Graz.
 April–June, Sept.–Dec.: VIENNA BOYS' CHOIR.
 April–June, Sept.–Dec.: SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL. Vienna.
 April–Oct.: MARIONETTE THEATER. Salzburg.
 April 18–May 10: BRAHMS FESTIVAL 1983. Vienna.
 May–Oct.: PALACE CONCERTS. Salzburg.
 May 8–June 19: VIENNA FESTIVAL. Works by Mozart; special guests, Bolshoi and Bejart ballets; citywide concerts. Majority are free.
 May 23: WHITMONDAY.
 May 24–29: 58TH BACH FESTIVAL. Graz, Styria.
 June 15–26: SCHUBERT FESTIVAL. Concerts and recitals. Hohenems, Vorarlberg.
 June 25–Sept 11: SUMMER OPERETTA FESTIVAL. Baden.
 June 26–Aug. 28: CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL. Opera concerts. Ossiach, Villach.
 July 1–Sept. 30: MUSIC SUMMER PROGRAM. Concerts at Schoenbrunn and other palaces. Vienna.
 July 2–14: WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL OF THE PERFORMING ARTS. "Spectaculum 83," sacred music festival. Vienna.
 July 7–Sept.: OPERETTA WEEKS. Most famous operettas in old imperial resort town, Bad Ischl.
 July 21–Aug. 21: BREGENZ FESTIVAL. Highlight: performance of Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate" on the lake.
 July 24–Aug. 31: SALZBURG FESTIVAL. Drama, ballet, music, opera with world-famous performers and conductors.
 Aug. 8–Sept. 9: AUSTRIAN DANUBE FESTIVAL. Music festival with concerts and operas. Grein, Greinburg.
 Aug. 26–Sept. 9: 8TH INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL.
 Sept.–Oct.: KREMS BRUCKNER FESTIVAL. Music. Linz.
 Sept. 11: ANNUAL SHEEP ROUNDUP. Ehrwald, Tyrol.
 Sept. 23–25: VINTAGE WINE FESTIVAL. In one of the oldest wine communities of Austria, Retz.
 Oct.–Nov.: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Annual cultural event with a performance of rock opera "The Death of Webern." Graz.
 Oct. 26: FLAG DAY.
 Early Nov.: VIENNA FILM FESTIVAL.
 Nov. 11–20: VIENNA ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR.
 Nov. 14–27: SCHUBERT FESTIVAL.
 Nov. 19–Dec. 24: CHRISTMAS MARKET.
 Nov. 27–Dec. 24: "CHRISTMAS TIME IN VIENNA 1983." Christmas carols in churches and concert halls.
 Dec. 26: ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.
 Dec. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE FANFARES. City Hall. IMPERIAL BALL. Vienna.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.

BELGIUM

April–Oct.: FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS. Ballet, music, drama.
 Weekends, May: ROYAL GREENHOUSE DISPLAYS. Six acres of 300-year-old orange trees and Azalea House at Palace of Laeken, Brussels.
 May 12: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD. 800-year-old relic honored by local citizens in medieval costume. Bruges.
 May 23: WHITMONDAY.
 May 29: PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT. Horse-drawn golden coach carrying relic of St. Waudru circles town to commemorate delivery from plague in 1349. In afternoon in town square, St. George fights dragon amid colorful revelry. Mons.
 June–Oct.: FESTIVAL OF WALLONIA. Orchestra, ballet, theater.
 June 1: OMMEGANG PAGEANT. Medieval pageantry in the illuminated Grand Place. Historic festival re-creates the entertainment given in honor of Charles V and his court. Brussels.
 July 21: BELGIAN NATIONAL DAY.
 Aug.: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. Overijse.
 Aug. 13–20, 26–27: FESTIVAL OF THE CANALS. Re-enactment of medieval life and historic moments. Bruges.
 Aug. 28–29: BEGONIA FESTIVAL. Exhibits of Belgium's famous begonias in floats and flower carpets. Lochristi.
 Sept. 3–4: 36TH INTERNATIONAL BALLOON COMPETITION. Annual precision landing contest. St. Nikolaas.
 Sept. 24–Oct. 9: ANNUAL OKTOBERFEESTEN. Beer festival's 28th year. Weize.
 Nov. 11: ARMISTICE DAY.
 Nov. 15: DYNASTY DAY.
 Dec. 20–Jan. 5, 1984: CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ILLUMINATIONS. All major city centers.

BRITAIN

April–Oct.: CESTYLL '83—WALES 1983 FESTIVAL OF CASTLES. Various venues, Wales.
 April–Dec.: WELCOME HOME GLASGOW 1983, PRIDE OF THE CLYDE CELEBRATIONS.
 April–Jan. 1984: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND THEATER SEASON. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.
 April 1–3: EDINBURGH FOLK FESTIVAL.
 April 1–6: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL. Harrogate.
 April 1–10: YEHUDI MENUHIN INTERNATIONAL VIOLIN COMPETITION. Worldwide competition for violinists aged 12–19. Kent.
 April 7–9: SOUTH WALES ANTIQUES FAIR 1983. Brecon, Powys.
 May–Sept.: CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON.
 May 2: MAY DAY BANK HOLIDAY.
 May 7–22: BRIGHTON FESTIVAL OF ARTS.
 May 8–Oct. 8: PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATER SEASON.
 May 11–15: ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW. Musical drive, parade of hounds, driving and jumping competitions. Berkshire.
 May 17–21: WELSH NATIONAL OPERA. Cardiff.
 May 22–June 4: MALVERN FESTIVAL. Highlights works of George Bernard Shaw and Sir Edward Elgar.
 May 24–27: CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW. Britain's major flower show, covering 22 acres with specially-made gardens.
 May 26–Aug. 10: GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON.

May 27–Jun. 12: BATH FESTIVAL. Music and the arts, with concerts, exhibitions, tours, lectures.
 May 30: SPRING BANK HOLIDAY.
 June 1–4: DERBY. Epsom.
 June 7–11: WELSH NATIONAL OPERA. Birmingham.
 June 9–18: GROSVENOR HOUSE ANTIQUES FAIR. London.
 June 10–26: ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL. Music and arts, founded in 1948 by English composer Benjamin Britten.
 June 11: TROOPING THE COLOUR. The Queen's official birthday parade.
 June 13–18: BMW WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Eastbourne, East Sussex.
 June 14–16: 25TH ANTIQUARIAN BOOK FAIR. London.
 June 14–17: ROYAL ASCOT. Internationally famous horse race. Berkshire.
 June 20–July 3: LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS. Wimbledon.
 June 22–July 3: MANANAN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DANCE. Opera, recitals, drama, and concerts by leading international artists. Isle of Man.
 June 25–July 3: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CYCLING. Harrogate.
 June 30–July 3: HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA. International rowing event and one of the big social occasions of the year. Henley-on-Thames.
 June 30–July 3: 5TH ANNUAL NORTHERN IRELAND GAME AND COUNTRY FAIR. Clandeboyne Estate, near Bangor, County Down.
 July 2–3: BALLOON MEET. To coincide with 200th anniversary of ballooning. Followed by International London-to-Paris Balloon Race 200. Leeds Castle, Kent.
 July 2–17: CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL. International music festival.
 July 5–10: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD. For a week little town in Wales becomes most cosmopolitan place in Britain, full of color, costumes, and sound of music. 200 choirs from 30 countries perform choral classics. Llangollen.
 July 9: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MARCHING BANDS. London.
 July 12: BATTLE OF THE BOYNE HOLIDAY. Northern Ireland.
 July 14–17: GOLF: BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP. Royal Birkdale, Southport, Merseyside.
 July 17: INVERNESS HIGHLAND GAMES.
 July 18–23: ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW. London.
 July 23–25: LEEDS CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW.
 July 25–30: GOLF: ENGLISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS. Virginia Water, Surrey.
 July 27–Aug. 10: HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL.
 July 30–Aug. 6: ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES. Llangefni, Gwynedd.
 Aug. 4–13: CARDIFF SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO. Spectacular military tattoo held in capital of Wales. Cardiff Castle.
 Aug. 6: 32ND NATIONAL TOWN CRIERS CHAMPIONSHIPS. Hastings.
 Aug. 6–14: FESTIVAL OF HASTINGS. Various venues. Hastings, St. Leonards.
 Aug. 13–20: 19TH BILLINGHAM INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. Concerts at open-air and indoor venues by leading folk dance and music companies from 11 countries.
 Aug. 19–Sept. 10: EDINBURGH MILITARY TATTOO. Display of military color and pageantry held on floodlit ramparts of Edinburgh Castle.
 Aug. 20–27: THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL. One of oldest music festivals in Europe. Based on series of oratorio performances by amateur choirs drawn from and held alternately in cathedrals of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester. Gloucester.
 Aug. 21–Sept. 10: EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. One of world's largest festivals of arts, attracting many international stars.
 Sept.: CHELSEA AUTUMN ANTIQUES FAIR. Old Town Hall, Chelsea.

Sept. 3: ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING. Kilted clansmen from all over Scotland tossing cabers, playing bagpipes and games. **Braemar, Grampian.**

Oct. 3-8: HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW. **London.**

Oct. 6-8: NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR.

Oct. 8-14: NATIONAL GAELIC MOD. **Motherwell, Stathclyde.**

Oct. 11-Jan. 22, 1984: EXHIBITION: ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT—HIS LIFE AND WORK. A profile of Prince Albert; demonstrates his influence on Victorian society. **Royal College of Art, London.**

Oct. 19-29: BURLINGTON HOUSE ANTIQUES FAIR. **Royal Academy of Arts, London.**

Oct. 25-29: BRITISH PHILATELIC EXHIBITION. **London.**

Nov. 6: LONDON-TO-BRIGHTON VETERAN CAR RUN.

Nov. 9-26: BELFAST FESTIVAL OF ARTS AT QUEEN'S. Wide-ranging program of classical and popular arts, drama, opera, and music. In and around Queen's University, **Belfast.**

Nov. 12: LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION AND SHOW. When the Lord Mayor of City of London is inaugurated for year of office, procession takes place from Guildhall to Royal Courts of Justice. Each year parade is based on profession or interests of new Lord Mayor.

Nov. 26-Dec. 10: CARDIFF FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Concerts present 20th-century music alongside music from earlier periods.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

BULGARIA

May-June: MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. **Sofia.**

June-July: SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, OPERA, AND CHAMBER MUSIC. **Varna.**

Early June: FESTIVAL OF ROSES. Pageantry in Valley of the Roses. **Karlovo, Kasanluk.**

June: GOLDEN ORPHEUS FESTIVAL. International popular music competition. **Sunny Beach.**

June: ANNUAL UNICEF ASSEMBLY. **Sofia.**

July: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL. **Black Sea resort area.**

Sept. 9-10: NATIONAL DAY FESTIVITIES.

Late Sept.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC. **Plovdiv.**

Late Oct.: REVIEW OF CARTOONS AND GRAPHICS. **Gabrovo.**

CYPRUS

Early May: ANTHESTIRIA FLOWER FESTIVAL. Floats decorated with flowers and representing themes from Greek mythology, tradition, and nature parade along harbor road to Paphos Castle. Folk dances and songs. **Paphos.**

May 6-9: GREEK EASTER HOLIDAYS. Festivities include Procession of the Epitaphios on Good Friday.

May 28-June 12: INTERNATIONAL STATE FAIR.

June-Sept.: CURIUM FESTIVAL. Performances of Shakespeare and ancient Greek drama. **Limassol.**

June 3-4: BEER FESTIVAL.

June 15-30: NICOSIA FESTIVAL. Folk art, drama, music.

June 27: CELEBRATION OF THE FLOOD. Sea games, dancing, singing. **Kataklysmos.**

July 1-15: INTERNATIONAL ART FESTIVAL. **Limassol.**

Aug. 14-15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN. Abbots from four monasteries dress in traditional gowns to attend church services. Villagers sell local wares to pilgrims from all over Cyprus.

Mid-Aug.: LEFARA and ALONA VILLAGE FESTIVALS.

Late Aug.: PLATRES FESTIVAL.

Late Aug.: DIONYSIA WINE FESTIVAL. **Stroumbi.**

Sept. 8-12: WINE FESTIVAL. Free wine at open-air restaurants; folk songs, dances. **Limassol.**

Late Sept.: CYPRUS RALLY.

Oct. 1-15: INTERNATIONAL CLAY COURT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP. Open to amateurs and professionals.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

May 12-June 4: INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Prague.**

June 17-19: BRASS BAND FESTIVAL. **Kolin.**

June 24-26: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. **Straznice.**

June 24-26: SMETANA MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Litomysl.**

July: FESTIVAL OF PUPPET THEATERS. **Chrudim.**

July-Aug.: STATE ENSEMBLE OF SONGS AND DANCES. Folk dances. **Prague.**

July-Aug.: MUSIC SUMMER. Classical and promenade music. **Bratislava.**

July 1-3: FESTIVAL OF FOLK SONGS AND DANCES. **Vychodna.**

July 27-Aug. 7: 7TH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF JEWELRY.

Aug. 7: ETHNOGRAPHIC FESTIVAL. Parade of folklore ensembles from Kyjov area. **Milotice.**

Aug. 13-14: CHODSKO FESTIVITIES. Folk songs and dances of south and west Bohemian borderland. **Domazlice.**

Aug. 13-20: CHOPIN'S FESTIVAL. **Marianske Lazne.**

Aug. 19-28: FLORA OLOMAUC '83. National exhibition of flowers with international participation.

Sept. 1-30: DVORAK'S AUTUMN. Music. **Karlovy Vary.**

Sept. 25: "GOLDEN HELMET." International speedway racing. **Pardubice.**

Sept. 29-Oct. 9: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Brno.**

Sept. 30-Oct. 14: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Bratislava.**

Oct. 9: GRAND STEEPLECHASE. **Pardubice.**

Nov. 18: REOPENING OF THE NATIONAL THEATER. **Prague.**

DENMARK



HIGHLIGHT '83
Bakken, north of Copenhagen, is celebrating its 400th anniversary as the oldest amusement park in the world, with special events and something to delight the entire family.

Spring/Autumn: "MULTI-ART '83." Paintings, sculpture, photos, film, music. **Copenhagen, Arhus, Odense, Aalborg.**

April-May: SCANDINAVIAN GOLD & SILVER FAIR. **Bella Center, Copenhagen.**

April-Aug./Sept.: TIVOLI FRIHEDEN. **Arhus.**

TIVOLI KAROLINELUND. **Aalborg.**

FYNS TIVOLI. **Odense.** 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF BAKKEN. Merry season planned for world's oldest amusement park.

April-Oct.: BENNEWEIS CIRCUS. **Copenhagen.**

April 16: QUEEN MARGRETHE'S BIRTHDAY.

May 1-mid-Sept.: TIVOLI SEASON. Outstanding amusement park features rides, attractions, flower gardens, fireworks, and restaurants. Concert season of ballads, jazz, chamber music, and ballet. **Copenhagen.**

May 1-mid-Sept.: LEGOLAND. **Billund.**

May 2-8: WORLD BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Copenhagen.**

May 4-8: SCANDINAVIAN FURNITURE FAIR. Designs from all over the world. **Copenhagen.**

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May 21–28: SPORT IN THE CITY. Marathon open to everybody; professional bicycle race around Christianborg Castle. **Copenhagen.**

Early June: ROUND LAKE SJAELSØ ON BIKE. Over 10,000 participants. **Copenhagen.**

June 23: MIDSUMMER EVE CELEBRATIONS.

June 27–Sept. 7: 14TH INTERNATIONAL ORGAN FESTIVAL. Every Wednesday. **Sorø.**

Late June: 12TH ROSKILDE FESTIVAL. One of Europe's biggest festivals of rock, jazz, and folk. **Roskilde.**

Late June: ROUND SEALAND. World's largest sea yacht race. Very festive. Start and finish in **Elsinore.**

Late June–early July: 32ND VIKING FESTIVAL. Open air. **Frederikssund.**

July–Aug.: MUSIC WEEK 1983. Concerts at Lerchenborg Castle. **Kalundborg.**

Early July: HAERVEJSVANDRINGEN (Old Army Road Wald). Denmark's longest march: 300 km, finishing in Viborg. Participants from all over the world.

Early July–mid-Aug.: VENDSYSEL FESTIVAL 1983. Classical music, opera, jazz, folk music in churches, museums, castles.

July 1–mid-Aug.: COPENHAGEN SUMMER FESTIVAL. Concerts at Charlottenborg and chapel of Christianborg Palace.

July 1–15: 7TH VIKING FESTIVAL. Open-air. **Jels.**

July 4: REBILD CELEBRATIONS 1983. Salutes American Independence Day. **Aalborg.**

July 8–17: 5TH ANNUAL COPENHAGEN JAZZ FESTIVAL. The jazz event of year, in streets, squares, jazz houses, and concert halls.

Aug.: COPENHAGEN HARBOR FESTIVAL. Old vessels.

Sept. 1–Dec. 31: ROYAL DANISH BALLET and ROYAL OPERA SEASON.

Sept. 3–11: AARHUS FESTIVAL WEEK 1983. Denmark's most comprehensive program of concerts, sport, theater, exhibitions, celebrations.

Oct.: ARTISTS' AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

Copenhagen.

Nov. 3–6: STAMP EXHIBITION 83. **Copenhagen.**

Nov. 26: CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY. Christmas parades. **Copenhagen.**

Dec.: CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS in old houses at Hjerl Hede Open-Air Museum. **Vinderup.**

FINLAND

April 30: MAY DAY EVE. Celebration of spring with all-night parties.

May: FINLANDIA MARATHON.

June: "GOLDEN" ROWING EVENT. **Ivalo-Rovaniemi.**

June–Aug.: WETTERHOFF'S HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION. **Hameenlinna.**

June 9–15: KUOPIO DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL.

June 10–18: ILMAJOKI MUSIC FESTIVAL.

June 17–29: NAAANTALI MUSIC FESTIVAL.

June 25: MIDSUMMER EVE. Celebration of the longest day of year; bonfires and open-air dancing.

June 28–July 7: JYVASKYLA ARTS FESTIVAL. Concerts, exhibitions, seminars.

July 2–24: SAVONLINNA OPERA FESTIVAL.

July 14–17: PORI JAZZ FESTIVAL.

July 17–31: KUUMO CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL.

July 18–24: KAUSTINEN FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL.

July 25–27: SLEEPY-HEAD CARNIVAL. Festivities culminate on July 27 when laziest person in Hango is thrown into sea. **Naantali, Hango.**

Aug. 8–14: LAHTI ORGAN FESTIVAL.

Aug. 13–19: TURKU MUSIC FESTIVAL.

Aug. 16–21: TAMPERE SUMMER THEATER. Drama in open-air theater.

Aug. 25–Sept. 9: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. Concerts, opera, ballet, theater, jazz, pop, exhibitions.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.

Nov. 11–20: CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

Dec. 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. Lighted candles in windows, students' processions.

Dec. 13: LUCIA FESTIVAL. Festival of Light.

FRANCE

1983: BICENTENNIAL OF FLIGHT. Year-long celebration.

April–June: PARIS OPERA.

April 6–10: FRENCH BALLOON CHAMPIONSHIPS. **Chalon-sur-Saone, Burgundy.**

May 6–18: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL. **Cannes.**

May 6–20: MAY FESTIVAL. Music, drama, ballet with international stars. **Bordeaux.**

Mid-May: ANNUAL GYPSY PILGRIMAGE. Three-day event honoring gypsies' patron saint, Sarah. **Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer.**

May 23–June 5: FRENCH OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

May 26–June 5: 35TH PARIS AIR AND SPACE SHOW. International aviation show of aeronautic technology since 1908. **Le Bourget Airport.**

June–July: FESTIVAL. Guitar concerts, bullfights. **Arles.**

June–July: MARAIS FESTIVAL. **Paris.**

June 10–26: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF THEATER, MUSIC, AND DANCE. **Lyon.**

June 10–26: 45TH STRASBOURG FESTIVAL. Features music of Bach, Schumann, Strauss.

June 11–12: LE MANS AUTO RACE. World-famous twenty-four-hour race.

June 15–30: FESTIVAL OF VERSAILLES. Ballets, theater, concerts, spectacles.

June 26: BALLOON CELEBRATION. 30 balloons will lift off simultaneously from historic sites. **Paris.**

July: 70TH ANNUAL TOUR DE FRANCE. Bicycle race covering 3900 kms during 22 laps, starting from Basel and ending on the Champs-Élysées in **Paris.**

July–Aug.: AVIGNON FESTIVAL. Ballet, drama, music.

July–Aug.: PABLO CASALS FESTIVAL. **Prades.**

July 10–Oct. 10: FESTIVAL DE SCEAUX. Chamber music in Orangerie of Chateau de Sceaux.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Parades, fireworks.

July 15–Aug. 14: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF OPERA AND MUSIC. **Aix-en-Provence.**

July 15–Sept. 20: FESTIVAL DE PARIS. Various cultural events throughout city include concerts, opera, dance.

July 17–Aug. 15: BICENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OF FLIGHT. **Paris.**

Aug. 26–Sept. 7: WORLD BALLOON CHAMPIONSHIPS. 300 participants. **Nantes.**

Sept.: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Besançon.**

Sept. 8: FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN. **Lourdes.**

Late Sept.–early Dec.: AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

Dance, theater, music, and art exhibits. **Paris.**

Early Oct.: ROSARY PILGRIMAGE. **Lourdes.**

Oct.–Nov.: GASTRONOMIC FAIR. **Dijon.**

Nov.: 12TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. **Metz.**

Nov. 19–21: LES TROIS GLORIEUSES—Three Days of Glory. Most important wine festival in France. Folk dancing, banquets, wine auction. Attracts wine merchants and connoisseurs from all over the world. **Beaune, Meursault.**

Nov. 21: RE-ENACTMENT OF FIRST MANNED FLIGHT. **Paris.**

EAST GERMANY

May: MUSIC DAYS. Folk festival. **Vogtland.**

May–June: MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Dresden.**

June: SCHUMANN FESTIVAL. **Zwickau.**

June 11–14: HANDEL FESTIVAL. **Halle.**



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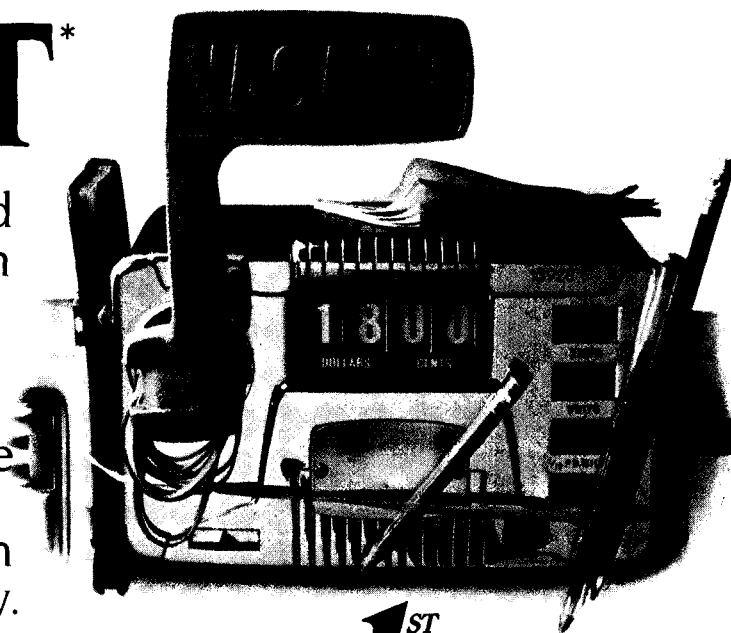
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CESTYLL '83 WALES FESTIVAL OF CASTLES

A year-long calendar of special events is linked to the 200 castles and historic sites of Wales and includes plays, concerts, pageants, tattoos, medieval banquets, folk festivals, and other activities especially created for the occasion. On June 4, Conwy Castle, one of three monuments marking their 700th anniversary, will hold a medieval fair with dancing and entertainment.

Another year-long event, **Glasgow '83—The Pride of the Clyde**, will welcome home the 10 million people worldwide who have roots in Glasgow and western Scotland. The eight-centuries-old city of Glasgow is said to have the English-speaking world's oldest Chamber of Commerce, which is celebrating its 200th anniversary this year.

Special tours are available for both events.

WEST GERMANY



HIGHLIGHT '83

Germany will mark the 500th anniversary of Martin Luther's birth with a year-long tribute of exhibitions, concerts, plays, and seminars. The most important activity will take place in Augsburg, Nuremberg, Coburg, and Worms, cities closely related to the life of the great reformer. Special tours are available.

April–Nov.: 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF MARTIN LUTHER'S BIRTHDAY. Activities in Worms, Augsburg, Coburg, Nuremberg.

Late April–early May, July–Aug., Oct.: TRADITIONAL ANTIQUE FAIR. Munich.

April 29–May 2: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS AND PROCESSION. Koblenz.

April 29–May 8: STUTTGART SPRING FESTIVAL.

May: MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET, OPERA, MODERN DANCE, AND MUSIC. Wiesbaden.

May–June: LUTHER, NIGHTINGALE FROM WITTENBERG by August Strindberg. Augsburg.

May–Oct.: PALACE FESTIVAL PLAYS. Ludwigsburg.

Mid-May–mid-Sept.: PIED PIPER OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL. Hameln.

Late May–late Sept.: ILLUMINATION OF HERREN-

CHIEMSEE PALACE. Chamber music concerts. Prien/Chiemsee (lake).

May 22–23: WHITSUNDAY and WHITMONDAY.

June–July: MOZART FESTIVAL AND OPEN-AIR OPERA PERFORMANCE. Augsburg.

June–July: BALLET FESTIVAL. Hamburg.

June–July: NYMPHENBURG PALACE SUMMER PLAYS. Munich.

June 17: DAY OF GERMAN UNITY.

June 23–July 3: INTERNATIONAL ORGAN FESTIVAL. Focus on Luther. Nuremberg.

June 24–Sept. 25: MARTIN LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY. 600 works of art and documents from 250 collections around the world. Nuremberg.

July: OATH MONDAY. Folk festival with waterborne procession on Danube. Ulm.

July 1–Aug. 1: SUMMER CONCERTS IN SCHLEISHEIM CASTLE. Munich.

Early July–Aug.: OPERA FESTIVAL. Munich.

Mid-July: CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL. Dinkelsbuehl.

Late July–Aug.: RICHARD WAGNER OPERA FESTIVAL. Bayreuth.

Early Aug.: THE RHINE AFLAME. Illumination of castles and riverbanks between Braubach and Koblenz; fireworks on Ehrenbreitstein Fort.

Mid-Aug.: WINE FESTIVAL. Rhine River region.

Sept.: BERLIN FESTIVAL. Concerts, theater, exhibitions.

Mid-Sept.: WINE AND SAUSAGE MARKET FOLK FESTIVAL. Bad Duerkheim.

Late Sept.: FOLK WINE FESTIVAL. Heidelberg.

Late Sept.–early Oct.: OKTOBERFEST. Beer festival. Munich.

Late Sept.–early Oct.: CANNSTATT FOLK FESTIVAL. Stuttgart.

Oct.: BOOK FAIR. Frankfurt.

Oct.: FREIMARKT FOLK FESTIVAL. Bremen.

Early Nov.: JAZZ FESTIVAL. Berlin.

Early Nov.–Dec.: HAMBURGER DOM FOLK FESTIVAL. Hamburg.

Nov. 17: DAY OF PRAYER AND REPENTANCE.

Late Nov.–Dec. 23: CHRISTKINDLESMARKET—Christmas Market. Munich, Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Berlin, Cologne.

GREECE

April–Oct.: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. Athens, Rhodes, Corfu.

May–Sept.: GREEK FOLK DANCE. Nightly on Philopappou Hill, Athens.

May 1: LABOR DAY AND FLOWER FESTIVAL. Athens, Karies, Mt. Pelion.

May 6–8: EASTER OBSERVANCES. Most important public and religious anniversary in Greece. Feasts of spit-roasted lamb and red-dyed hard-boiled eggs, followed by dancing in regional costumes. Fairs at Ia, Tripolis, Trapeza (near Patras), and Livadia, where roast lamb and local wines are offered to all visitors. On Good Friday, faithful carry lighted candles and follow the procession of the "Epitaph," a picturesque and moving spectacle. On Saturday, ceremony of the Resurrection takes place in front of all churches; bells peal and fireworks are displayed at midnight. Congregations then make their way home for a feast including traditional Magiritsa soup.

June: CORFU FESTIVAL. Concerts, opera, ballet and theatrical performances.

June–Sept.: ATHENS FESTIVAL. Performances by internationally renowned artists at open-air 5000-seat Herod Atticus amphitheater, built in A.D. 161 at foot of Acropolis. Orchestral and chamber music, classical and popular theater, grand opera and modern dance.

June–Sept.: EPIDAUROS FESTIVAL. Ancient Greek tragedy and comedy (summaries available in English) produced annually by National Theater of Greece, Northern Greece State Theater, and Art Theater, and performed in 14,000-seat, 3rd-century B.C. Theater of Epidaurus.

June–Oct.: REGIONAL GREEK DANCES. Rhodes.

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EUROPE—LAND OF MUSIC

Europe rings with the sound of music throughout the year, but in summer it takes on a festive spirit and moves to street fairs and open-air concerts. An example is the Kaustinen Music Festival, July 18–24, in western Finland, which brings together folk music from many countries. This is one of twelve cultural festivals, ranging from classical, jazz, folk, and rock music and dance to grand opera, theater, art exhibits, seminars, and puppet shows, held annually throughout Finland between June and September.

July–Aug.: WINE FESTIVALS. Noted for revelry, dancing, and singing. *Daphni, Alexandroupolis.*

Early July: NAVY WEEK. Greece's close link with the sea celebrated with pomp and organized entertainment at coastal towns and fishermen's festivals throughout country. Volos re-enacts the Argonauts' expedition.

Mid-July: 20TH AEGEAN SAILING WEEK. Athens.

Sept.: MUSIC AND FILM FESTIVAL. Thessaloniki.

Sept.: 48TH THESSALONIKI INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.

Oct.: FESTIVAL OF BYZANTINE MUSIC AND DANCE. Concerts, theater, opera, and ballet. Thessaloniki.

Oct.: ATHENS OPEN INTERNATIONAL MARATHON RACE. Thousands retrace original Marathon-to-Athens route, commemorating Pheidippides' run to announce Athenian victory over invading Persians in 490 B.C.

Oct. 28: NATIONAL DAY. Parades.

HUNGARY

May: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR. Budapest.

May–Aug.: HAYDN CONCERTS.

June–Aug.: BEETHOVEN CONCERTS. Martonvasar.

June–Aug.: ST. JACOB'S SUMMER NIGHT. Music and drama in ruins of Benedictine abbey. Kaposvar.

July–Aug.: OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL. Margaret Island, Budapest.

Aug.: GUITAR FESTIVAL PROGRAM. Citadel Museum, Esztergom.

Sept.–Oct.: MUSICAL WEEKS. Budapest.

ICELAND

April–June: ICELAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PROGRAMS. Concerts every Thursday. Reykjavik.

April 22: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. National holiday, celebrated mainly for and by children with processions and entertainment.

June: ARTS FESTIVAL. Reykjavik.

Early June: SEAMAN'S DAY.

June 17: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, speeches, entertainment.

July: WESTMAN ISLANDS FESTIVAL. Sports competitions, entertainment. Heimaey.

July 25: SKALHOLTSHATIO CELEBRATION. Skalholt.

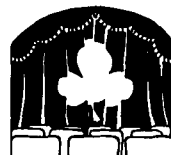
Sept.–Dec.: NATIONAL THEATER PERFORMANCES.

Oct. 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY. Marks discovery of America in A.D. 1000.

Dec. 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.

IRELAND



HIGHLIGHT '83

The Dublin Theatre is celebrating its 25th anniversary with a festival of new plays by Irish authors in a series of exciting first nights, and productions by celebrated companies from Europe and America.

April 2–4: MOTOR RACING. Circuit of Ireland Rally.

April 4–6: HORSE RACING. Popular three-day Easter event includes Irish Grand National on Monday. Fairyhouse.

April 4–23: INTERNATIONAL OPERA SEASON. Dublin.

May 3–7: ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S ANNUAL SPRING SHOW. Shopwindow of Irish agriculture and industry and cross-section of Irish life.

May 4–8: CORK CHORAL AND FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL. Concerts and choirs competing from Europe, North America, and Britain.

May 19–29: DUNDALK INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR THEATER FESTIVAL.

May 27–29: FLEADH NUA. Colorful festival of Irish traditional music, song, and dance. Ennis.

June 10–18: 14TH FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES. International artists play in 10 of Ireland's largest and most beautiful 18th-century mansions.

June 12–19: AN TOSTAL. Irish music, song and dance, band recitals, fancy-dress show, music and ballad competitions. Drumshanbo.

July 3–9: TENNIS: IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS. Dublin.

July 6–22: IMAGES FROM A CELTIC WORLD. Examination of Irish tradition in archaeology, folklore, drama, Anglo-Irish literature, and history. Lectures and seminars on media in Ireland, women in contemporary Ireland, architecture, painting, and antiques. Dublin.

July 18: 2ND ANNUAL ANGLO-IRISH NATIONAL HUNT JOCKEYS' COMPETITION. Limerick.

July 25–30: GALWAY RACE WEEK.

Aug.–Sept. 1: ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Concerts, horse racing, parade, free street entertainment. Highlight is Rose of Tralee contest.

Aug 2–6: DUBLIN HORSE SHOW. Principal sporting and social event of year, attracting visitors worldwide. Over 2000 horses, the cream of Ireland's bloodstock, entered. Jumping competitions each day; chief events are International Teams Jumping Competitions for Aga Khan Trophy, Nations Cup, and Grand Prix.

Sept. 17–Oct. 2: 25TH WATERFORD INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA. Amateur competitive festival of light opera, attracting leading amateur companies from Britain and Ireland.

Sept. 23–25: GALWAY OYSTER FESTIVAL. Banquet marks opening of first oyster of the season.

Sept. 26–Oct. 15: DUBLIN THEATER FESTIVAL 25TH ANNIVERSARY. New plays by Irish authors in series of exciting first nights, with important productions by celebrated companies from Europe and America.

Oct. 19–30: WEXFORD OPERA FESTIVAL. Renowned for presentation of rare operatic masterpieces of 18th and 19th century on stage of 19th-century Theatre Royal. Concerts, chamber music.

Oct. 28–31: CORK JAZZ INTERNATIONAL.

Nov. 9–13: DUBLIN INDOOR INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

Nov. 28–Dec. 10: DUBLIN GRAND OPERA WINTER SEASON.

ITALY



HIGHLIGHT '83

Holy Year, a tradition begun by Pope Boniface VIII in 1300, begins on March 25, 1983, and will continue to April 22, 1984. Special pilgrimage tours to Rome and other holy places are available.

- 1983: HOLY YEAR, declared by H.H. Pope John Paul II (from Lent to end of year).
- April 1:** PROCESSION OF THE MYSTERIES. Passion procession of 20 groups of life-sized figures in carved wood and canvas. **Trapani, Sicily.**
- April 3:** EXPLOSION OF THE CART. Easter Sunday fireworks. **Florence.**
- April 14-23:** 61ST TRADE FAIR. **Milan.**
- April 25:** ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY. Start of gondola regatta season. **Venice.**
- May-June:** INTERNATIONAL PIANO FESTIVAL and INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. **Bergamo.**
- May-mid-June:** SAGRA MUSICALE. **Lucca.**
- May-June 30:** MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Florence.**
- May 1-4:** FESTIVAL OF ST. EFISIO. **Cagliari.**
- May 15:** RACE OF THE CANDLES. Costumed bearers carry huge shrines to church atop Mount Ingino. **Gubbio.**
- May 23:** SARDINIAN CAVALCADE. **Sassari.**
- June:** WAGNER FESTIVAL. **Ravello.**
- June-July:** FESTIVAL OF TWO WORLDS. Opera, drama, ballet, art. **Spoleto.**
- June-Sept.:** SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. Roman Theater, **Verona.**
- June 5:** FLOWER FESTIVAL. Religious procession on streets carpeted with flowers in beautiful designs. **Genzano.**
- June 24, 28:** SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FOOTBALL MATCH. **Florence.**
- July:** INTERNATIONAL BALLET FESTIVAL. **Nervi.**
- July-Aug:** SUMMER OPERA SEASON. Baths of Caracalla, **Rome.**
- July 2-Aug. 16:** PALIO. Medieval costume pageant, flag-throwing skills, bareback horse race, and competition for the palio or banner. **Siena.**
- Mid-July-mid-Aug.:** OPERA FESTIVAL. Open-air opera in Roman amphitheater. **Verona.**
- July 16-17:** FESTA DEL REDENTORE. Celebrates city's delivery from plague in 1575. Folklore show in St. Mark's Square, concert on floating barge, fireworks, and regatta. **Venice.**
- Aug.-Sept:** MUSICAL WEEKS. **Stresa.**
- Aug. 1:** JOUST OF THE QUINTAIN. **Ascoli Piceno.**
- Aug. 8:** PALIO OF THE GULF. Famous rowing contest. **La Spezia.**
- Sept. 4:** REGATTA STORICA. 700-year-old regatta is resplendent with costumes and decorations along the Canal Grande where gondolas also compete. **Venice.**
- Sept. 5:** JOUST OF THE SARACEN. Tilting contest of 13th century with knights in armor. **Arezzo.**
- Oct.:** TRUFFLE FAIR. Rare white truffles and folk events. **Alba.**
- Oct.:** SAGRA MUSICALE UMBRIA. Concerts, ballets, Masses of ancient and modern religious music, attracts artists of international fame; held in churches, museums, and theaters in Perugia and other historic centers of province.
- Dec. 7-June 1984:** OPERA AND BALLET SEASON. La Scala Opera House, **Milan.**

LUXEMBOURG

- April 7:** WINE FAIR. Sampling of Luxembourg Moselle wines. **Grevenmacher.**
- April 24-May 8:** "OCTAVE." Annual pilgrimage to Our Lady of Luxembourg (since 1628), clos-

ing with solemn procession attended by grand ducal family and foreign Catholic dignitaries. **Luxembourg.**

May 1: SPRING FESTIVAL. In morning, members of local clubs and bands assemble in forest to make wreath of first green branches, symbolizing rebirth of nature. Wreath is carried to village, where it usually decorates entrance of a café.

May 23: "GENZEFEST"—BROOM FLOWER FESTIVAL. Parade, floats. **Wiltz.**

May 24: WHITSUN TUESDAY. Dancing procession in honor of St. Willibrord. **Echternach.**

June 2-July 17: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC. **Echternach, Luxembourg.**

June 23: LUXEMBOURG NATIONAL DAY. Parades, religious services, concerts, dancing. In evening preceding National Day, torchlight parade and fireworks in **Luxembourg City.**

June 26: REMEMBRANCE DAY. In honor of U.S. General G. Patton, liberator of Grand Duchy in 1945, who is buried at American cemetery in Hamm with 5100 soldiers of his famous Third Army. Military parade, exhibition of military equipment, concerts. **Ettelbruck.**

July: "THÉÂTRE DES CASEMATES." Modern plays performed in the Bock Casemates (subterranean chambers), **Luxembourg.**

July-Aug.: 29TH INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATER AND MUSIC FESTIVAL. Top international artists in opera, drama, classical comedy, classical music, and jazz. **Wiltz.**

July 29-Aug 7: POTTERY EXHIBITION AND FAIR. By contemporary Luxembourg artists. Open weekends. **Nospelt.**

Aug. 13-14: 25TH WINE FESTIVAL. Concerts and ball. **Stadtbredimus.**

Aug 14: INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS "GRAND PRIX DE LUXEMBOURG." World championship in the 500 cc's.

Aug. 21: "SCHUEBERFORER." Founded in 1340 by Jean the Blind, count of Luxembourg and king of Bohemia, this ancient shepherd's market has become capital's major fair. On 3rd Sunday of fair, sheep decorated with colorful ribbons march through city accompanied by shepherds dressed in folk costumes. **Luxembourg.**

Sept. 4: WINE FESTIVAL. Wine flows from fountain in public square. **Schwebsange.**

Sept. 9: COMMEMORATION OF LIBERATION OF GRAND DUCHY by Allied forces in 1944. **Petange.**

Sept. 10-11: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. Fireworks and gathering at Wine Pavillion. **Grevenmacher.**

Oct.-Jan.: RESUMING OF THEATER, CONCERT, BALLET AND OPERA SEASON. **Luxembourg, Esch-Alzette.**

Oct. 1-2: 31ST GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL. **Wellenstein.**

Dec. 6: ARRIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS. Descends from heaven to bring rewards to all well-behaved children. Small parades on preceding Sunday to receive St. Nicholas.

Dec. 26: WINEGROWERS PARADE. Winegrowers carry barrel of wine to church, where it is blessed. After religious ceremony, tasting of wine on tap. **Greiveldange.**

MALTA

May 6-8: CARNIVAL. A 500-year tradition. Three days of parades, dancing competitions in fancy costume, decorated floats, brass bands, grotesque and traditional Maltese dances. **Valletta, Rabat.**

June 25-26: MNARJA. Folk and harvest festival with all-night traditional festa. Folk music, dancing, and singing. **Rabat.**

Aug.: ARTS FESTIVAL. Open-air drama, ballet, choral singing, and orchestral concerts in historical surroundings. International and local groups participate.

Aug. 15: SANTA MARIJA. Popular village festa celebrated in 7 towns and villages throughout

Malta, commemorating arrival of Allied convoy during World War II when the besieged Maltese were on brink of starvation.

Sept. 11: THE REGATTA. Commemorates lifting of great sieges of Malta in 1565 and World War II.

Oct.: MIDDLE SEA RACE. International 600-mile race for yachts; starts and ends at Malta.

Dec. 13: REPUBLIC DAY. Sports rallies, fireworks, band marches.

MONACO

April 1-3: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

April 2-29: INTERNATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL.

May: 46TH INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.

May 7-8: 16TH INTERNATIONAL FLOWER COMPOSITION. Exhibits at Centenary Hall, **Monte Carlo.**

May 12-15: 41ST MONACO GRAND PRIX. Internationally famous car race in local streets.

June 23-24: ST. JOHN'S FEAST. **Old Monaco.**

July 4-20: WORLD BACKGAMMON CHAMPIONSHIP.

July 23, 26, Aug. 3, 6, 9: 18TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS.

Aug. 5: RED CROSS GALA.

Sept.: 2ND WORLD FESTIVAL OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS AND GOSPEL SINGERS.

Sept. 2, 11, 16, 23, 30: JAZZ ON THE ROCK.

Oct. 2-Dec. 11: CONCERTS, CHAMBER MUSIC, DRAMA. Various venues.

Nov. 18-20: MONACO NATIONAL DAY FESTIVAL.

Dec. 8-12: 10TH INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL. **Fontvieille.**

Dec. 23-31: BALLET. **Monte Carlo.**

NETHERLANDS

April: "TULIPSHOW" FRANZ ROZEN. Tulip nursery with magnificent show garden and bulb fields.

April-mid-May: BULBFIELDS IN BLOOM. Crocuses, beginning of April; tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils about mid-April. Times of flowering depend on weather and may overlap. Bulb district between **Haarlem** and **Leiden.**

April 4-8: INTERNATIONAL TULIP TIME MUSIC FESTIVAL.

Mid-April-mid-Sept.: Traditional Alkmaar cheese market with porters in historic guild uniforms; demonstrations of old crafts. **Alkmaar, Waagplein.**

April 30: CELEBRATION OF QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

May-Sept.: ANTIQUE AND FLOWER MARKET. **The Hague.**

May 7: NATIONAL WINDMILL AND CYCLING DAY.

May 12-15: INTERNATIONAL OLD-STYLE JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Breda.**

May 29: MEMORIAL DAY. American Military Cemetery, **Margraten.**

June 1-23: HOLLAND FESTIVAL. Concerts, opera, chamber music, ballet, plays, exhibition. **Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, Utrecht, and other cities.**

June 22: OLD DUTCH MARKET. Demonstrations of crafts and folkloric dances. **Hoorn.**

July 8-10: NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL. **The Hague.**

July 14-21: "TILTING AT THE RING," from decorated carriages. **Middelburg.**

July 30: "TILTING AT THE RING," on horseback and from decorated gigs. **Flushing.**

Late July: "HOLLAND WEEK 1." International yacht races. **Loosdrecht.**

Late July: "SKUTSJESILEN." Races for old cargo yachts and market boats. **Frisian Lakes.**

Aug. 11: "TILTING AT THE RING," on horseback for the Royal Cup. **Middelburg.**

Mid-Aug.: FLORAL PARADE OF THE HAGUE.

Late Aug.: TAPTOE, BRASS BAND FESTIVAL. **Breda.**

Late Aug.: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL.

Maastricht.

Sept. 3: FLORAL PARADE. **Aalsmeer-Amsterdam.**

Sept. 20: "PRINSJESDAG." Includes ride by Her Majesty the Queen in traditional golden coach to Hall of Knights for yearly opening of Parliament. **The Hague.**
 Oct. 7-17: "HEFTFLORA"—AUTUMN FLOWER SHOW. **Laren, Singermuseum.**
 Oct. 14-Nov. 2: OLD ART AND ANTIQUE FAIR. **Delft.**
 Nov. 2-6: NATIONAL FLOWER TRADE FAIR. **Aalsmeer.**
 Dec. 5: ST. NICHOLAS CELEBRATIONS.
 Dec. 13-20: "GOUDA BY CANDLELIGHT." Town hall and market square lit by candlelight, massed choir, carillon concert, appearance of heralds and lighting of Christmas tree.

NORWAY

April 10: REINDEER RACES. **Finnmark.**
 May-June: FJORD BLOSSOM TIME. Best blooms: May 20-June 10.
 May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. Round-the-clock sunshine to July 30.
 May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 May 25-June 8: 31ST INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET, FOLKLORE. Norway's chief cultural event. **Bergen.**
 Mid-June: GRIEG'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Concerts and folk dancing. **Lofthus, Hardanger Fjord.**
 June 19-27: NORTH NORWAY FESTIVAL. Open-air theater, folklore. **Harstad.**
 June 23: MIDSUMMER NIGHT. Fireworks, dancing.
 Late June: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. **Kongsberg.**
 July 16-17: INTERNATIONAL OCEAN FISHING FESTIVAL. Competitions. **Harstad.**
 July 25-30: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Star performers. **Molde.**
 July 29-31: ST. OLAV FESTIVAL. Honors King Olav, who died in Viking battle at Stiklestad on July 29, 1030. Historic pageant, folklore, bonfires. **Stiklestad, near Trondheim.**
 Aug. 7-14: PER GYNT FESTIVAL. Folklore, drama, pageantry. **Vinstra.**
 Oct. 1-31: STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT. Annual art presentation. **Oslo.**
 Dec. 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. By invitation. **Oslo.**

POLAND

May-Sept. CHOPIN CONCERTS. Sundays at Lazienki Park, **Warsaw.**
 May: INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR. **Warsaw.**
 June: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Poznan.**
 June-July: FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS. **Szczecin.**
 Aug.: CHOPIN FESTIVAL. **Duszniki.**
 Sept.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—"THE WARSAW AUTUMN."
 Oct.: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL.

PORTUGAL

HIGHLIGHT '83
 The 10-day Madeira Bach Festival will play an all-Brahms concert on June 23 to commemorate the composer's 150th anniversary. Special tours are available.

April-Sept.: 17TH COUNCIL OF EUROPE EXHIBITION. The Portuguese Maritime Discoveries and Renaissance Europe. **Lisbon.**
 April 16-18: FLOWER FESTIVAL. **Funchal, Madeira.**

April 25: PORTUGAL'S DAY.
 May-June: GULBENKIAN CONCERTS. **Lisbon.**
 May-July: CONCERTS. **Estoril.**
 May 1-4: FESTIVAL OF THE CROSSES. Processions, fair, concerts, exhibitions, sporting events, fireworks. **Barcelos.**
 May 12-13: ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO FATIMA.
 May 15: FESTIVAL OF SENHOR SANTO CRISTO, PONTA DELGADA. Cultural and sporting events as well as splendid procession. **Azores.**
 May 25-June 2: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. **Lisbon.**
 June 10: CAMOES DAY. National holiday, celebrates poet/hero.
 June 12-29: ALL SAINTS FESTIVAL. **Lisbon, Oporto.**
 June 18-26: 4TH INTERNATIONAL BACH FESTIVAL. **Funchal, Madeira.**
 June 24-29: TRADITIONAL FESTIVALS. **Angro do Heroismo, Azores.**
 July-Aug.: ESTORIL HANDICRAFTS FAIR.
 Aug. 2-3: "RED WAISTCOAT" FESTIVAL. Dress parade of cowboys featuring bulls running through the town. **Vila Franca de Xira.**
 Aug. 5-7: MADEIRA WINE RALLY.
 Aug. 5-8: "FESTAS GUALTERIANAS." **Guimaraes.**
 Mid-Aug.: FESTIVAL OF THE GREEN CAP & SALT PANS. Features bullfights and amusements. **Alcochete.**
 Aug. 19-22: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF AGONY. **Viana do Castelo.**
 Aug. 28-Sept. 11: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF REMEDIOS. **Lamego.**
 Sept. 2-6: WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Palmela.**
 Sept. 9-12: FISHERMAN'S FESTIVAL (Festival of Our Lady of Bonanza). **Vila Praia de Ancora.**
 Sept. 18-26: MADEIRA WINE FESTIVAL.
 Late Sept.: GREAT WINE FESTIVAL. **Oporto.**
 Oct.: OCTOBER FAIR. **Vila Franca de Xira.**
 Oct. 5: DAY OF THE REPUBLIC.
 Oct. 12-13: LAST ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO FATIMA.
 Nov. 6-13: NATIONAL HORSE SHOW (St. Martin's Fair). **Golega.**
 Dec. 1: RESTORATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE.
 Dec. 8: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
 Dec. 8-11: 23RD INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT. **Vilamoura, Algarve.**
 Dec. 31: ST. SYLVESTER'S EVE. **Funchal, Madeira.**

ROMANIA

May: FESTIVAL OF ROMANIAN MUSIC. **Iasi.**
 June: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Brasov.**
 July: MAIDENS FAIR. **Mount Gaina, Avram Iancu.**
 July-Aug.: SEA FESTIVALS. Romanian Riviera resorts.
 July-Aug.: "CEAHLAU" MOUNTAIN FESTIVITY. **Durau.**
 Aug.: FOLK FESTIVAL. **Pasul Prislop.**
 Aug.: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF SONGS AND DANCES. Costume parade. **Bucharest.**
 Aug. 1: FESTIVAL OF SEAS. Black Sea resort areas.
 Aug. 23: NATIONAL LIBERATION DAY.
 Sept.: 11TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL GEORGE ENESCU. **Bucharest.**
 Sept.: TRADITIONAL SONG AND DANCE FESTIVAL. At the foot of hill of Castle of Bran.

SPAIN

April 19-24: APRIL FAIR. **Seville.**
 April 22-24: FAIR OF THE MOORS AND CHRISTIANS. Costumed re-enactment of medieval battle. **Alicante.**
 May 1-12: FESTIVAL OF THE PATIOS. **Cordoba.**
 May 4-8: HORSE FAIR. **Jerez de la Frontera.**
 May 10-24: FESTIVAL OF SAN ISIDRO. Madrid's patron saint is honored. Bullfights.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.

June 2: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL. Since 1230. **Granada, Toledo, Seville.**
 June 20-July 5: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL. **Granada.**
 June 23-24: FIRE WALK AND MONDIDAS FESTIVAL. **San Pedro Manrique.**
 July 6-15: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN. Running of the bulls. **Pamplona.**
 Late July-late Aug.: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL. **Santander.**
 Sept. 7-11: JEREZ GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL.
 Sept. 24: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF MERCY. **Barcelona.**
 Oct. 30: SAFFRON FESTIVAL. Honors the Saffron Rose with dancing and singing. **Consuegra.**

SWEDEN

April 2: COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL. **Gothenburg.**
 April 8-10: HORSE SHOW AND INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING. **Gothenburg.**
 April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT. Bonfires and nighttime revelry welcome spring. **Lund, Stockholm, Gothenburg, Uppsala, Umea.**
 May: FLADEN FISHING FESTIVAL. Sea angling competition. **Varberg.**
 May-June: SUMMER SKIING. **Lapland.**
 May-Sept.: FOLK MUSICIANS MEETINGS. Musicians and visitors dress in colorful local costumes. Various locales.
 May 4-9: MUSIC WEEK. Concerts, religious service at Uppsala Cathedral.
 Early June-mid-Sept.: BALLET AND 18TH-CENTURY OPERA. **Drottningholm Court Theater, Stockholm.**
 June 4: STOCKHOLM MARATHON.
 June 24-26: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS.
 July 1-31: "JULIADEN." Concerts, entertainment, other events in parks. **Stockholm.**
 July 4: BOAT RACE. Longboats race over Lake Siljan to Sunday services. **Leksand.**
 July 10-18: SWEDISH OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Volvo Grand Prix. **Bastad.**
 Mid-July-mid-Aug.: PETRUS DE DACIA. Pageant performances. **Visby, Gotland.**
 Aug. 21-26: STOCKHOLM JAZZ DAYS 1983.
 Sept. 24-Oct. 7: 5TH WORLD MUSIC WEEKS.
 Oct. 31-Nov. 7: STOCKHOLM OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
 Nov. 28-Dec. 5, 12: SKANSEN CHRISTMAS SALE. **Stockholm.**
 Dec. 10: NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY. By invitation. **Stockholm.**
 Dec. 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. Queen of Light and her court wear candle crowns for festive processions.

SWITZERLAND

April-July: LOCARNO CONCERTS.
 April 3-7: 20TH INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL. **Montreux.**
 April 17-18: "SECHSELAUTEN." Spring Festival. **Zurich.**
 April 22-May 1: ANTIC '83: 8TH INTERNATIONAL ART AND ANTIQUES FAIR. **Zurich.**
 April 24: OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT. Constitutional gathering of citizens entitled to vote. **Appenzell, Hundwill, Sarnen, Stans.**
 May 6-July 7: 28TH LAUSANNE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. Opera, ballet, concerts.
 May 7: 11TH BIEL/BIENNE INTERNATIONAL MARATHON.
 May 7-14: 23RD INTERNATIONAL TV FESTIVAL. "Golden Rose of Montreux."
 May 8-11: ARTISWISS. Fair for Swiss handicrafts. **Lucerne.**
 May 28-29: INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW. **Berne.**
 May 29-June 18: HAYDN FESTIVAL. **Basel.**
 June: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL. Concerts, theater, music, courses, art exhibitions. **Zurich.**



June 3-5: FESTIVAL OF GENEVA MUSIC FEDERATION.
 June 15-20: ART 14 '83: 14TH INTERNATIONAL FAIR of 20th-century art. Basel.
 June 26-July 10: 22ND INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS. Murren.
 Late June-early July: GENEVA JAZZ FESTIVAL.
 Late June-mid-July: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Meiringen.
 July-Aug.: WILLIAM TELL FESTIVAL PLAYS. Altdorf, Interlaken.
 July-Aug.: SWISS OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. Crans-Montana.
 July 1-3: "BRADERIE." Popular festival. Biel/Bienne.
 July 2-3: 3RD FOLK FESTIVAL. Berne.
 July 8-23: 17TH INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Montreux.
 July 10-17: 48TH BRAUNWALD MUSIC WEEK.
 July 30-31: WIND-SURFING MARATHON. St. Moritz.
 Aug.: WORLD DRESSAGE CHAMPIONSHIPS. Lausanne.
 Aug.: YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL. Gstaad.
 Aug. 1-25: SWISS NATIONAL CIRCUS KNIE. Berne.
 Aug 5-8: "FETES DE GENEVE."
 Aug 14-Sept. 1: 23RD INTERLAKEN MUSIC WEEKS.
 Aug. 17-Sept. 10: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. Lucerne.
 Sept. 24-25: WINE FESTIVAL. Spectacular costume processions, music, dancing. Neuchâtel.
 Sept. 30-Oct. 2: WINE FESTIVAL. Parades, music. Lugano, Morges.
 Oct. 9: CHESTNUT FESTIVAL. Locarno.
 Nov. 3-17: EXPOVINA: ZURICH WINE EXHIBITION. On boats anchored at Burkliplatz piers, 1400 wines from Switzerland and other countries may be tasted.
 Nov. 28-Dec. 24: ARTS AND CRAFTS CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION AND SALE. Berne.
 Dec. 8-11: 8TH CHRISTMAS COLLECTORS MARKET. Zurich.
 Dec. 10-11: "ESCALADE" HISTORIC FESTIVAL. Geneva.

TURKEY



HIGHLIGHT '83
The Council of Europe 18th Art Exhibition in Istanbul, May-Oct, focuses on the civilizations of Anatolia from the Stone Age to the present. Palaces, mosques, and ancient buildings, including a 16th-century Turkish bath built by Sinan, the most famous architect of the Ottoman Empire, are part of the show.

April-May: TULIP FESTIVAL. Thousands of blooms in parks and gardens. Istanbul.
 April 23: NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY AND CHILDREN'S DAY. Children's parades, entertainment, junior sports.
 May-Oct.: SOUND AND LIGHT SHOWS. Nightly. Sultanahmet complex, Istanbul.
 May 19: YOUTH AND SPORTS DAY. With parades, games, and gymnastics. Nationwide.
 May 19-Oct.: EUROPEAN COUNCIL 18TH ART EXHIBITION. Istanbul.
 May 20-26: INTERNATIONAL EPHEUS FESTIVAL. Drama in Roman theater.
 May 31-June 7: INTERNATIONAL MEDITERRANEAN FESTIVAL. Izmir.
 June 7-13: KIRKPINAR OILED WRESTLING MATCHES. Celebration of the Turkish national sport dating back 600 years; folk dancing and singing. Edirne.
 June 7-13: FILM AND FASHION FESTIVAL. Antalya.
 June 21-July 15: ISTANBUL FESTIVAL OF ARTS

AND CULTURE. International performing arts event with classical music, opera, and ballet.
 Aug. 10-18: TROJAN HORSE FESTIVAL. Canakkale.
 Aug. 20-Sept. 20: INTERNATIONAL IZMIR TRADE FAIR. Cultural activities and trade exhibits.
 Aug. 30: VICTORY DAY. Military parades; performances by the Mehter Band.
 Sept. 13-17: CAPPADOCIA GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL. Urgup.
 Oct. 29: ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC. Parades in Ankara and Istanbul.
 Dec. 14-17: FESTIVAL OF MEYLANA. Performances by whirling dervishes. Special exhibitions and lectures. Konya.

U.S.S.R.

May: MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL. Ballet, art, music.
 May: KIEV SPRING FESTIVAL.
 May 1-2: INTERNATIONAL SOLIDARITY OF WORKING PEOPLE. Official May Day celebrations.
 May 9: VICTORY DAY. Public holiday. Honors veterans and commemorates World War II.
 June: WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL. Arts under the midnight sun. Leningrad.
 June 15-Aug. 15: RIGA MUSIC SUMMER FESTIVAL.
 Aug.: SYMPHONIC MUSIC FESTIVAL. Riga.
 Aug.: CRIMEAN DAWN SOVIET SONG FESTIVAL. Yalta.
 Sept.: ARTS FESTIVAL. Tashkent.
 Oct.: MELODIES OF SOVIET TRANSCAUCASIA. Arts festival. Tbilisi, Erevan, Baku.
 Nov. 7-8: ANNIVERSARY OF THE OCTOBER SOCIALIST REVOLUTION.
 Nov. 20-30: BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN. Arts festival. Minsk.

Dec.-Jan.: RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL. Sports, arts. Moscow.

YUGOSLAVIA

April-Sept.: FOLKLORE PERFORMANCES. Every Sunday. Cilipe.
 May: BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. Zagreb.
 May: LAKES WEDDING. Ten couples from different European countries are married in native costume. Plitvice.
 May-Sept.: MORESKA SWORD DANCE. Medieval pageant. Thursdays. Korcula.
 May-Oct.: SUMMER FESTIVAL. Bled.
 May-Dec.: SKADARLIJA EVENINGS. Folk and gypsy music, theater, art exhibits. Belgrade.
 June: "KMECKA OHCET." Country wedding festivities. Ljubljana.
 June-Sept.: BELGRADE SUMMER '83. Youth festival.
 June-Oct.: SUMMER FESTIVAL. Open-air drama, shows, folklore. Opatija.
 July: ZAGREB EVENINGS. Classical and pop music, folklore, international dance performances.
 July-Aug.: LJUBLJANA FESTIVAL. Chamber music, pantomime, folklore.
 Mid-July-Aug.: SUMMER FESTIVAL. Drama, music, folklore. Dubrovnik.
 Mid-July-Aug.: SUMMER FESTIVAL. Split.
 Late July: INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE. Zagreb.
 Late July: FESTIVAL OF THE CHILD. International festival celebrating children's theater, music, dance, art. Sibenik.
 Sept.: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. Contemporary works. Belgrade.
 Sept.: INTERNATIONAL GRAND FAIR. Zagreb.
 Oct.: FESTIVAL OF CLASSICAL MUSIC. Belgrade.

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CANADA

HIGHLIGHT '83

On June 25, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Musical Ride will open a summer-long celebration in St. John's to mark the 400th anniversary of Newfoundland. Among special events are a National Heritage Festival reflecting Canada's cultural diversity, and Universiade '83, the World University Games.



May-Oct.: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS. Banff.
 May 4-Oct. 2: SHAW FESTIVAL. Theater; works of G. Bernard Shaw and his contemporary playwrights. Niagara-on-the-Lake.
 May 13-15: BREAK-UP DRAMA FESTIVAL. Groups from Yukon, British Columbia, and Alaska perform turn-of-century dramas. Dawson City.
 Mid-May-mid-Sept.: ONTARIO PLACE EXHIBITION. 96-acre theme park, exposition and cultural center. Toronto.
 May 15-23: FESTIVAL OF SPRING. Ottawa.
 May 26-28: MOSAIC ETHNIC FESTIVAL. Regina.
 June-Oct.: STRATFORD FESTIVAL. Shakespeare and contemporary drama in repertory. Stratford.
 June 10-12: CANADA GRAND PRIX. Formula One and Atlantic Formula racing. Montreal.
 June 17-19: FOLK ON THE ROCKS and MIDNIGHT

GOLF TOURNAMENT. Folk music celebration and golf. Yellowknife.
 June 17-25: CARAVAN 83. International food and entertainment fair. Toronto.
 June 18-Aug. 28: MAN AND HIS WORLD EXHIBITION. Montreal.
 June 24-July 4: INTERNATIONAL FREEDOM DAY. Joint celebration of Canada Day and U.S. Independence Day by Windsor and Detroit.
 June 25: ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE MUSICAL RIDE. St. John's, Newfoundland.
 July-Aug.: JAZZ FESTIVAL SUMMERFEST. Edmonton.
 July 1: CANADA DAY CELEBRATIONS. Arctic sports and community feast. Frobisher Bay.
 July 1-3: FLIN FLON TROUT FESTIVAL. Manitoba.
 July 1-10: MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FEST.
 July 1-11: NATIONAL HERITAGE FESTIVAL. 400th anniversary celebrations. St. John's.
 July 1-11: QUEBEC SUMMER FESTIVAL. Cultural event. Quebec City.
 July 1-11: UNIVERSIADE '83. World university games. Edmonton.
 July 5-10: LOBSTER FESTIVAL. Shediac.
 July 7-10: WINNIPEG FOLK FESTIVAL. Manitoba.
 July 8-17: CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE. World-famous rodeo and fair.
 July 12-17: PRAIRIELAND EXHIBITION AND PIONEER DAYS. Re-enactment of city's history. Saskatoon.
 July 13-17: SEA FESTIVAL. Vancouver.
 July 15-17: NOVA SCOTIA HIGHLAND GAMES. Antigonish.

July 17-23: LOYALIST DAYS. Parades and pageants to celebrate bicentennial of Loyalists' arrival. St. John, New Brunswick.
 July 20-24: MANITOBA STAMPEDE AND EXHIBITION. Morris.
 July 24-Aug. 1: FOIRE BRAYONNE. French folklore celebrations. Folk music, storytelling, traditional dishes. Edmundston.
 July 25-31: CANADIAN OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. One of top golf tournaments. Oakville.
 July 26-Aug. 2: CARIBANA FOLK FESTIVAL. Food, crafts, and culture of Caribbean. Toronto.
 July 28-30: ANNUAL FISH, FUN AND FOLK FESTIVAL. Twillingate.
 July 30: GLENGARRY HIGHLAND GAMES. Largest Highland gathering in North America. Maxville.
 Aug. 1: WORLD TRADITIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL. Newfoundland.
 Aug. 7-13: FOLKLORAMA. Multicultural ethnic festival. Winnipeg.
 Aug. 8-15: ANNUAL ACADIAN FESTIVAL. West Pubnico.
 Aug. 12-15: NORTH AMERICAN CHUCKWAGON RACES. High River.
 Aug. 13-21: PLAYERS CHALLENGE CANADIAN OPEN. Women's tennis championships. Toronto.
 Aug. 17-Sept. 5: CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION. Toronto.
 Aug. 18-28: WORLD FILM FESTIVAL. Montreal.
 Aug. 20-Sept. 6: PACIFIC NATIONAL EXHIBITION. Vancouver.
 Sept. 4: MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL MARATHON.
 Sept. 10: THREE RIVERS FALL FAIR. World championship fiddler's contest, crafts. N.W.T.
 Nov. 9-13: CANADIAN RODEO FINALS. Edmonton.
 Dec. 1-Jan. 3, 1984: CHRISTMAS PANORAMA. 60 large, colorful displays with over 20,000 lights. Simcoe, Ontario.

THE CARIBBEAN

ANGUILLA

May 23: WHITMONDAY.
 May 30: ANGUILLA DAY. Marks 1967 Anguilla Revolution and secession from the Associated State of St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla.
 June 13: QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY.
 Aug., 1st week: CARNIVAL. Celebrated with boat races, java, calypso, and Queen show.
 Dec. 19: SEPARATION DAY. Celebrates Anguilla's formal separation from the Associated State.

ANTIGUA

April 24-30: 17TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK. Yachtsmen from around the world gather for week's sailing activity, parties, and gala ball.
 May 23: WHITMONDAY.
 July 24-Aug. 2: MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL. Ten-day festival highlights culture of island. Includes beauty pageants, calypso, and steel band shows.
 Nov. 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

ARUBA

April 19-Dec. 13: WATAPANA FESTIVAL. Folkloric dancing, music, exhibit of local arts and crafts, foods and drinks. Every Tues. evening, 7:30 P.M.-10:30 P.M., Oranjestad.
 April 30: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
 June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Authentic folk dance,

"Derramento di Gai," is performed. Oranjestad.
 Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY.

BARBADOS

April 2-3: OISTINS FISH FESTIVAL.
 May 23: WHITMONDAY. Parades, folk songs, and dances.
 Mid-June-July 4: CROP-OVER FESTIVAL.
 July 4: KADOOMENT DAY.
 Aug. 1: CARICOM DAY.
 Oct. 3: UNITED NATIONS DAY.
 Nov. 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BONAIRE

April 30: CORONATION DAY.
 June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Folkloric events in all villages.
 June 28-29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Local fishermen are honored by songs, dances in seaside villages.
 Oct. 11-15: 16TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA. Five-day festival. Hundreds of entries. Kralendijk.
 Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

April: SPRING REGATTA. Sir Francis Drake Channel.
 April 4: EASTER MONDAY FESTIVAL. Virgin Gorda.
 May 23: WHITMONDAY.
 July 1: TERRITORY DAY.
 Aug. 6-7: B.V.I. FESTIVAL. Tortola.
 Oct. 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

May: GRAND COURT OPENING CEREMONY. George Town, Grand Cayman.
 May 7-8: ANNUAL POLICE FISHING TOURNAMENT.
 May 16: DISCOVERY DAY SAILBOAT REGATTA. George Town, Grand Cayman.
 June 13: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
 July 4: CONSTITUTION DAY SAILING REGATTA.
 Oct. 22-29: PIRATES WEEK.
 Oct. 29-30: ANNUAL ROTARY PIRATES WEEK FISHING TOURNAMENT.
 Nov. 14: REMEMBRANCE DAY.

CURAÇAO

April 30: PRINCESS JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY.
 May 11: OPENING OF THE "STATEN," the legislative council.
 July 26: CURAÇAO DAY. Willemstad.
 Dec. 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY.
 Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY and ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY.



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—David George Reeve, Owner, The Smuggler's Inn

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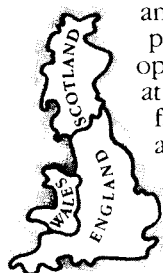
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“What luck you’ve come now. The garden’s in bloom.”

—Christopher Lloyd in his garden at Great Dixter

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It's especially nice to arrive in Britain when the flowers do. And that's between April and October, when the honeysuckle and jasmine, hollyhock



and clematis, foxglove and poppies greet you with open blossoms. The garden at Great Dixter in Sussex is fairly bursting with phloxes and fuchsia. At Chatsworth—the Duke of Devonshire's ancestral home—the Victoria Regia water lilies grow leaves six feet

across with flowers to match. The garden of Hampton Court just outside London is lined with hedges of box and lavender.

Stroll down any village lane and you'll discover that a house without a garden is, to the British, as unthinkable as a pub without beer.

Even Britain's cities are ablaze with color, none more so than London with its beautifully kept parks, charming window boxes and friendly flower vendors. And there's no better way to see it all than with TWA, on a Getaway Vacation.

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sion to nightclubs, discos, jazz clubs, supper clubs and gambling casinos. If you want to rent a car, you'll get twenty percent off at Avis. Accommodations are at First Class or Medium Class hotels, private bath and Continental breakfasts included. Four days are for exploring London on your own. So why not take tea at the Ritz, see St. Paul's Cathedral, sail down the Thames or stop in at London's Silver Vaults and do a bit of shopping.

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Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, site of Anne Hathaway's charming cottage; and the Cotswolds, where thatched-roof cottages are everywhere. You'll see the eerie monoliths at Stonehenge; the Roman baths at Bath; and so much more. And speaking of baths, your accommodations at all Super Saver hotels come with a private one. They include Continental breakfasts as well. Not to mention dinners in six of the towns you'll visit. All tour prices are per person, based on double occupancy, plus airfare.

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CARIBBEAN CARNIVAL

Carnival is as much a tradition throughout the Caribbean as Mardi Gras is in New Orleans. But it is not always a pre-Lenten festival. More often it stems from harvest celebrations in plantation days or an important historic event, and its timing varies from island to island.

But in every case, weeks of preparation go into writing songs, designing floats, staging competitions, and creating colorful and imaginative costumes, like the one worn by this young reveler in Grenada. The climax is a joyous spectacle of street parades, jump-ups, stilt dancers, and crowning the king and queen—all to the accompaniment of steel bands and calypso.

Look for Carnival in April in Carriacou, St. Kitts, St. Maarten, and St. Thomas; mid-June and July in Barbados and St. Vincent; late July and August in the Dominican Republic; August in Anguilla, Antigua, and Grenada; October in the Caymans, and December in Montserrat.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

May: BOCA DE YUMA INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT. Higüey.

Late July–Aug.: MERENGUE FESTIVAL. Dance competition.

Aug. 4: FOUNDING OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Aug. 16: RESTORATION OF DOMINICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Late Aug.: SIBONEY CUP INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Casa de Campo.

Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY. Many official ceremonies held on anniversary of discovery of America. Flowers placed on tomb of Christopher Columbus in Cathedral of Santo Domingo. On this day, the box containing his remains is open to the public.

Nov. 2: MEMORIAL DAY.

Nov. 30: FEAST OF SAN ANDRÉS. Santo Domingo.

Dec. 5: DISCOVERY OF ISLAND OF HISPANIOLA.

Dec. 23: CHRIST OF MIRACLES. Religious ceremonies are held in Bayaguana, San Cristobel Province.

Dec. 27: ST. YEAR'S EVE. Hotels, night spots, and social clubs hold galas.

GRENADA

April 2–4: EASTER WEEKEND. Traditional Big Drum Dance traces its origins to Africa and involves series of hypnotizing actions, each separate and distinct with its own particular meaning. Carriacou.

May 23: WHITMONDAY. Sporting activities.

July 31–Aug. 1: ANNUAL REGATTA. Weekend of fun and frolic involving yacht and boat races, swimming, cultural shows, dancing. Carriacou.

Aug. 15–16: CARNIVAL DAYS. Pageant, steel band, and calypso jump-up. St. George's.

GUADELOUPE

May 23: PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach picnics.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.

July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates freedom from slavery.

Aug. 13: FÊTES DES CUISINIÈRES—COOKS' FESTIVAL. One of Guadeloupe's most colorful events. Pointe-à-Pitre.

Aug. 15: FESTIVAL OF THE SEA. Parades and celebrations. Iles des Saintes.

Nov. 11: ARMISTICE DAY.

Nov. 22: ST. CECILIA'S DAY. Music programs on feast day of patroness of musicians.

Dec. 28: YOUNG SAINTS DAY. Mass and parade of costumed children carrying toys.

HAITI

April 14: PAN AMERICAN DAY. Port-au-Prince.

May 18: FLAG DAY and UNIVERSITY DAY.

May 22: SOVEREIGNTY DAY.

Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.

Sept. 22: NATIONAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT DAY.

Oct. 17: DESSALINES' DEATH ANNIVERSARY.

Oct. 24: UNITED NATIONS DAY.

Nov. 18: ARMED FORCES DAY.

Dec. 5: DISCOVERY DAY.

JAMAICA

Late April: ANNUAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW. Kingston.

May 23: LABOR DAY.

June 28–July 2: REGGAE SUNSPASH FESTIVAL. Montego Bay.

July: FESTIVAL COMPETITION FINALS in culinary arts, dance, drama, song, arts and crafts.

July–Sept.: NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE COMPANY SEASON. Kingston.

Aug. 1: INDEPENDENCE DAY. 21st anniversary of independence; celebrations during week in all parishes.

Late Sept.: INTERNATIONAL MARLIN FISHING TOURNAMENT. Port Antonio.

Oct.–Dec.: ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION. Kingston.

Oct. 17–24: HERITAGE WEEK.

Oct. 17: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.

Nov.: JAMAICA PRO-AM GOLF and JAMAICA OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENTS.

Nov. 18–20: WORLD MUSIC FESTIVAL. Montego Bay.

Dec.: CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCES by National Chorale, Jamaica Operatic Society, Jamaica Folk Singers, and Jonkanoo Dancers. All areas of the island.

Dec. 31: GOVERNOR GENERAL'S NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL.

Polo every Saturday at Drax Hall, in St. Ann's Bay.

MARTINIQUE

April 4: EASTER MONDAY. Families feast at Creole beach picnics on traditional *Mantoutou* crabs, prepared with local spices and rum. Soccer games between Martinique and Guadeloupe, classic sports event of the year.

May 23: PENTECOST MONDAY.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.

July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates freedom from slavery.

Sept. 27: FESTIVAL OF THE SEA. Night races, lighted boat parade, folkloric programs. Robert.

Nov. 11: ARMISTICE DAY.

MONTserrat

May 23: WHITMONDAY.

June 11: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE.

Aug. 1: AUGUST MONDAY.

Dec. 10-31: CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL. Carnival, shows, dances, beauty competitions, parades.

Dec. 27: FEAST DAY. St. John's Village.

Dec. 31: FESTIVAL DAY.

PUERTO RICO

April 16: DE DIEGO DAY. Fairs and festivals throughout island.

May: ANNUAL PUERTO RICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL. Old San Juan.

May: FESTIVAL OF THE CROSS. San Juan.

May-June: PUERTO RICO THEATER FESTIVAL. Old San Juan.

May 30: MEMORIAL DAY.

June 3-18: PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL. San Juan, Mayaguez, Ponce.

June 24: FIESTA DAY. San Juan.

July: ANNUAL CRAFTS FAIR. Barranquitas.

July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 17: MUNOZ RIVERA DAY.

July 25: CONSTITUTION DAY. Parade. San Juan.

Late July: LOIZA ALDEA FIESTA.

Aug.: SUMMER ART FESTIVAL. San Juan.

Sept.: BLACK VIRGIN OF MONSERRATE FESTIVAL. Hormiguera.

Sept.-Dec.: SYMPHONY SEASON—PUERTO RICO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Most major cities.

Sept. 5: LABOR DAY.

Sept. 19-Oct. 1: PATRON SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL FESTIVALS. Cabo Rojo.

Sept. 23: GRITO DE LARES. San Juan.

Sept. 23-30: FIFTH WORLD MASTERS GAMES. For women over 35, men over 39. San Juan.

Oct.: SPORTS FISHING TOURNAMENT. San Juan.

Oct.: FINE ARTS FESTIVAL. Anasco.

Oct.: FESTIVAL OF THE ROOSTER. Isabela.

Oct.-Dec.: INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL. Old San Juan.

Oct. 10: COLUMBUS DAY.

Nov. 11: VETERANS DAY.

Nov. 19: DISCOVERY DAY.

Mid-Nov.: PUERTO RICO MUSIC FIESTA. Old San Juan.

Mid-Nov.: JAYUYA INDIAN FESTIVAL. Taino Indian culture craft shows, dances, visits to Indian sites. Jayuya.

Nov. 24: THANKSGIVING DAY.

Dec.: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. Ponce.

Dec.: FESTIVAL OF MASKS. Hatillo.

Dec. 4-11: BACARDI CRAFTS FAIR. Cantano.

Dec. 15-Jan. 6, 1984: "NAVIDADES." Christmas celebrations.

Dec. 28-30: LE LO LAI FESTIVAL. Boqueron.

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THE CARIBBEAN

APRIL 1: GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 3: EASTER.

MAY 1: MAY DAY OR LABOR DAY.

MAY 12: ASCENSION DAY.

JUNE 2: CORPUS CHRISTI.

AUG. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.

NOV. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.

NOV. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.

DEC. 25: CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEC. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE.

EUROPE

APRIL 1: GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 3: EASTER.

MAY 1: MAY DAY OR LABOR DAY.

MAY 12: ASCENSION DAY.

JUNE 2: CORPUS CHRISTI.

AUG. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.

NOV. 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.

NOV. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.

DEC. 25: CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEC. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LATIN AMERICA

APRIL 1: GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 3: EASTER.

MAY 1: MAY DAY OR LABOR DAY.

MAY 12: ASCENSION DAY.

AUG. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.

DEC. 25: CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEC. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE FAR EAST

APRIL 1: GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 3: EASTER.

MAY 1: MAY DAY OR LABOR DAY.

MAY 12: ASCENSION DAY.

AUG. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.

DEC. 25: CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEC. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE.

AFRICA/MIDDLE EAST

APRIL 1: GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 3: EASTER.

MAY 1: MAY DAY OR LABOR DAY.

DEC. 25: CHRISTMAS DAY.

DEC. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The Moslem calendar is based on the lunar year; dates move forward approximately ten days each year. Major holidays are the same in all Moslem countries, but they are translated in various ways because of language differences.

SABA

May 23: WHITMONDAY.

Early Dec.: SABA DAYS. Sports, folkloric programs.

Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY to mark autonomy of Netherland Antilles. Street dances, sports.

ST. BARTHÉLEMY

May 23: PENTECOST MONDAY. Sports, beach parties.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY OBSERVANCE.

Aug. 24: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHÉLEMY. Celebrated for several days in honor of island's patron saint; reminiscent of French country fair.

ST. EUSTATIUS

May 12: ASCENSION DAY.

Nov. 16: STATIA AND AMERICA DAY. First foreign country to recognize American flag in 1776.

Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY.

ST. KITTS/NEVIS

April 4: DYNARAMA FESTIVAL. Calypso show, Queen show, dancing. Sandy Point, St. Kitts.

May 23: WHITMONDAY. Picnics and dances.

June 11: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY PARADE. Picnics and dances.

July 29-Aug. 2: CULTURAMA. Music, art, drama, exhibitions, food fair, calypso. Nevis.

Aug. 1: AUGUST MONDAY. Horse racing, picnics, dances.

Nov. 14: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY. Carnival begins. St. Kitts.

Dec. 31: CARNIVAL DAY. Parade of troops, competitions, and bands.

ST. LUCIA

June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Fishermen and fish vendors celebrate their feast.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Fireworks, parades. Castries.

Aug. 1: EMANCIPATION DAY.

Aug. 30: FÊTE DE LA ROSE. Costumed parades. Castries and some towns.

Oct. 4: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Oct. 17: FEAST OF ST. MARGARET.

Nov. 22: ST. CECILIA'S DAY. Feast of musicians. Early-morning bands serenade in streets of Castries in memory of their patron saint.

Dec. 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports competitions.

ST. MAARTEN/ ST. MARTIN

Early April: NINTH ANNUAL TRADEWINDS RACE. Covers 800-mile course. St. Maarten-Virgin Gorda-Martinique-St. Maarten.

April 18-May 2: CARNIVAL. Steel band competitions, pageants, parades.

April 30: CORONATION DAY. Parades, fireworks, and sports events to celebrate the coronation of Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands.

May 23: WHITMONDAY FESTIVITIES.

July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Fireworks, parades, dancing, sports events.

Nov. 11: ST. MAARTEN DAY. Ceremonies at border observe long-standing amicable agreement of 1648 between Dutch and French that divided island.

Dec. 15: KINGDOM DAY. Celebration marks autonomy of Netherlands Antilles.

ST. VINCENT and the GRENADINES

April 4: BEQUIA BOAT RACES.

May 28-30: WHITSUN REGATTA. Between Kingston Harbour and Port Elizabeth, Bequia.

May 30: WHITMONDAY.

June 12: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

June 26-July 5: CARNIVAL. Steel bands, calypso contests, parades.

July 5: CARNIVAL TUESDAY.

Aug. 1: AUGUST MONDAY.

Sept. 27: WORLD TOURISM DAY ACTIVITIES.

Oct. 27: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Oct. 30-Nov. 6: TOURISM WEEK.

Nov. 17-20: PETIT ST. VINCENT RACES.

TRINIDAD and TOBAGO

April: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA. Pastore.

April: PAGWAH. Hindu festival.

May 8-14: TOBAGO RACE WEEK. All classes of sailing, on course covering length of Tobago.

June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY. Celebrates patron of fishermen. Fishing villages.

July: EID-UL-FITR. Moslem festival marking end of Ramadan.

Aug. 1: DISCOVERY DAY. Commemorates Columbus's discovery of Trinidad.

Aug. 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Trinidad, Tobago.

Sept.-Nov.: TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO BEST-VILLAGE COMPETITIONS. Countrywide.

Sept. 24: REPUBLIC DAY.

Oct.: HOSAY. Moslem holiday.

Late Oct.: RAMLILLA. Folk festival featuring Indian epic dramas. Several villages.

Late Oct.: "DEWALI"—FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 9-11: ROLEX REGATTA. Race for yachts of all classes.

April 18-23: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT COMPETITIONS. Song competition for title of Calypso King or Calypso Queen.

April 25-30: CARNIVAL WEEK. Colorful parades, fun-filled activities, food fair, "J'ouvert" Morning Tramp (early morning steel band tramp). St. Thomas.

June 14: ORGANIC ACT DAY.

July 3: U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS EMANCIPATION DAY.

July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades and ceremonies, all islands. Carnival on St. John; yacht race around St. Thomas.

Aug. 19-23: GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT. St. Thomas.

Sept. 5: LABOR DAY. Parade, picnics, and boating at Coral Bay, St. John.

Oct. 11: COLUMBUS DAY and PUERTO RICO-VIRGIN ISLANDS FRIENDSHIP DAY.

Oct. 18: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 11: VETERANS DAY.

Late Nov.: ANNUAL PRO-AM GOLF TOURNAMENT. St. Croix.

Dec. 27: OPENING OF CRUCIAN CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL. St. Croix.

BERMUDA & THE BAHAMAS

BERMUDA

April: 11TH ANNUAL BERMUDA SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL. Concerts by visiting high school bands, orchestras, choirs, and local groups involving more than one thousand. Performances free.

April-May 18: BERMUDA HOME AND GARDEN TOURS. Wednesdays.

April 20: PEPPERCORN CEREMONY. Town Square, St. George's.

April 21-23: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION. Botanical Gardens, Paget.

May: TOYOTA OPEN. Organized by All Bermuda Tennis Club and sponsored by Toyota. Open to all interested; spectators welcome. Government Tennis Stadium, Pembroke.

May 1-Nov. 30: 41ST ANNUAL GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT.

May 1-8: INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK. Yachtsmen from many countries compete.

May 17-24: BERMUDA HERITAGE WEEK. Cultural events, sports, and parade.

May 24: BERMUDA DAY. Heritage Day Parade, fitted dinghy race.

June 13: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Public holiday. Hamilton.

June 17: NEWPORT-BERMUDA YACHT RACE. Famous sailing event.

June 29-30: ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL. Sandys Parish.

Sept. 5: LABOR DAY.

Late Oct.: CANNONBALL CEREMONY. The ceremonial payment of annual rent of one cannonball by the Bermuda National Trust to the Bermuda Government for rental of Maritime Museum property, 4:00 p.m. in the Keepyard of the Maritime Museum, Sandys Parish.

Nov. 5: GUY FAWKES DAY. Fireworks in harbor. Hamilton.

Nov.: INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW.

Dec.-March 15, 1984: BERMUDA RENDEZVOUS TIME. Various cultural and sports events for visitors held throughout island.

Early Dec.: 31ST GOODWILL GOLF TOURNAMENT.

THE BAHAMAS

April 7: SUPREME COURT OPENING. Colorful ceremony opens second quarterly session. Nassau.

April 23-25: FAMILY ISLANDS REGATTA. Bahamian work sloops compete for prizes. Georgetown, Exuma.

Late April-early May: BILLFISH TOURNAMENT. Walker's Cay.

June: TUNA TOURNAMENT. Cat Cay.

June: BIG GAME BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT. Bimini.

July: BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIPS. Chub Cay.

July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Aug. 10: FOX HILL DAY. Old-fashioned carnival, Bahamian cuisine. Fox Hill, near Nassau.

Oct. 12: DISCOVERY DAY. Columbus landed here in 1492.

Nov.: ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL PRO-AM GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. Nassau.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY. Junkanoo Parade. Festivities on all islands.

MEXICO

April 25–May 5: SAN MARCOS FAIR. Three centuries old; largest provincial fair in Mexico. Top national performers, bullfights, cockfights, and casinos. Fair starts 10 days before saint's day and lasts three weeks. **Aguascalientes.**

April 26–May 18: INTERNATIONAL CERVANTES FESTIVAL. Mexico's most important cultural festival. International performers. **Guanajuato.**

May 5: CINCO DE MAYO. Celebrates defeat of French at Puebla in 1862.

May 15: SAN ISIDRO LABRADOR FEAST. Patron of agricultural workers. Work animals decorated and seeds and water blessed. Tzotzil Indians dance in sandals with 10-inch heels, **Chiapas.**

June 2: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. "Flying dancers" do mystic pole dance. **Papantla, Veracruz.**

June 24: YAQUI INDIANS PERFORM DEER DANCE. Navojoa, Vicam, Sonora.

June 29: ST. PETER and ST. PAUL FIESTAS.

July 16: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF CARMEN. Celebrated in Ciudad del Carmen, **Campeche**, with sports and livestock fair; in **Oaxaca**, with pilgrimages, popular fair; and annual flower show, Convent of El Carmen, **Mexico City.**

July 18–25: GUELAGUETZA. Great colorful Indian festival. Dances including Sandunga and Zancudos, performed on stilts. Began as rituals to honor goddess of corn. **Oaxaca.**

July 25: DAY OF ST. JAMES. Moors and Christians.

Aug. 13–16: FIESTAS IN RIVAL TOWNS. Juchitan, Tehuantepeco.

Aug. 14–15: ASSUMPTION OF VIRGIN FEAST. Over 3 miles of floral carpets laid out for Aug. 14 processional. **Huamantla, Tlaxcala.**

Aug. 21: CONCHERO DANCE. Cuauhtemoc statue. **Mexico City.**

Aug. 25: SAN LUIS POTOSI FEAST. Patron saint's day. Dances of Matachines and Malinches.

Sept. 1: STATE OF UNION REPORT.

Sept. 1–8: RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL. Shrine of Los Remedios.

Sept. 1–8: RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL. Dances and fireworks at world's highest pyramid. **Cholula.**

Sept. 7–8: TEPOZTLAN. Colorful dances.

Sept. 15–16: MEXICO INDEPENDENCE DAY. Starts on night of 15th with El Grito Ceremony: mayors of each city repeat 1810 rallying cry of Father Hidalgo and ring replicas of Bell of Dolores. Fireworks.

Sept. 29: DAY OF SAN MIGUEL. Brilliant fireworks. **San Miguel de Allende.**

Oct.: GUADALAJARA FESTIVAL. Parades, dances, concerts, sports events for 3 weeks.

Oct. 4: SAN FRANCISCO OF ASSISI FEAST DAY.

Oct. 7–15: OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY. Alvarado, Veracruz.

Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.

Oct. 12: VIRGIN OF ZAPOPAN CELEBRATION. **Guadalajara.**

Oct. 24–26: URUAPAN. Tarascan singing, dancing.

Nov. 1–2: ALL SAINTS DAY and ALL SOULS DAY. Day of the Dead with visits to cemeteries, flower and fruit offerings, candlelit vigils at graves.

Nov. 11: DAY OF SAN MARTIN.

Nov. 20: REVOLUTION OF 1910 ANNIVERSARY. Mammoth parade, **Mexico City.**

Nov. 25–Dec. 8: Dances, regattas, religious celebration. **Patzcuaro.**

Dec. 12: DAY OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE. Patron saint of Mexico. On nation's most important religious holiday, pilgrims from all parts converge at Guadalupe Shrine in **Mexico City.**

Dec. 16–24: POSADAS. Precedes Christmas and lasts nine days. Most colorful in **Queretaro, Oaxaca, San Miguel de Allende, Taxco.**



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SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

May–Sept.: OPERA SEASON. Buenos Aires.

May 25: NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE CABILDO ABIERTO.

Mid-June: GAUCHO WEEK. Salta.

June 20: FLAG DAY.

July 9: NATIONAL DAY OBSERVANCE.

Aug. 17: ANNIVERSARY OF GENERAL SAN MARTIN, liberator of Argentina.

Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.

BRAZIL

Through Oct.: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA. Rio de Janeiro.

June: FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS. Manaus.

June 29: FEAST OF ST. PETER. Rio de Janeiro and fishing ports.

July: WINTER FESTIVAL. Ouro Preto.

Aug.: COWBOY FESTIVAL. Cowboys from several South American countries participate. **Baretos.**

Sept. 7: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Nov. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.

Nov. 15: PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.

CHILE

May 21: CELEBRATION OF NAVAL BATTLE OF IQUIQUE. Iquique and nationwide.

June 2–16: CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Arica.

June 29: FEAST OF SAN PEDRO. Honors fishermen. Ports nationwide.

July 16: FEAST OF VIRGIN OF CARMEN. Tirana and other towns.

Aug. 7–9: FESTIANDINA '83. Arica.

Aug. 20: BIRTHDAY OF BERNARDO O'HIGGINS.

Sept. 18: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Oct.: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Santiago.

COLOMBIA

1983: 450TH ANNIVERSARY OF CARTAGENA.

June 2: CORPUS CHRISTI.

June, last two weeks: BARBUCA FESTIVAL. Music, dancing.

June 29: STS. PETER AND PAUL CELEBRATION.

July: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. Bogota.

July 16: PROCESSION OF OUR LADY OF CARMEN. Cartagena.

July 20: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY.

Aug.: INTERNATIONAL ART SHOW. Bogota.

Late Sept.–early Oct.: FESTIVAL OF SAN PACHO. Folklore. Quibdo.

Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.

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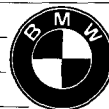
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Nov. 1–2: ALL SAINTS DAY and ALL SOULS DAY.
Nov. 11: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Cartagena.
Dec. 8: IMMACULATE CONCEPTION DAY.

ECUADOR

April: RIOBAMBA FAIR MARKET.
May 24: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF PICHIN-
CHA, 1822. Quito.
June 29: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY. Festivals
in many towns, especially in the Cayambe
province.
July 23–25: FOUNDING OF GUAYAQUIL.
July 24: BIRTHDAY OF SIMON BOLIVAR.
Aug. 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Early Sept: FEAST OF YAMOR.
Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
Nov. 1–2: ALL SAINTS DAY and ALL SOULS
DAY.
Nov. 21: FEAST DAY OF VIRGIN OF EL QINCHÉ.
Dec. 6: FOUNDING OF QUITO.

PARAGUAY

May 14–15: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.
June 12: CHACO PEACE DAY.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. "Promiers" walk barefoot
over hot flames. Asuncion.
Aug. 25: CONSTITUTION DAY.
Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
Early Dec.: FESTIVAL OF VIRGIN OF THE MIRACLES
OF CUACUPE.

PERU

May 1–4: FEAST OF OUR LORD OF MURUGUAY.
Songs, dances. Acobamba-Tarma.

May 3: FESTIVAL OF THE CROSS and ALASITAS
FAIR. Puno.
June 23–24: ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL. Iquitos.
June 24: INCA FESTIVAL. Cuzco.
July: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL. Harvest
events. Huanuco.
July 28–29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU FESTIVAL.
St. Pedro. Feasts on outskirts of Lima, Cuzco,
Puno.
Aug. 29–30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA.
Honors Peru's patron saint.
Sept.: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL.
Trujillo.
Sept. 8: INCA FESTIVAL OF THE QUEEN.
Cajamarca.
Oct.: PROCESSION OF LORD OF MIRACLES. Image of
Christ is placed on a frame of gold over a plat-
form of silver weighing more than a ton.
Oct.: BULLFIGHT FAIR. Lima.
Oct. 12: DAY OF THE RACE. Honors Columbus.
Nov. 1–2: ALL SAINTS DAY and ALL SOULS
DAY. Nationwide celebrations held at
cemeteries.
Nov. 1–2: INCA KING FESTIVAL. Puno.
Dec. 6–8: PILGRIMAGE TO VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE
SHRINE.

SURINAM

July 1: DAY OF NATIONAL UNITY. Kotomissie
shows.
Sept.: OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.
Nov.: KONFRIJARIJES—PEOPLE'S FAIR.
Paramaribo.
Nov. 4: DEEPAVALL Hindu Festival of Light.
Nov. 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

URUGUAY

April 19: LANDING OF THE THIRTY-THREE DAY.
May 18: BATTLE OF LAS PIEDRAS DAY.
June 19: BIRTHDAY OF THE HERO DON JOSE
GERVACIO ARTIGAS.
July 18: CONSTITUTION DAY. Parades.
Aug.: LIVESTOCK FAIR. Montevideo.
Aug. 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
Nov. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.
Dec. 8: IMMACULATE CONCEPTION DAY.

VENEZUELA



HIGHLIGHT '83

The 200th anniversary of the birth of Simon Bolivar, the great liberator of South America, is being celebrated with a year-long series of events, highlighted by elaborate birthday ceremonies on July 24 in Venezuela and elsewhere.

1983: 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF SIMON BOLIVAR.
Events and festivities take place throughout
year.
April 4: ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF MERIDA.
April 19: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE HOLIDAY.
June 1: DEVILS FEAST. San Francisco de Yare.
June 24: BATTLE OF CARABOBO.
July 5: INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY.
July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
Aug. 14–Sept. 25: PANAMERICAN GAMES. Olym-
pic preliminaries for Latin America.
Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
Nov.–Feb. 1984: BULLFIGHT SEASON.
Dec. 17: BOLIVAR'S MEMORIAL DAY.

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CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

April 2: ANNUAL CROSS-COUNTRY CYCLE RACE.
Over 144 miles from Belize City to San Ignacio.
May 24: COMMONWEALTH DAY.
July: VIRGIN DEL CARMEN FIESTA.
Sept. 10: ST. GEORGE'S CAY DAY.
Sept. 21: BELIZE INDEPENDENCE DAY. 14-day celebrations climaxed with parades, floats, sports, rallies, beauty-queen coronation.
Oct. 12: PAN AM DAY.
Nov. 19: GARIFUNA SETTLEMENT DAY. Re-enactment of arrival of the Garinagu people.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

COSTA RICA

April 5: COMMEMORATION OF ST. VINCENT.
April 11: HOLIDAY OF JUAN SANTA-MARIA. Commemorates national hero. Alajuela.
May 3: DAY OF THE CROSS.
June 2: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. Ten-day celebration.

June 5: FEAST OF SAN CARALAMPIO. Bagacas.
June 24: FEAST OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA. Tibas.
June 29: FEAST OF ST. PETER.
July 22: CATTLE FAIR. Liberia.
Aug. 2: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS. Pilgrimage; religious festivities. Cartago.
Sept. 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Sept. 29: FEAST OF SAN MIGUEL.
Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY. Carnival with floats, parades. Limon.
Nov. 1-2: ALL SAINTS DAY and ALL SOULS DAY.
Dec. 12: FEAST OF VIRGIN OF GUADELUPE. Religious celebrations. Goicoechea.

GUATEMALA

May 3: DAY OF THE CROSS. Chichicastenango.
June 30: COMMEMORATION OF 1871 REVOLUTION.
July: FIESTAS JULIANAS. Huchuetenango.
Sept. 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Oct. 18-21: FEAST OF ST. THOMAS.
Oct. 20: FIESTA RECALLING REVOLUTION OF 1944.
Nov. 2: ALL SOULS DAY.
Dec.: CHICHICASTENANGO FAIR.

HONDURAS

June 29: SEMANA SAN PEDRANA. Cattle show. San Pedro Sula.
Sept. 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Oct. 3: FRANCISCO MORAZAN DAY.
Oct. 12: DISCOVERY DAY.

PANAMA

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL. Boquette.
April 26-May 1: AZUERO FAIR. Villa de los Santos.
May 7-8: PILGRIMAGE TO VENERATE JESUS NAZARENE OF ATALAYA. Atalaya.
July 16: INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL. Taboga Island.
Aug. 24: PANAMA DERBY.
Sept. 24-27: MEJORANA FESTIVAL. Features colorful song contest. Guarrare.
Oct. 11: DAY OF THE REVOLUTION.
Oct. 12: COLUMBUS DAY.
Oct. 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST. Procession. Portobelo.
Nov. 2: MEMORIAL DAY.
Nov. 3: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Nov. 4-5: FESTIVAL DE LA POLLERA. Colon.
Nov. 28: EMANCIPATION FROM SPAIN.

ASIA AND THE FAR EAST

BHUTAN

April 26-27: PARO NE-PHU FESTIVAL.
Aug. 22-23: HONGTSHO PHENTE CHHOYDPA.
Sept. 14-16: TAMSING PHALA. Bumthang.
Sept. 15-18: THIMPHU FESTIVAL. Thimphu.
Sept. 16: SHA GANGTEY FESTIVAL.
Sept. 21-22: THANGYE MANI. Bumthang.
Oct. 4-6: CHEYISI DROMCHHEYD. Wang.
Oct. 15-17: WANGDIPHODRANG FESTIVAL. Wangdiphodrang.
Oct. 21-25: JAMBEY TEMPLE FESTIVAL. Bumthang.
Dec. 14-16: TONGSA FESTIVAL.
Dec. 14-16: SHEMGANG FESTIVAL.

BURMA

April 13-15: THING YAN-BURMESE WATER FESTIVAL. Rangoon and nationwide.
April 17: BURMESE NEW YEAR'S DAY.
Nov. 4: FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS.

HONG KONG



HIGHLIGHT '83

The colorful International Dragon Boat Festival, based on a tradition dating from the fourth century, has become one of the most popular events in the Orient, with teams from a dozen countries participating. It will be held June 19.

April: ART '83. Exhibition of works by contemporary Hong Kong artists.
April 5: CHING MING FESTIVAL. Families visit

graves of ancestors to perform traditional rites.
May: CHEUNG CHAU FESTIVAL. Four-day festival includes religious ceremonies, Chinese opera, procession.
May 5: BIRTHDAY OF TIN HAU. Fishing fleet honors goddess of fishermen. Special junk tours and decorations.
May 11: TAM KUNG FESTIVAL.
May 18-21: INTERNATIONAL ASIAN ANTIQUES FAIR.
May 27: BIRTHDAY OF LORD BUDDHA.
June 19: INTERNATIONAL DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races in beautifully decorated boats.
Aug. 2: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, master builder. Holiday for building tradesmen.
Aug. 23: FESTIVAL OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
Aug. 30: LIBERATION DAY.
Sept. 21-22: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL or MOON CAKE FESTIVAL. Major event in many Asian countries.
Sept. 28: BIRTHDAY OF CONFUCIUS.
Oct. 14: CHUNG YEUNG FESTIVAL.
Oct. 15-31: EIGHTH FESTIVAL OF ASIAN ARTS. Music, dance, art exhibits.

INDIA

April 23: POORAM. Spectacular temple festival. Kerala.
July 12: IDUL FITRI. Moslems break fast of Ramadan.
July 12: RATH YATRA TEMPLE FESTIVAL. Thousands join procession of huge chariots.
Aug. 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Aug. 22: ONAM-SNAKE-BOAT RACES. Aranmula, Payipad, Kottayam.
Sept. 16: DUSSEHRA. 10-day festival based on legend of Rama. Delhi, Mysore, Calcutta.
Sept. 18: ID-UL-ZUHA.
Oct. 2: MAHATMA GANDHI'S BIRTHDAY.
Oct. 13-16: DURGA PUJA.
Oct. 17: MUHARRAM. Colorful Moslem holiday, largest celebrations in Lucknow.

INDONESIA

April-Dec.: BULL RACES. Twice monthly. Madura, East Java.
April 21-28: ANNIVERSARY OF TAMAN MINL. Performance of traditional music and dance from all regions. Jakarta.
May 4-14: GALUNGAN. Colorful Balinese festival celebrating annual reunion of people with their ancestral souls.
May 27: WAICAK DAY. Birth of Buddha. Mendut and Borobudur Temples, Central Java.
May 27-30: RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL. Yogyakarta.
May 31: ANNIVERSARY OF SURABAYA. East Java.
Mid-June: TOBA LAKE FESTIVAL. North Sumatra.
June 22: ANNIVERSARY OF JAKARTA. Parades.
July 10: TUMPLAK WAJIK. Ritual preparation of rice mounds at palace. Yogyakarta.
July 12-13: IDUL FITRI. Moslems break Ramadan fast, followed by week of Islamic Arts Festival.
Aug. 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades, fireworks.
Aug. 28: BULL RACES. Regional championships. Madura.
Sept. 18: IDUL ADHA. Moslem day of sacrifice.
Oct. 8: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.
Oct. 9: SURO. Javanese New Year. East Java.
Dec. 15: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.
Dec. 19: LABUHAN OFFERING CEREMONY. Held annually since 1913 to honor goddess of the South Sea. East Java.

JAPAN

April 13-17: YAHOI FESTIVAL. Spectacular floats in annual festivities of Futatabi Shrine. Nikko.
April 14-15: TAKAYAMA FESTIVAL OF HIE SHRINE. Festive procession.
April 15: OPENING OF TOKYO DISNEYLAND.
April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY. Start of Golden Week holidays.
May 3-5: CONSTITUTION MEMORIAL DAY.

May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. Public holiday.
 May 15: HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL OF SHIMOGAMO AND KAMIGAMO SHRINES. Imperial parade and pageantry. Kyoto.
 May 17-18: GRAND FESTIVAL OF TOSHOGU SHRINE. Dazzling parade of 1000 marchers in full Samurai warrior regalia. Nikko.
 June 10-16: SANNO FESTIVAL OF THE SHRINE. Tokyo.
 July 16-17: GION MATSURI PROCESSION. One of Kyoto's best-known festivals; elaborate floats.
 July 23-25: WILD HORSE CHASE AND ROUNDUP. Haramachi, Fukushima.
 Aug. 5-7: KANTO FESTIVAL. Parade of men balancing Kanto, long bamboo poles hung with lighted lanterns; lively crowds. Akita.
 Aug. 6: PEACE FESTIVAL. Memorial rites. Hiroshima.
 Aug. 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE. Mt. Nyoigadake, Kyoto.
 Sept. 15: RESPECT FOR THE AGED DAY.
 Sept. 16: YABUSAME. Horseback archery. Kamakura.
 Sept. 23: AUTUMN EQUINOX DAY.
 Oct. 7-9: OKUNCHI FESTIVAL. Dragon parade. Nagasaki.
 Oct. 10: HEALTH-SPORTS DAY.
 Oct. 22: FESTIVAL OF ERAS. Commemorates city's founding in 794. Heian Shrine, Kyoto.
 Nov. 3: CULTURE DAY.
 Nov. 23: LABOR DAY THANKSGIVING.
 Dec. 17: "ON MATSURI" OF KASUGA SHRINE. Nara.

KOREA

April: RITUAL OF UNSAN. 13-day festival honoring the mountain spirit.
 April 5: ARBOR DAY. Tree plantings.
 May 1: CHUNHYANG FESTIVAL. Honors traditional heroine and symbol of female virtue.
 May 5: CHILDREN'S DAY. National holiday.
 May 20: BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY. One of Korea's most colorful celebrations. Elaborate rituals at Buddhist temples.
 Early June: KANGNUNG TANO FESTIVAL.
 June 6: MEMORIAL DAY.
 July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
 Aug. 15: LIBERATION DAY.
 Sept. 21: CHUSOK. Traditional harvest and full-moon festival, referred to as "Korean Thanksgiving Day." Koreans visit family tombs and make food offerings.
 Oct. 1: ARMED FORCES DAY. Parades.
 Oct. 3: NATIONAL FOUNDATION DAY.
 Oct. 8: MAHAN FOLK FESTIVAL. Iksan, Chonbuk.
 Oct. 8-10: SILLA CULTURAL FESTIVAL. Classical music contest, wrestling, dancing, poetry. Kyongju.
 Oct. 9: HANGUL DAY. Celebrates invention of Korean written script in mid-15th century.
 Oct. 18-20: HALLA CULTURAL FESTIVAL.
 Oct. 20: PAEKCHE CULTURAL FESTIVAL.
 Nov. 10: KAECHON ART FESTIVAL. National Foundation Art Festival. Chinju.

MACAU

April 5: CHING MING FESTIVAL.
 April 25: ANNIVERSARY OF PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION.
 May 5: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Honors local fishermen.
 May 11: FEAST OF THE DRUNKEN DRAGON.
 May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION. Religious holiday.
 May 20: FEAST OF THE BATHING OF LORD BUDDHA. Temple rites mark Buddha's birth.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.



COLOR AND CULTURE IN ASIA

Brightly costumed dancers perform at Korea's Silla Cultural Festival, Oct. 8-10, in Kyungju, the ancient capital of the Silla Dynasty. Like most Asian celebrations, the dances are based on ancient customs, religion, and lore. The festival begins with a traditional ritual involving 32 historical figures who helped unify the Korean peninsula and foster Buddhism. Three days of activities include music and poetry contests, archery and wrestling matches, dances, and parades.

June: CAMOES DAY. Honors the poet/hero.
 June 13: FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY OF LISBON.
 June 15: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL RACES.
 June 23: FEAST OF KUAN TAL. Honors god of justice with police parades.
 June 24: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. Honors patron saint.
 July 13: FEAST OF THE BATTLE OF JULY 13. Marks defeat of Chinese pirates in 1910. Islands of Taipa and Coloane.
 Aug. 23: FEAST OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.
 Sept. 21-22: MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL. Moon cakes eaten to celebrate autumn equinox.
 Oct. 5: REPUBLIC DAY.
 Oct. 14: CHUNG YEUNG—FESTIVAL OF ANCESTORS.
 Nov.: 30TH MACAU GRAND PRIX. Auto race.
 Dec. 1: RESTORATION OF INDEPENDENCE.
 Dec. 21: WINTER SOLSTICE.

MALAYSIA

May-Sept.: MIGRATION OF GIANT TURTLES. East coast of Malay Peninsula.
 June: KITE-FLYING COMPETITION. Giant kites flown more than 1400 feet high.
 June 1-2: DAYAK FESTIVAL. End-of-harvest prayers, poems, dances.
 June 2: BIRTHDAY OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
 June 17: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Penang.
 June 27: FEAST OF ST. PETER. Fishing events, blessing of boats, folk dances, songs.
 July 12-13: HARI RAYA PUASA. Moslem celebration, breaking fast of Ramadan.

Aug. 31: NATIONAL DAY.
 Sept. 17: HARI RAYA HAJI. Moslem feast with prayers at mosques.
 Sept. 21: MOON CAKE FESTIVAL.
 Oct. 9-17: FESTIVAL OF THE NINE EMPEROR GODS. Devotees climb to Kew Ong Yeah temple to pray. Penang.
 Dec.: PENANG FESTIVAL. Month-long celebration.

NEPAL

April: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL. Bhadagaon.
 April: NAVABARSHA. Nepalese New Year's Day.
 May 20: BUDDHA JAYANTI. Marks birth, death, and enlightenment of Buddha. Important celebration.
 Aug.: MATAYAA. Buddhist ceremonies and procession. Patan.
 Aug.: LORD KRISHNA'S BIRTHDAY. Krishnastami.
 Aug.: INDRAJATRA. Colorful festival marks end of monsoon season. Katmandu.
 Oct.: BADA DASAL. Major day of 15-day observance.
 Dec.: VIVAHA PANCHAMI. Festival commemorating marriage of Sita to Rama. Janakpur.

PAKISTAN

July 8: JUMMATUL-WIDA.
 July 12: EID-UL-FITR. Breaking of Ramadan fast.
 Aug. 14: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

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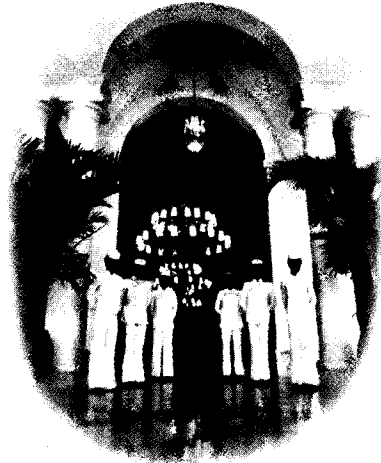
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Sept. 6: DEFENSE OF PAKISTAN DAY.
Sept. 11: DEATH OF QUAID-I-AZAM.
Sept. 18: ASHURA.
Nov. 9: IQBAL DAY.
Dec. 18: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.
Dec. 25: BIRTHDAY OF QUAID-I-AZAM and CHRISTMAS.

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA

Mid-April–mid-May, mid-Oct.–mid-Nov.:

TRADE FAIR. Canton.

May 1: INTERNATIONAL MAY DAY. Labor Day observances. Parades.

Aug. 1: RED ARMY DAY. Parades.

Oct. 1: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, theatrical performances, fireworks, special events.

PHILIPPINES

April 1–3: MORIONES FESTIVAL. Spectacular Holy Week street pageant recalling passion of Christ and legend of Longinus. **Marinduque.**

April 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING. Commemorates landing in 1521. **Cebu.**

May: SANTACRUZAN FESTIVAL.

May 6: MEMORIAL DAY.

May 14–15: CARABAO FESTIVAL. Farmers' thanksgiving. Various villages.

May 15: PAHIYAS HARVEST FESTIVAL. **Quezon.**

May 17–19: FERTILITY RITES. Childless couples dance in streets in belief they will be blessed with a child. **Obando, Bulacan.**

June 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 4: PHILIPPINE–AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP DAY.

Aug. 26: CRY OF BALINTAWAK. Marks start of revolution against Spain in 1898.

Sept. 21: THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 28–Dec. 2: GRAND CANAO. Tribes of mountain provinces gather to give thanks to their gods. **Baguio.**

Nov. 30: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.

Dec. 12: PAGSANJAN TOWN FIESTA.

Dec. 16–24: SIMBANG GABI—MIDNIGHT MASS. 9-day novena of predawn masses ushers in world's longest Christmas celebration.

Dec. 24: LANTERN FESTIVAL. Parade of gigantic multicolored lanterns with kaleidoscopic designs. **San Fernando, Pampango.**

Dec. 28–30: BINIRAYAN. Mountain tribes come to town to join celebration. **San Jose, Antique.**

Dec. 30: RIZAL DAY. Celebrates greatest Filipino hero, Dr. Jose Rizal.

SINGAPORE

April 13–15: SONGKRAN FESTIVAL.

May 20–21: BIRTHDAY OF THE THIRD PRINCE.

May 27: VESAK DAY. Celebrates Lord Buddha's birth, enlightenment, and death.

June 10: RAMADAN. Begins Moslem month of fasting.

June 15: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

July 12: HARI RAYA PUASA. Breaking of Ramadan fast.

Aug. 9: NATIONAL DAY. Marks founding of Singapore with parades and fair.

Aug. 23: FESTIVAL OF THE HUNGRY GHOSTS.

Sept.–Oct.: NAVARATHRI FESTIVAL. Indian dances, musical performances; 9 nights.

Sept. 17: HARI RAYA HAJI. Moslem celebration.

Sept. 21: MOON CAKE FESTIVAL. Lantern parades, eating of moon cakes.

Sept. 22: BIRTHDAY OF THE MONKEY GOD.

Oct. 3–6: PILGRIMAGE TO KUSU ISLAND.

Oct. 6–14: FESTIVAL OF THE NINE EMPEROR GODS.

Oct. 24: THIMITHI (FIRE WALKING) FESTIVAL.

Nov. 3: DEEPAVALI. Hindu Festival of Lights.

Dec. 17: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

SRI LANKA

April: HOLIDAY SEASON. Special events in hill resort, Nuwara Eliya.

April 13-14: NATIONAL NEW YEAR. Begins after harvest season. Folk dances.

April 26: BAK FULL MOON POYA DAY: Buddhist religious observances. Repeated at full moon throughout year.

May 22: NATIONAL HEROES DAY.

May 26-27: VESAK FESTIVAL. Commemorates birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha. Most colorful of all Buddhist festivals.

June 24: POSON FULL MOON POYA DAY. Commemorates introduction of Buddhism to Sri Lanka in 247 B.C. Thousands of pilgrims flock to holy shrines at ancient cities Mihintale and Anuradhapura.

July-Aug.: KATARAGAMA FESTIVAL. Pilgrims pay penance to Hindu god of war; fire-walking ceremony. Kataragama.

July-Aug.: VEL FESTIVAL. Procession carrying insignia of Hindu war god, Skanda, in gilded chariot. Colombo.

July-Aug.: DONDRA FESTIVAL. 10-day festival to honor Sri Lanka's guardian deity.

July 12: ID-UL-FITR. Ends Moslem month of fasting.

Late July: ESALA KANDY PERAHERA. Magnificent medieval festival held to venerate Sacred Tooth Relic of the Buddha. Chieftains in regalia, 100 gorgeously caparisoned elephants and 1000 flamboyant dancers propelled by 1000 drummers parade in streets under blazing torches reflecting myriad of gems; 10 nights.

Sept. 18: ID-UL-AZHA. Celebrates Moslem pilgrimage to Mecca.

Nov. 4: DEEPAVALI FESTIVAL DAY. Hindu Festival of Lights.

Dec. 17: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

TAIWAN

April 2: BIRTHDAY OF KUAN YIN, goddess of mercy.

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY and ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

April 8: BUDDHA BATHING FESTIVAL.

April 29: CHENG KUNG. Commemorates landing in 1661 of Ming Dynasty loyalist. Tainan.

May 5: BIRTHDAY OF MATSU, goddess of the sea. Peikang, Tainan.

June 15: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

June 23: BIRTHDAY OF CHENG HUANG, city god of Taipei.

Aug. 9: MONTH OF THE GHOSTS.

Sept. 21: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL. One of the year's great festivals.

Sept. 28: CONFUCIUS'S BIRTHDAY.

Oct. 10: DOUBLE TENTH NATIONAL DAY.

Oct. 21: OVERSEAS CHINESE DAY.

Oct. 31: VETERANS DAY and CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S BIRTHDAY.

Nov. 12: CULTURAL RENAISSANCE DAY. Dr. Sun Yat-sen's birthday.

Dec. 25: CONSTITUTION DAY.

THAILAND

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Honors King Rama I, founder of Bangkok.

April 13-15: SONGKRAN WATER FESTIVAL. Thai New Year celebration. Chaing Mai, Bangkok.

May 5: CORONATION DAY.

May 11: ROYAL PLOUGHING CEREMONY.

May 26: VISAKHA BUCHA. Processions commemorate the birth, enlightenment, and death of Buddha.

July 25: KHAO PHANSA—CANDLE FESTIVAL. Buddhist Lent begins.

Aug. 12: QUEEN SIRIKIT'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVANCE.

Early Oct.: THOT KATHIN. End of rainy season and Buddhist Lent marked by procession and boat races.

Oct. 23: CHULALONGKORN DAY.

Nov. 19: LOY KRATHONG FESTIVAL. Beautiful lights, candles, and lanterns float on rivers and create dazzling effects.

Nov. 19-21: ANNUAL ELEPHANT ROUNDUP. Elephants perform tricks, demonstrate skills. Surin.

Dec. 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY and NATIONAL DAY.

Dec. 10: CONSTITUTION DAY.

AFRICA

ALGERIA

Early May: FEASTS OF RABB. Tiemcen.

June: HARVEST FESTIVALS. Miliana.

July 5: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

July 12-13: AID-EL-FITR. End of Ramadan.

Aug.: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT. Tiaret.

Sept.: INTERNATIONAL FAIR. Algiers.

Sept. 17-18: AID-EL-ADHA. Sheep-sacrificing festival.

ETHIOPIA

April 6: ETHIOPIAN PATRIOTS VICTORY DAY.

April 18: ETHIOPIAN EASTER.

July 12-13: ID-AL-FATER. End of Ramadan.

Sept. 11: ETHIOPIAN NEW YEAR.

Sept. 12: POPULAR REVOLUTION COMMEMORATION DAY.

Be sure to use reader service cards at pages 13 and 21 for free information.

Sept. 27: MESKAL. Combines commemoration of finding the True Cross with end of big rains and coming of harvest and flower season.

Dec. 28: ST. GABRIEL'S DAY. 10,000 people gather for prayer and thanksgiving at main church of the saint. Kolubi.

GHANA

July 1: REPUBLIC DAY.

Aug.-Oct.: TRADITIONAL ODWIRA FESTIVAL OF THE AKWAPIMS.

Sept.-Oct.: KUNTUM FESTIVAL. Western region.

Sept. 24: THIRD REPUBLIC DAY.

KENYA

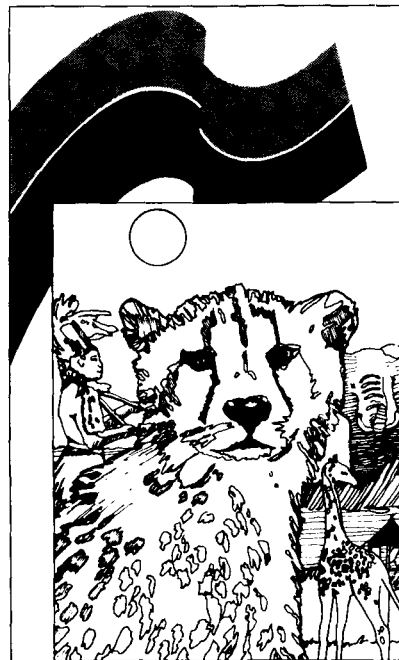
April: EAST AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY. Nairobi.

May-Sept.: AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Nakuru, Mombasa.

June 1: MADARAKA DAY. Anniversary of self-government.

Oct.: KENYA AGRICULTURE SHOW. Nairobi.

Oct. 20: KENYATTA DAY.



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Nov.: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL. Malindi.
Dec. 12: JAMHURI DAY.

MALI

May 25: AFRICA DAY. Parades and musical programs.
Sept. 22: ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF REPUBLIC OF MALI.

MOROCCO

Mid-April: DOR ESH SHEMAA. Lantern procession. Sale.
Mid-May: ROSE FESTIVAL. Kelaa des N'Gouna.
Early June: NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL. Marrakech.
Mid-Sept.: EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL. Riding skills contest. Meknes.
Early Oct.: DATE FESTIVAL. Erfroud.

NIGERIA

July 12–13: ID-AL-FITR.
Sept. 17–18: ID-EL-KABIR.
Oct. 1: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY.

SENEGAL

April 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
May: KUNYALEN. Feast for the newborn. Casamance (southern Senegal).
May: NITY. Bassari people, southeast Senegal.
June: ZUBANE. Feast celebrating the king of Ousouye. Casamance.
July: JAMEBEL. Traditional ceremony features young girls wrestling. Casamance.
July 11: KORITE. Moslem feast at end of Ramadan.
Sept. 7: TABASKI. Moslem feast of sacrifice.
Oct. 7: TAMKHARITE. Moslem New Year; procession of children in Halloween style.
Dec.: FANALS. Procession of children in former capital of St. Louis.
Dec.: MAGAL. Religious feast celebrating the return from exile of Cheikh Amadou Bamba, famous Moslem leader.

SOUTH AFRICA

April: Hockey, netball, and rugby seasons open; ballet season begins. Johannesburg.
April: SCOTS DAY. Bands, dancing, and other attractions. Johannesburg.
April–May: RAND SHOW. South Africa's oldest and largest annual international agricultural and industrial show. Popular entertainment. Johannesburg.
April 9–30: 4TH ANNUAL CAPE TOWN ARTS FESTIVAL. Opera, theater, sports, music.
May: UMHLANGA FESTIVAL. Fishing competition billed as "the biggest in the world" and featuring billfish-catching. Durban.
Late May: "CAMRADES' MARATHON." Downhill between Pietermaritzburg and Durban, about 54 miles. Many of the world's well-known runners compete for the prestige of winning.
June: ANNUAL OPERA SEASON. Cape Town.
Aug. 26–28: FLORIADA 1983. One of largest exhibitions of indigenous flora ever to be held. Sponsored by the South African Nature Foundation and the Botanical Society of South Africa in celebration of the 70th anniversary of Kirstenbosch. Cape Town.
Oct.: EVINRUDE CAPE INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT. Cape Town.

Oct.: RAND SPRING TROPHY. Auto racing. Johannesburg.
Oct.: NATIONAL JUDO CHAMPIONSHIPS. Johannesburg.
Oct.: INTERNATIONAL JET AEROBATIC CHAMPIONSHIPS. Johannesburg.
Oct.: OKTOBERFEST. German beer festival. Johannesburg.
Oct. 10–23: INTERNATIONAL EXOTICA 83 FLOWER SHOW. Durban.
Oct. 10–23: INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL. Roodepoort Eisteddfod of South Africa. 1000 singers and dancers from abroad plus 3000 locals.
Early Dec.–mid-Feb. 1984: SUNSHINE CIRCUIT FOR PRO GOLFERS.

TANZANIA

April 26: UNION DAY.
July 7: PEASANTS DAY.
July 12–13: IDD-EL-FITRI.
Sept. 17–18: IDD-EL-HAJI.
Dec. 9: INDEPENDENCE AND REPUBLIC DAY.

TOGO

April 27: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Celebrates end of French colonial rule. Special events throughout country, traditional music and modern dances.
Mid-July: EVALA INITIATION. Ceremony for boys in Kabye region.
Late July: AKPEMA INITIATION. Ceremony for girls in Kabye region.
1st half Aug.: AYIZAN. Bean-planting festival.
Late Aug.: KPESOSSO. New Year celebration of Guin tribe.
Sept. 1: ARBOGBOZAN. Festival of Diaspora of Ewe tribe.
1st week Sept.: DIPONTRE. Festival of Ignames (African vegetable) in Bassar region.
Dec.: KAMOU. Festival of harvest in Kabye region.

TUNISIA

April: FESTIVAL OF THE KSARS. Fantasia, folklore of the desert areas. Tataouine.
May: FOLK ART FESTIVAL. Tunis.
May: FALCON FESTIVAL. El Haouaria.
June: MALOUF FESTIVAL. Tunisian traditional music festival. Testour.
June 2: SIREN FESTIVAL. Kerkennah.
July: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CARTHAGE. Music, theater, dance, folklore, summer university.
July: FESTIVAL OF AOUSOU. Musical entertainment, folklore, parades. Sousse.
July: SPONGE FESTIVAL. Folklore. Zarzis.
July: MEDITERRANEAN SONG FESTIVAL. Bizerte.
July–Aug.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HAMAMET. Music, theater, dance, folklore.
July–Aug.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF TABARKA. Avant-garde music, theater, dance, folklore, summer university.
July–Aug.: FESTIVAL OF MONASTIR. Theater, music, dance.
July–Aug.: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF DOUGGA. Classical plays performed in the Roman theater.
July 12–13: AID ES-SEGHIR. End of Ramadan.
July 25: REPUBLIC DAY OBSERVANCE.
Aug.: ULYSSES FESTIVAL. Traditional songs and dances of the island. Djerba.
Aug. 1–13: FESTIVAL FOR THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY. Monastir.
Aug. 13: WOMEN'S DAY.
Sept. 3: MEMORIAL DAY.
Sept. 17–18: AID EL KEBIR. Mecca pilgrimage.
Jan. 27–31, 1984: SAHARA FESTIVAL. Camel fights, greyhound racing, and folklore. Douz.

ZAMBIA

April: NATIONAL FISHING COMPETITION. Held at end of rainy season.
May: COPPERBELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW. Kitwe.
May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY. Political rallies, tribal dance performances.
July: ZAMBIA TRADE FAIR. Exhibits by local and international firms. Ndola.
July: LIKUMBI LYAMIZE. Ceremony in northwestern province. Brings together all Luvale-speaking people to show their culture including song, dance, and handicrafts.
July: MUTOMBOKO CEREMONY. Performed by Lunda people of Luapula Province. Senior Chief Kazembe joins subjects in dancing and singing during ancient ceremony.
July 6: HEROES DAY.
July 7: UNITY DAY.
Aug.: ZAMBIA AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL SHOW.

Oct.-Nov.: SHIMUNENGA CEREMONY. Traditional festivals held on weekend of full moon by Ila people of Maala on the Kafue flats. Cattle-drive festival includes singing, dancing, and mock spear attacks.

Oct. 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY and UNITED NATIONS DAY. Traditional parades of military, labor and youth organizations, dance groups and bands, competition, gymnastics, and final soccer game for Independence Trophy.

ZIMBABWE

April: ZIMBABWE CHARITY RAG.
April 18: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
April 30-May 8: ZIMBABWE INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR. Participating countries include France, U.S.A., Canada, Britain, other African countries.
May: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF THE

COMMONWEALTH TOUR AND CONFERENCE. International event.

May 2: WORKERS' DAY.

May 25: AFRICA DAY.

May 30: WORLD PLOUGHING CONTEST AND CONFERENCE.

Aug.-Sept.: HARARE AGRICULTURE SHOW. Attracts participants from Europe and other African countries.

Aug. 11-12: HEROES' DAY.

Aug. 24-27: AFRICA APPAREL INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION.

Sept. 15-19: INTERNATIONAL RURAL DEVELOPMENT TECHNOLOGY EXHIBITION.

Oct.: THE KYLE INTERNATIONAL BASS FISHING CAMP. International competition.

Oct.: TIGER FISHING TOURNAMENT. International competition.

Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

THE MIDDLE EAST

EGYPT

1983: 1000TH ANNIVERSARY OF AL-AZHAR UNIVERSITY, the oldest university in the world.
Mid-April: SHAM-AL-NESSEEM—SPRING FESTIVAL.
May 8: COPTIC EASTER.
June 19: EVACUATION OF THE BRITISH DAY.
July: INTERNATIONAL BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP. Cairo.
July: FISHING COMPETITION. Hurghada.
July 11-12: ID-AL-FITR.
July 23: NATIONAL DAY.
Aug.: INTERNATIONAL GYMNASTICS "PEACE CUP." Cairo.
Sept.: REVOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER 1. Proclamation of the Union.
Mid-Sept.: AIDA AT THE PYRAMIDS. Performed by Verona Opera Co.
Sept. 16-17: ID-AL-ADHA.
Oct.: SECOND INTERNATIONAL RALLY OF THE PHARAOHS. Alexandria to Cairo.
Oct. 6: ARMED FORCES DAY.
Oct. 18: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.
Oct. 24: SUEZ DAY.
Nov.: INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE. Alexandria.
Nov.: INTERNATIONAL CINEMA FESTIVAL. Cairo, Alexandria.
Nov.-March 1984: DUCK-SHOOTING SEASON. Fayyum.
Dec.: INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP FOR SQUASH. Cairo, Alexandria.
Dec.: INTERNATIONAL REGATTA CHAMPIONSHIP. Designed as replica of ancient Egyptian festival. Cairo, Luxor.
Dec. 16: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.
Dec. 23: VICTORY DAY.

ISRAEL

April-Oct. 30: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES. Jerusalem.
April 3-4: PASSOVER OBSERVANCES.
April 9-10: HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE.
April 9-15: EN GEV FESTIVAL. Israel Philharmonic, music, dance. Sea of Galilee.
April 16-17: EVE AND REMEMBRANCE DAY. Ceremonies for those killed in Israel's wars.
April 18: 35TH INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.
May: ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR. Tel Aviv.
May: JERUSALEM SPRING FESTIVAL. International performers.
May 18-19: SHAVUOT.

June 1: JERUSALEM DAY.
July-Aug.: ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA. Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Caesarea.
Sept. 8-9: ROSH HASHANA. Jewish New Year.
Sept. 17: YOM KIPPUR. Jewish Day of Atonement.
Nov.-April 1984: ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA. Haifa, Jerusalem, Tel Aviv.
Dec. 1-8: CHANUKAH. Festival of Lights.
Dec. 16: ASARAH B'TEVET.

JORDAN

Spring and fall: WATER-SKIING FESTIVAL. Aqaba.
May 25: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
July: JERASH FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS.
July 11-12: ID-AL-FITR.
Aug. 11: KING HUSSEIN'S ASCENSION TO THE THRONE.
Sept. 16-17: ID-AL-ADHA.
Mid-Oct.: ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF JORDANIAN FINE ARTS. Amman.
Oct. 18: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.
Nov. 14: KING HUSSEIN'S BIRTHDAY.
Dec. 16: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

KUWAIT

July 11-13: ID-AL-FITR.
Sept. 16-18: ID-AL-ADHA.
Oct. 18: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.
Dec. 16: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

LEBANON

May 8: GREEK EASTER.
July 11-12: ID-AL-FITR.
Aug. 15: CELEBRATION OF VIRGIN MARY'S DAY.
Sept. 16-17: ID-AL-ADHA.
Nov. 22: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

SAUDI ARABIA

July 11-12: ID-AL-FITR. End of Ramadan.
Sept. 16-18: ID-AL-ADHA. Feast of sacrifice following pilgrimage to Mecca.
Sept. 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY.
Oct. 18: MOSLEM NEW YEAR.
Dec. 16: PROPHET MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

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THE PACIFIC

AUSTRALIA

April 4-10: BAROSSA VALLEY VINTAGE FESTIVAL. Alternates with Adelaide Arts Festival.
April 9: SYDNEY CUP. Horse race.
May 2: ALICE SPRINGS BANGTAIL MUSTER. Float parade.
May 14: ALICE SPRINGS CAMEL CUP. Camel race.
June 3-13: TOWNSVILLE PACIFIC FESTIVAL. Arts, sport, exhibitions.
June 5: DARWIN BEERCAN REGATTA.
June 13: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. Public holiday except W.A.
July 2: ROTHMAN'S 100,000. Motor race.
July 9: FOUREX CUP. Horse race.
July 9: GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.
Aug.-Oct.: BALLARAT ROYAL SOUTH STREET COMPETITION. 11 weeks long.
Aug. 15-26: AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS.
Aug. 27: ALICE SPRINGS HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA. Mock yacht race on dry river.
Sept. 17-24: TOOWOOMBA CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS.
Oct. 3: JAMES HARDIE 1000. Motor race.
Oct. 10: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. Public holiday W.A. only.
Nov. 1: MELBOURNE CUP. Thoroughbred horse race. Highlights week of horse-racing events.
Dec. 24: CAROLA BY CANDLELIGHT. Melbourne, Sydney.
Dec. 26: SYDNEY-HOBART YACHT RACE.
Dec. 27-Jan. 9: TASMANIAN FIESTA.

COOK ISLANDS

April 25: ANZAC DAY. Parade. Rarotonga.
July 30-Aug. 8: CONSTITUTION DAY OBSERVANCES.
Oct. 26: GOSPEL DAY. Religious plays performed in open air.

FIJI

April: AUCKLAND-SUVA YACHT RACE.
June: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Suva.
July: BULA FESTIVAL. Nadi area.
Late Aug.-early Sept.: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL. Exhibits, entertainment, parade. Suva.
Oct.: SUGAR FESTIVAL.
Early Oct.: FIJI DAY.
Nov.: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.
Nov. 4: DIWALL Hindu Festival of Lights.

GUAM/MICRONESIA

April 17: SAN VICENTE FIESTA. Guam, Saipan.
April 24: SAN DIMAS and SANTA BERNADITA FIESTAS. Guam.
May 1: SAN JOSE FIESTA. Guam, Tinian.
May 8: SAN ISIDRO FIESTA. Guam, Saipan.
May 15: FEDERATED STATES OF MICRONESIA DAY. Ponape, Truk, Yap, Kosrae.
May 28: ANNUAL FLAME TREE FESTIVAL. Saipan.
May 31: MEMORIAL DAY.
June 12: SAN ANTONIO FIESTA. Guam, Saipan.
July 4: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
July 4: LIBERATION DAY. Saipan.
July 4-21: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATION. Guam.

Aug. 21: SAN ROKE FIESTA. Guam, Saipan.
Sept. 5: LABOR DAY.
Sept. 11: RAHN EN MWEI MWAHU—DAY OF PEACE. Ponape.
Sept. 25: CHARTER DAY. Truk.
Sept. 25: SAN MIGUEL FIESTA. Guam.
Oct. 2: SANTA REMEDIOS FIESTA. Saipan.
Oct. 9: SAN FRANCISCO DE BORJA FIESTA. Largest festival in the Marianas, honoring Rota's patron saint. Visitors from around the Pacific. Music, food, dancing, parades. Rota.
Oct. 10: COLUMBUS DAY.
Nov. 8: NATIONAL CONSTITUTION DAY. Ponape, Truk, Yap, Kosrae.
Nov. 11: VETERAN'S DAY.
Nov. 20: CHRIST THE KING FIESTA. Saipan.
Nov. 24: THANKSGIVING.
Dec. 4: SANTA BARBARA FIESTA. Guam.
Dec. 8: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Guam, Saipan, Rota, Tinian.
Dec. 11: OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE FIESTA. Guam.

KIRIBATI

July 11: ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.
Aug. 1: YOUTH DAY.

NEW CALEDONIA

July 14-17: BASTILLE DAY.
Sept. 24-25: NATIONAL DAY.
Nov. 11-13: ARMISTICE DAY.

NEW ZEALAND

April 1-3: VINTAGE CAR CLUB RALLY. Blenheim.
April 1-4: NEW ZEALAND PAPER TIGER YACHT INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS. Napier.
April 1-4: NATIONAL CYCLE RALLY. Blenheim.
April 1-4: 21ST ANNIVERSARY JAZZ FESTIVAL. Tauranga.
May 6-9: 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF UNIVERSITY. Auckland.
May 7-14: NEW ZEALAND MAORI GULF TOURNA-MENT. Nelson.
May 8: NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Conductor, John Hopkins; soloist, James Gall-way; Marya Martin. Concerts by the orchestra given regularly throughout country.
May 11-15: SOUTH PACIFIC CHAMPIONSHIPS. Game fishing. Bay of Islands.
June 6: QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.
June 11-12: OCEANS 83 EXHIBITION. Auckland.
June 18: NORTH ISLAND OPEN HIGHLAND FLING. Auckland.
July 2: IRISH JIG OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS. Hamilton.
July 15-16: NEW ZEALAND BADMINTON GRAND PRIZE. Manawatu.
Aug. 12-14: ADIDAS SQUASH CHAMPIONSHIPS FINAL. Wellington.
Aug. 26-Sept. 11: NEW ZEALAND MAORI ARTISTS AND WRITERS EXHIBITION. Whangarei.
Sept. 11: NEW ZEALAND ORIENTEERING CHAM-PIONSHIPS. Auckland.
Mid-Sept.: ANNUAL BLOOM FESTIVAL. Alexandra, Hastings.
Sept. 22-24: ROCK AND GEMSTONE EXHIBITION. Whangarei.
Oct.: UNDERWATER HOCKEY MEETING. Christchurch.
Oct. 5-12: LADIES GOLF—NEW ZEALAND AMA-TEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS. Christchurch.
Oct. 8: SOUTH ISLAND OPEN HIGHLAND REEL. South Canterbury.

Oct. 13-20: WORLD TEAMS SQUASH CHAMPION-SHIPS. Hamilton, Auckland.
Oct. 22-24: TARANAKI 83. New Zealand Society of Potters. New Plymouth.
Oct. 24: LABOR DAY.
Oct. 29: TAIERI HIGHLAND GAMES. Olympic wres-tling. Mosgiel.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

June-July: FRANGIPANI FESTIVAL. Rabaul.
June 6-13: MABAROSA FESTIVAL. Madang.
June 13-15: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW. Port Moresby.
July: MENDI. Sky-diving, buck jumping, races, events.
Sept.: PAPUA NEW GUINEA ARTS FESTIVAL.
Sept. 3: HIRI MOALE FESTIVAL.
Sept. 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Nov.: MALAGAN FESTIVAL. Traditional dances and performances. Kavieng.

TAHITI

April 30: ANNUAL DAY OF THE "MAIRE." Papeete.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
Mid-Aug.: NIGHT OF THE GUITAR AND UTE. Musi-cal competition.
Nov. 21: THOUSANDS OF FLOWERS COMPETITION and PAREU DAY.
Dec. 3: TIARE TAHITI DAY.
Dec. 31: NEW YEAR'S EVE ILLUMINATION OF THE WATERFRONT.

TONGA

April 25: ANZAC DAY. Parade in honor of soldiers killed in World War II.
May 4: BIRTHDAY OF CROWN PRINCE TAPOUTO'A. Military parades.
May 13-21: RED CROSS WEEK. Children's parade, bazaar, Grand Ball.
June: OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. Colorful ceremony.
June 4: EMANCIPATION DAY.
July 4: BIRTHDAY AND CORONATION ANNIVER-SARY OF KING TAUFA'AHU TUPOU IV and HEI-LALA FESTIVAL. Week-long celebration, sports, parades.
Late Aug.-early Sept.: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.
Nov. 4: CONSTITUTION DAY.
Dec. 4: KING TUPOU I DAY.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

VANUATU

May 2: PUBLIC HOLIDAY. Following Labor Day.
May 19: HOLY THURSDAY.
July 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
Aug. 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
Oct. 5: CONSTITUTION DAY.
Nov. 29: UNITY DAY.
Dec. 26: FAMILY DAY.
Dec. 27: PUBLIC HOLIDAY.

WESTERN SAMOA

April 25: ANZAC MEMORIAL DAY.
June 1-3: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.
Oct. 9: LOTU-A-TAMATI—WHITSUNDAY and CHIL-DREN'S DAY.
Oct. 10: WHITMONDAY.
Nov. 4: ARBOR DAY.
Dec. 26: BOXING DAY.

IN THE LAND THAT PRODUCED THE WALLABY, WOMBAT, EMU AND KANGAROO, YOU'D HARDLY EXPECT TO FIND AN ORDINARY VACATION.

Nothing is what you expect it to be in Australia.

The cute little teddy bear, the koala, isn't a bear at all. He's a marsupial, like his cousins the wallaby and kangaroo. We have a bird, the emu, that can outrun a racehorse. And another, the fairy penguin, that can swim underwater at over 30 miles an hour but can't fly any higher than he can jump.

Even our London Bridge, the one you see here, was being carved out of rock by the sea while the other London was still a cluster of huts on the Thames.

So where do you begin to explore this large and diverse a country? You begin, of course, with the people.

**WE'LL GREET YOU
WITH OPEN ARMS,
NOT OPEN HANDS.**

From the moment your Air New Zealand 747 Super B touches down in Sydney, you'll be amazed at the Australian people's sheer zest for living. Perhaps you'll be invited to enjoy a schooner of beer in a picturesque pub in The Rocks, site of the original English penal colony settlement. And when it's your turn to "shout a round" it'll be easy, because when it comes to having fun, the Aussies speak the same language you do.

Naturally some shopping, gallery hopping and an evening at the fabulous Sydney Opera House are de rigueur, and you'll have to sample at least a few of Sydney's fabulous (and often surprisingly inexpensive) restaurants.

But the countryside beckons and how better to see the real Australia than on a working sheep station? You can visit for a day or become a member of the family and stay as long as you like.

Wherever you go in Australia, you'll find the greeting warm and genuine and the open hands you'll see are for shaking, not for tipping.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST REEF AND LONGEST BEACH.

Australia's coastline is not all beach, it just seems that way. There are nearly fifty beaches within easy reach of Sydney and Melbourne alone. And if you tire of strolling on one of them, how about taking a walk on the Great Barrier Reef?

Right, a walk. At low tide, all you need to explore this fabulous coral reef off Australia's northeast coast is a pair of tennis shoes and a bathing suit.

But perhaps you'd rather explore for something more valuable. How about gold? Australia had a gold rush like California's and parts of the historical gold country still exist. You can pan for gold in streams that are far from "played out," and everything you find is yours to keep.

Or, for a mere dollar, spend the day fossicking the world's richest opal field at Coober Pedy. Who knows?

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than other breeders. According to Bethe, "Seaborg has said the breeder is an alchemist's dream. It is, of course. But maybe the fission-fusion hybrid is an even better dream." Like the breeder in the 1940s and 1950s, however, fusion technology is an entrancing prospect based on lovely forecasts rather than practical experience.

The ultimate nuclear-energy source is the sun, whose radiation is being studied as a source of both heat and electricity. So far, solar power is nowhere near providing electricity on a large scale, but other domestic and commercial uses—space heating, water heating, and low outputs of electricity—are already practical. Bernard Feld, who was Leo Szilard's research assistant on the Manhattan Project and is now a nuclear physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the editor in chief of *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, has done theoretical work on solar energy. He says, "If, like me, you really feel that fission power is an interim solution to a difficult problem, and that the long-term solution we should be looking for is something involving solar energy, then the breeder looks rather superfluous."

IF PROSPECTS FOR THE BREEDER SEEM BLEAK IN THE United States, they are only a little brighter overseas—despite the exhortations by the nuclear industry here that Americans are losing the race for an exportable commercial plant.

Publicists at the Atomic Industrial Forum enjoy leading press tours to France and Russia to show American journalists how they think nuclear programs *ought* to be run. In doing so, they unwittingly confirm the judgment made in the late 1940s by James Newman, who helped to draft the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, that if nuclear power is to succeed, it must be as an "island of socialism," distant from commercial notions of profit and loss. The tours also confirm that even with the full resources of the state behind them, developers of nuclear power—and especially of the breeder—can't avoid conflict.

France, the undisputed front-runner in the race for a commercial breeder, took first place by copying the Americans. Rapsodie, a 40-megawatt loop-type breeder, began operating in 1967. Phénix, a 250-megawatt pool-type breeder, began operating in 1973. Superphénix, a 1,200-megawatt pool-type breeder, is expected to run in 1984. "Translated in American terms, Rapsodie is our EBR-2, Phénix is our Clinch River, and Superphénix is our 'large developmental plant [LDP],' to be followed by the commercial plants," Bertrand Barré, the nuclear attaché in the French Embassy in Washington, says. He is quick to point out the differences, however: Rapsodie had no steam generator and therefore never produced electricity. Furthermore, a sodium leak restricted its power from 1978 until the reactor was shut down last year, to avoid costly repairs. Phénix suffered a string of sodium leaks, but eventually did breed about 15 percent more fuel than it con-

sumed, according to the latest estimates. When the Superphénix begins operation, it will produce about as much electricity as an American light-water plant does, but at a much higher cost. Barré's reference to the LDP is to a sequel to Clinch River that was discussed in the United States during the 1960s and 1970s and then deferred; now the closest American cousin of Superphénix is the breeder that EPRI is planning near Chicago.

Having one state utility and one state nuclear agency has made it easier for the French to develop their own breeders, but the process has not been as trouble-free as the Atomic Industrial Forum's press officers imply. The public is not allowed a significant voice in the licensing procedure, and as a result its actions have been violent: a demonstration against Superphénix in 1977 left one person dead and dozens injured; someone shot a bazooka at the plant last year, causing \$17 million in damages.

One reason the French are so admired by breeder advocates in the United States is that they have "closed the fuel cycle"—recovered plutonium and recycled it as fuel. This feature has especially impressed Weinberg, because it is another step toward the "energy autarky" that he hopes breeders will create. Weinberg's enthusiasm is undercut, however, by the fact that the French, having shown what they could do with plutonium as fuel, decided last year that the Superphénix would be more useful making plutonium for bombs. (The government wants to develop a nuclear tactical force, and to replace a military-production reactor that is about to be shut down.) The state utility's weekly review said last spring, "A reinforcement is needed, and it is ensured (after Phénix) by Superphénix, which will produce . . . enough plutonium . . . to make about 60 atomic bombs each year."

In the Soviet Union, where questions from visiting journalists about plutonium use are never answered, the breeder program has stalled after an ambitious start. In 1973 and 1974, the BN-350 loop-type breeder, which is about the size of the proposed Clinch River plant, suffered sodium fires and explosions so serious that an American satellite is said to have detected them. The BN-350 was built on the Caspian Sea and was designed to be a desalinization plant, too, but this function has also proved impractical. The BN-600 pool-type breeder, which is half the size of American commercial nuclear plants, has run well since 1981: it is the reactor that heated water for Walker Cisler's bath. The Russians are scaling back their plans, however. A Soviet review of the country's program in 1979 noted "greater than expected" problems with fast breeders, especially in handling sodium. It said, "As a result, the date [first thought to be in the early 1980s] at which powerful commercial fast-neutron reactors would be developed has been moved back to the end of the century," and power production may occur "only in the next century." As in the United States, reprocessing has been postponed because "demand for nuclear fuel has decreased," and re-use of plutonium in light-water reactors is "difficult to justify."

The Japanese began to operate a small test breeder in 1977, and they want to complete a Clinch River-sized demonstration breeder, the Monju, by the late 1980s. (Monju Bodhisattva, the left-hand attendant to Sakyamuni Buddha, symbolizes wisdom. The name was chosen to emphasize that the breeder program should "harmonize spirituality and science" in order to succeed.) A 1,000-megawatt breeder is also being planned there now; although the first two breeders used the loop strategy, this proposed commercial-sized plant may employ a pool, because of its superior resistance to earthquakes and the successful experience with pools of the French and the Russians. Some analysts fear that the Japanese could use a breeder to develop nuclear weapons, although it is official policy that Japan does not want a nuclear arsenal.

Britain and Germany are also interested in breeders. Britain began running a 15-megawatt breeder on the northern tip of Scotland in 1959, and started up a 250-megawatt breeder in 1974: it "closed the fuel cycle" by reusing some its own fuel last year. Sometime this year, Britain may decide whether or not to build a demonstration-sized breeder of 1,320 megawatts.

Both Britain and Germany hesitate to build new breeders at the moment, because the utilities are unwilling to take on the costs until the plants are known to be reliable, and the governments are unwilling to run the plants themselves. The German parliament may decide soon whether or not to continue funding Germany's second breeder, a 300-megawatt plant at Kalkar, even though it is nearly completed. The utilities have balked at paying unexpected costs incurred during construction. As Otto Keck, who has written a book on German breeders, points out, "government laboratories and agencies are not well equipped for economic assessments."

Keck's description of Germany's dilemma sounds in many ways like an analysis of Clinch River's politics. He says, "Industrial firms do not necessarily communicate the full scope of their assessments to policy-makers. They do not wish to exclude themselves from a government-financed program by questioning the government's economic justification. Their interest is to be part of the program in order to know what is going on and to get some of the business involved."

The Clinch River plant represents only about one third of a \$600-million-a-year expenditure, and if it is scrapped, an expensive U.S. breeder program will still exist. The EBR-2 and the FFTF will still be testing breeder fuel in

northwestern deserts. Other federal programs will still be concentrating on the sodium pumps and steam generators that have confounded the builders of every breeder. But all this, as Floyd Culler, of EPRI, has said, will lack a "focal point." Some other machine is sure to be proposed to prove that so much money and effort have not been wasted. Besides EPRI's plans for a large breeder, \$30 million has been committed by the government in the past two years to fund a study of what the next breeder—the so-called "LDP"—should be.

Given the fragility of geologists' estimates of reserves, no one can say with any authority precisely when in the distant future coal, oil, and uranium might run out, but the ultimate need for some alternative energy source must be reckoned in anticipation of their depletion. For now, analysts in the government and the nuclear industry are taking advantage of the hiatus brought about by the absence of any new orders for nuclear plants to reassess the future of nuclear power in meeting that need. A robust revival of the light-water nuclear-power industry must occur in order for breeders to have a role.

Whether breeders are needed or not, a growing number of scientists seem prepared to forget about them. Teller says, "For thirty-seven years, most of the nuclear physicists considered the breeder as the front-runner, as the wave of the future. They put not only the most money on it but also the most ingenuity. They solved a few problems, yet we don't have an economical breeder. The French seem now to have less confidence in their economic success than they used to have. And I like to say, perhaps a little maliciously, that the Superphénix will be a big success—just as big as the Concorde."

Teller says that "the long time, the big effort, and the lack of obvious success are clear points that argue stop and look." Some of those present at the breeder's creation have already stopped and looked, and what they have seen is a dream turned to obsession. They have turned to new dreams—perhaps not as grand as the breeder and its "plutonium economy," but probably not as dreadful, either.

Until three or four years ago, the breeder seemed inevitable, but, for all its promise, it has become instead a costly disappointment. George Weil, an early colleague of Enrico Fermi's who was at the controls when the Manhattan Project scientists created the first chain reaction, and who, for a time, supervised reactor development at the AEC, thinks the breeder has lived up to the dreams of the ancient alchemists, after all. Weil says, "So far, it's only been good for one thing—breeding money." □

TIME LINE

BY GUY BILLOUT



ALL THE WAY IN FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

A SHORT STORY
BY RICHARD BAUSCH

SITTING IN THE SHADED, COOL QUIET OF ST. PAUL'S Church in Flagstaff, Walter remembers a family picnic. This memory is two years old, but nothing ever fades from it. It takes place in a small park, called Hathaway Forest, on Long Island, one Sunday afternoon in early summer. He and his wife, Irene, spread blankets on the grass next to a picnic table and a brick barbecue pit; it is a warm, clear-blue day, with a breeze. Irene has insisted that they all go, as a family, and so soccer games, trips to the movies and to the houses of friends, have been put aside. Because Walter is hung over, he tries to beg off, but she will not hear of it; she will not cater to his hangovers anymore, she tells him. So they all go. He and Irene sit quietly on the blankets as, in the grass field before them, the children run—William, the oldest, hanging back a little, making a sacrifice of pretending to have a good time: he is planning for the priesthood these days, wants to be Gregory Peck in *The Keys of the Kingdom*. He saw the movie on television a year ago and now his room is full of books on China, on the lives of the saints, the missionaries, the martyrs. Every morning he goes to mass and communion. Walter feels embarrassed in his company, especially when William shows this saintly, willing face to the world.

"I wonder if it would help William to discover masturbation," Walter says. "He's at that age, isn't he? Don't boys start at fourteen? When did I start? I guess I should remember—"

"I forgot the baked beans," Irene says. "I left them sitting in the middle of the kitchen counter." She has this way of not hearing him when she wants to avoid a subject; she will not talk about William. "You want some lemonade?"

"No, thanks." He makes a face, she smiles. He can always make her laugh.

The children form a ring, and begin to move in a circle. Susan, the second child, orchestrates this, calling in a kind of singing cadence as they contract and expand the ring by raising and lowering their arms. They are playing well together, cooperating; even William seems to have forgotten about heaven and hell for the moment, moving a little too

fast for the youngest, the baby, Carol, to keep up with him. There is something mischievous about the way he causes the girl to falter and lose her hold on him.

"You should light the charcoal, honey," Irene says.

"Certainly," he says. He is anxious to please. He knows she will again have to ask her father for money, and she will again use the word *borrow*. There is always the hope that something will change. He stands over the brick barbecue pit and pours charcoal, while she pours more lemonade, not bothering to ask him this time if he wants any. In the car, in the space under the spare tire, hidden by a half-used roll of paper towels, is a fifth of Jim Beam. He thinks of it with something bordering on erotic anticipation, though his head feels as if it were webbed with burning wires. As he sprinkles lighter fluid on the coals, he begins to plan how he will get to the bottle without the others knowing he has done so.

"Dad."

It is William, standing a little apart from Susan and the younger children. He holds up a nurf football, wanting to pass it.

Walter smiles. "I'm cooking. I'm the chef of the day."

William wants to get a game up, boys against the girls; he wants Irene to play. She refuses, cheerfully, and so does Susan, and the younger boys begin a desultory game of keep away from Carol, who begins to take it seriously, crying and demanding that she be given a chance to throw and catch the ball. William and Susan walk off toward the far edge of the woods, talking, William pausing now and then to pick up and throw a stone or a piece of wood. Irene sits reading a magazine, with a pad and pencil on her lap. She likes to write down the recipes she finds, and keeps the pad for this purpose. In fact, she doesn't read these magazines as much as she ransacks them, looking for things to save. She is a frugal woman; she's had to be. She controls the money now, what there is of it. Since the last hitch in the Army, Walter has worked seven different jobs; now, at forty-six, he's night clerk in a 7-Eleven store.

"That's enough," Irene calls to the two younger boys, Brad and James, who have tormented Carol to the point of a tantrum. Carol is lying on her stomach, beating her fists into the grass, while they toss the ball above her head, keeping it just out of reach. "Brad! Bra-a-a-d! James!"

The two boys stop, finally, walk away scuffing the

Richard Bausch is a recent recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts writing grant and is the author of two novels, Take Me Back and Real Presence.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG

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ground. In a moment they are running across the field, and Carol has come crying to her mother. Because she is the youngest and the smallest, she has learned to be feisty and short-tempered; she seems somehow always dogged, face into the wind, dauntless. "Don't pay any attention to them," Irene is saying.

Walter lights the fire, stands watching it.

"You go on, now, and play," Irene says, and Carol whines that she doesn't want to, she wants to stay here. "No—now, go on. Go have fun. I don't want you hanging back all afternoon. Go on—go."

Carol wanders over to a little play area near the car; it

is, in fact, too near: it will be hard to get anything out of the trunk if she stays where she is, riding a sea dragon on a corkscrew-like metal spring.

"I don't like her being over there by herself," Walter says.

"She's fine," says Irene. "Let her alone."

He sits down, rubs his hands; he wants a drink.

"You want to put the hot dogs on sticks?" Irene asks.

"That tire's low," he says.

"No, it's not."

"It is—look. Look at it. It's low. I better change it."

"You're in no shape to change a tire."

He gets up. "I think it's low."

"Walter."

"I'm just going to look at it."

"Hi, Daddy," Carol says as he approaches.

"Go see your mother."

"I'm riding the dragon."

"Your mother wants you."

"I don't wanna."

"Come on," he says, "I have to look at this tire." He lifts her from the dragon, puts her down on her feet, or tries to: she raises her legs, so that he comes close to falling forward; he lifts again, tries again to set her down, and it is as if they dance. "Stop it," he says. "Stand up." She laughs, and he sets her suddenly, with a bump, down on her rear end. "Now, you can sit there," he says. She begins to cry. He walks over to the car and stands gazing at the right rear tire, which is not low enough. Even so, he opens the trunk, glances back at Irene, who is lying on the blanket like a sunbather now, her arms straight at her sides, her eyes closed. Carol still whines and cries, sitting in the dust in the foreground.

"Go on," Walter says. "You're not hurt."

"Carol," Irene calls without moving, "come here."

Walter is already reaching into the little well beneath the spare. The Beam is wrapped in a paper bag, and carefully he removes it, leaning into the hot space. In almost the same motion, he has broken the seal on the bottle and held the lip of it to his mouth, swallowing. He caps it, peers out at Irene and Carol, who are frozen for him in a sort of tableau: Carol beginning to move toward her mother, and Irene lying face up to the sun. He leans in, takes another swallow, caps the bottle again and sets it down, rattles the jack, stands back slowly, and puts his hands on his hips.

"Walter."

"It's okay," he calls. "I guess it'll have to do—the spare's no better." He looks at Irene, sees that Carol has reached her, that she is involved with Carol, who wants her to fix the bow in her hair. So he leans into the trunk again, swallows more of the whiskey. Then he recaps the bottle one more time, puts it back in its place, retrieves it almost immediately, and takes still another swallow. He closes the trunk hard, walks steadily across to the blanket, where Irene and Carol are busy trying to get Carol's hair braided and bowed. He sits down, looks at the flames licking low along the whitening coals. When Carol asks him to look at how pretty her hair is, he tells her she is the most beautiful little girl he ever saw. He reaches for her, pulls her to him, and hugs her. "You are my sweet sweet sweet sweet thing," he says. "You are my sweetie-pie. My little baby love darling boost-a-booter."

"I love you, Daddy."

She removes herself from him, dances, for his benefit, in a circle around the blanket. Then she runs off to meet William and Susan, who are coming across the crest of the field.

"IT COULD BE LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME," IRENE says.

He says, "Yeah." He gets up, stands over the fire. "The coals are almost ready."

"What's the mat—" she begins.

He has swayed only slightly; he pretends simply to have lost his balance on an unevenness in the ground, looks at his feet, lifts one leg, puts it down. It is a beautiful blurred world, and he believes he can do anything.

"It's brave of you to come out today," she says.

"I wanted to."

"You know, Walter, I am going to leave you."

"Right now?"

She ignores this. "I don't want to. I love you. But I really am. You don't believe me, Walter, because you've never believed me. But this time you're wrong. In a while, very soon, Walter, I'm going to take the children and go."

"But don't you see?" he says. "I'm going to quit. I'm never touching the stuff again."

"No," she says.

"No what?"

"Let me tell you, dear, what you were thinking about all the way here, and what you finally got your hands on a few minutes ago. You were thinking all the time, weren't you, about the bottle of booze you had stashed in the trunk of the car."

"What bottle of booze?"

"I believe it was Jim Beam?" She looks at him.

He wonders if she can see the color changing in his face and neck, the blood rushing there. "Jim Beam," he says. "Jim Beam."

"It won't work, Walter."

"You think that's it? You think I've been—you think that's what I've been doing, huh." He is nodding, looking away from her, trying to control his voice. "You think—on a beautiful day like this, when I'm with my family—some—a bottle of booze in the trunk—"

"Forget it," she says.

"I didn't know—I didn't even know if there was a bottle of booze in the goddamn spare-tire well."

"Please," she says.

"You think I've been thinking about a goddamn bottle of booze in the trunk of the car."

"All right, then."

"That's what you think of me. I mean—we've come that far—that you'd think I could be standing here on this nice day thinking about sneaking drinks like there's some—like there's a problem or something—"

"Walter," she says.

"I mean like it wasn't just—you know, a drink in the afternoon or something—"

"Don't say any more," she tells him.

"Just something I found and—you think I haven't been sick at heart for what I've done, Irene." He has never meant anything more. "I didn't even think anything about it, honey—you think I'd do anything to hurt you or the

kids—something—some bottle or something that's supposed to be hidden or something. Like I planned it or something. I swear I just remembered it was there—I didn't—didn't want to worry you, Irene—Irene—"

"The sad thing," Irene says, "is that I could've stopped you today—just now. I knew what you were doing—after all, Walter, you've become a bit sloppy in your various deceptions and ruses. They've become pretty transparent. I could've stopped you, only I just—I just didn't have the energy."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he says. He looks at his children, all of them coming now from the crest; they seem somehow not together, though they come in a group, no more than five feet apart.

"I wish I could feel anything but this exhaustion," Irene says.

"It's not anything like I'm drunk or anything," Walter says. "I just needed to get calmed down, honey."

"No," she says.

"You know me, Irene. I always—haven't I always come through?"

She looks at him. "I think—now—that you think you have."

"I just need a little time," he says.

"Walter."

"That's all, honey. Just let me get straight a little." He doesn't want to talk anymore. He drops down at her side. "I'm nervous, kid. I get real bad nervous—and—and I'm not going to drink anymore. I'm simply—absolutely done with it. Forever, Renie. Okay? I'm going to pull it together this time." As he gazes out at the field, at his children returning, he is full of resolve, and courage. Irene sighs, pats his shoulder, and then takes his hand into her own. "Poor Walter," she says, "so sick."

"I'll be all right," he says. "I just need to be calm."

The children are there now, and the picnic is made ready: William puts hot dogs on the grill, and Susan dishes out potato salad, Jell-O, bread, pickles. There is a lot of vying for attention, a lot of energy and noise.

It all rises around Walter and his wife, who do not look at each other.

ANYONE WALKING INTO ST. PAUL'S AT THIS HOUR will see a man sitting in the last pew, hands folded in his lap. He sits very straight, with dignity, though his clothes are soiled and disheveled. In his mind are the voices of two years ago, the quality of light on that day, and how the breezes blew, fragrant and warm. He can hear the voices.

"Oh," William says, shortly after they start to eat, "we forgot to say grace."

"It's too late now," Susan says.

"It's not too late. It can't ever be too late."

"It's too late."

"It's not too late—that's just silly."

"Daddy, isn't it too late?"

"It's not too late," Irene says. "William, go ahead."

"Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts, which we are about to receive, from thy bounty, through Christ our Lord, amen."

"I still say it was too late," Susan says.

Irene says, "Susan."

"I've decided I'm going to be a nun," Susan says.

"Susan—that is nothing to joke about."

"It's not a joke. I'm going to be a nun and wear icky black clothes and have my hair cut off at the roots and sit in church with my hands open in my lap like Sister Marie does."

"That's a sacrilege," William says.

"What's a sacrilege?" Brad asks.

"It's when you talk like Susan," says William.

"That's enough, children," Walter says.

"A sacrilege," says Susan, "is when you take holy communion with a mortal sin on your soul."

"And when you say you're going to be a nun when you're not," William says.

"Come on," Walter says, "let's get off each other a little. Let's talk about something nice."

"I know," says Brad. "Let's talk about Pac-Man."

"Who wants to talk about *that*," says Carol.

"All I said was I was going to be a nun," Susan says, "and everybody gets crazy. Mostly Saint William. You should've heard Saint William a little while ago, planning his martyrdom in China—shot by the Commies. Right, William?"

"That's enough," Walter says. "Let him alone. Let's everybody let everybody else alone. Jesus."

"Have mercy on us," William mutters.

"Oh, look," Walter says, "don't do that. Don't pray when I talk."

Irene says, "Let's just eat quietly, all right?"

"Well, he keeps praying around me. Jesus, I *hate* that."

"Have mercy on us," says William.

"When're you leaving for China, Son?"

"You don't have to make fun of me."

"Okay, look—let's all start over. Jesus." Walter spins around to catch William moving his lips. "Jesus Jesus Jesus Jesus Jesus," he says.

William crosses himself.

"Amazing. The kid's amazing."

"Let's all please just stop it and eat. Can we please just do that?"

Susan says, "I've changed my mind about being a nun. I'm going to be a priest."

"Oh," William says, "that is a sacrilege."

"William," says Walter, "will you please pronounce the excommunications so we can all go to hell in peace?"

"I don't even like this family," the boy mutters.

"Perhaps you should've asked your Father in heaven to choose another family for you to be raised in on your trek to the cross."

"Have mercy."

"I don't believe I used any profanity that last time."

"Have mercy on us," William mutters.

"All right!" Irene shouts. "We're going to eat and stop all this arguing and bickering. Please, Walter."

"You might address your displeasure to the Christ, here. Or is it the Vicar of Christ?"

"Have mercy on us."

"I'll be the first lady priest in the Catholic church," Susan says, "and then I'll get married."

Walter says, "Don't pay any attention to her, William. Think of her as a cross to bear."

"Walter," Irene says.

He stands. "Okay. Truce. No more teasing and no more bickering. We are a family, and God knows that's hard these days. Right? We have to stick together, and sort of tolerate each other sometimes."

They are looking at him. He touches his own face, where his mouth, his lips, are numb. His eyes feel swollen.

"And then," Susan says, "after I'm married, I'll become Pope."

Walter bursts into laughter as William turns to Susan and says, "You are committing a mortal sin."

"Susan!" Irene says, trying not to laugh.

Walter says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged, William, my boy."

"I know what a mortal sin is," Brad says.

"Everybody knows that," says James.

"Look for the mote, William. When you see the gleam, look for the mote," Walter is saying.

William mutters, "I don't even know what that means."

"Walter, sit down," Irene says. "Let him alone. All of you let him alone."

"Let's all leave each other alone, that's right," Walter says. He sits down. They eat quietly for a while, and he watches them. Irene wipes mustard from Carol's mouth, from the front of her dress. William's eyes are glazed, and he eats furiously, not looking at anyone. He has been caught out in his pride, Walter thinks, has been shown to himself as less perfect than the glorious dream of a movie he wants to live. It dawns on Walter that his son probably prays for him, since he does not go to church. He wonders what they all think of that, of the fact that he is, by every tenet of their religion, bound for hell. This makes him laugh.

"What?" Irene says. "Tell me."

"Nothing. I was—" He thinks for a moment. "I was thinking about this one," pointing to Susan, "planning to be a married lady priest."

Susan beams under his gaze.

And then he looks at William, feels sorry. "It's okay, William," he says. "It's all in fun."

The boy continues to eat.

"William."

Irene touches Walter's wrist.

"No," Walter says, "the kid can accept somebody's—a gesture—can't he? My God—"

William crosses himself again.

Walter stands. "That's the last time."

"Father Boyer, at church," William says almost defiantly, "he told us to do it whenever someone used the Lord's name—"

Walter interrupts him. "I don't care what Father Boyer said. I'm bigger than Father Boyer. I can beat the *snot* out of Father Boyer."

"Not another word from anyone!" Irene shouts.

For a moment, no one says anything.

"Well," Walter says, "aren't we a happy bunch?"



THE IMAGE-MAKER

A wind passed over my mind,
insidious and cold.

It is a thought, I thought,
but it was only its shadow.

Words came,
or the breath of my sisters,
with a black rustle of wings.
They came with a summons
that followed a blessing.

I could not believe
I too would be punished.

Let me watch,
at my casement window,
the acid wafer of the moon
slowly dissolving
in a scud of cloud.

Perhaps it is time to go,
to set this old body free
by pulling the night
like a sack over my head,
denying my affections.

But I am not in love,
nor ever shall be,
with the absolute dark.

I listen, but I avert my ears
from Meister Eckhart's warning:

"All things must be forsaken.

God scorns

to show Himself among images."

—Stanley Kunitz

James says, "What do you expect?"

"Why don't you explain that one, James?"

The boy shrugs. He is always saying these mysteriously adult things that seem to refer slyly to other things, and then shrugging them off as if he is too tired to bother explaining them. Last year, at the age of eight, he announced to Irene that he did not believe in God. It was a crisis; Irene feared that something serious was wrong. James has since revised himself: he will grant the existence. Those are the words he used. Walter looks upon him with more than a little trepidation, because James is the one who most resembles him. More even than William, who, now, with his heart in the lap of God, is hard to place. Even Irene, for all her devoutness, finds William irritating at times.

"I am going to be a priest," Susan says now. "All I have to do is get them to change the rules."

"You," says Walter, "are the saint of persistence. You know what a wolverine is?"

"Some kind of wolf?"

"The wolverine kills its prey by sheer persistence. I mean, if it decided it wanted you for dinner, you could take a plane to Seattle, the wolverine would meet you at the airport, bib on, knife and fork ready, licking his chops. Salt and pepper by the plate, oregano, parsley, a beer . . ."

Susan laughs.

"Daddy's funny," Carol says.

"When I'm the first lady priest and married Pope, I'll buy a wolverine and keep it as a pet," Susan says.

"Have mercy on us," says William.

"All right," Walter says, "let's drop it please, William. No more prayers, please. We're all right. God, if there is such a goddamn thing, will forgive us, I'm sure, if we just shut up for a while."

"Walter!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he says.

They are quiet, then, for a long time. The youngest ones, Brad and James and Carol, look at him with something like amazement. He makes two more trips to the trunk of the car, not even hiding it now, and in the end he gets Carol and James to laugh at him by making faces, miming someone sliding off a bench, pretending to be terrified of his food. Susan and William laugh too, now, as he does a man unable to get a hot dog in his mouth.

"You clown," Irene says, but she smiles.

They all laugh and talk now; the afternoon wanes that way: Walter tosses the football with William, and Brad and James chase a Frisbee with Susan and Carol. Irene sits on the picnic table, sipping her lemonade. It grows cooler, and others come to the field, and finally it is time to leave. Everyone works together, gathering the debris of the afternoon, and Walter packs the trunk. He is bold enough to take the bottle of Beam out of its place and drink from it—small sips, he tells Irene, offering her some. She refuses as she has always refused, but she does so with, he is

sure, a smile. It strikes him that there is nothing to worry about, not a thing in the world, and he clowns with his children, makes them laugh, all the way home, Irene driving. He calls to people out the window of the car, funny things, and they are all almost hysterical with laughter. They arrive; there is the slow unwinding, getting out of the car and stretching legs and arms, and Walter begins to wrestle with Carol, bending over her, tickling her upper legs, swinging her through his own as she wriggles and laughs. Brad jumps on his back, then, and he pretends to be pulled down, rolls in the grass with the boy, and then chases him, bent over, arms dangling, like an ape's. He is hearing the delightful keening sound of his children's laughter in the shadows. It is getting dark. He chases Brad and James around to the back yard, and they are hiding there, just beyond the square, lighter shape of Irene's garden. He crouches in the shadow of the house and makes an ape sound, *whooo-hoo, whooo-hoo hah-hah-hah-hah*. He can hear them talking low and he thinks, Why, this is easy, this is fun. Carefully he works his way closer, seeing William and Susan running along the back fence, their silhouettes in the dusky light. *Whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo*. And now he makes his run at them, changes direction, follows Brad, while the others scatter. When he catches Brad, he carries him under his arm, kicking and struggling, to the house, to the screened-in back porch, where the others have gathered and are huddling, laughing in the dark. He comes stumbling up onto the porch and he has them, they are trapped with him. He puts Brad down in the mass of struggling arms and legs; he engulfs them, kneeling; he has them all in the wide embrace of his arms; he is tickling a leg here, pinching or squeezing an arm there, roaring, gorilla-like. He catches one of them trying to get away, then turns and grabs another. He's got them all again, and they are yelling and laughing, there is light on them now, a swath of yellow light, and he looks up to see Irene's shape in the doorway, everything speeding up again, until there is a long shout, a scream. And he stops. He stands, sees that they are cringing against the base of the porch wall, to the left of the door, cringing there and shaking, their eyes enormous, filled with tears.

"Kids?" he says.

They are sobbing, and he steps back, nearly tumbles backward out the screen door and down the stairs. "Kids?" he says.

Nobody moves.

"Hey. Kids?"

Irene steps down, bends to help William rise. They all get up slowly, looking at him with the tremendous wariness of animals at bay.

"Hey—it's me," he says, holding out one hand. "Kids?"

"Come on," Irene is saying, "don't be silly. Your daddy would never hurt you." She makes each of them kiss him, then ushers them inside. "Susan, will you start the bath water?" The door closes on them. Walter looks at his hands and says, "God. Oh, my God." He doesn't really hear him-

self. And in a moment Irene opens the door and steps out lightly, closing it behind her. All around, now, the insects are starting up. Irene's voice begins softly: "We've been through so much, Walter, so much together—and I simply can't do it anymore. I don't know what to say or do anymore. I love you, but I can't make it be enough anymore." She kisses him on the side of the face, turns, and is gone.

YET IT TAKES MORE THAN A YEAR FOR HER FINALLY to leave him. She gives him every chance. She waits and waits for him to put it together, as he keeps saying he will. He tries for a while, in fact: he goes to a doctor, a psychologist specializing in family counseling, who tells him that he has not broken with his father, and instructs him to find some ritual way of making the break. So he goes back to Alabama to stand over his father's grave. At first, nothing happens. He feels anger, but it is only what he expected to feel. And then there is a kind of sorrow, almost sweet, welling up in him. It makes him wince, actually take a step back from the grave, as if something had moved there. When he was seven years old, his father took him outside of the house in Montgomery and made him urinate on his mother's roses. He tells himself, standing over the grave in Montgomery, that children have been through worse; indeed, he himself has. Yet it takes all the moisture from his mouth, remembering it. Perhaps it is the fact that it was done to him not for himself but to get at his mother—there is something so terrifying about being used that way, merely as an instrument of wounding. In any case, it has haunted him, and now, at the gravesite, he spits, he rages, he tears the grass. It all seems simply ordained. It is a role he plays, watching himself play it. It exorcises nothing.

He returns from Alabama with a sense of doom riding him like a spirit, a weight on his neck, the back of his shoulders. He visits the psychologist, who seems slightly alarmed at the effect of his journey on him. He is determined, vibrant with will, and hopelessly afraid. The psychologist wants to know what his exact thought was the first time he ever picked up a drink. Walter can't remember that. His father never drank. He believes he wanted at first to show his freedom, like other boys. He says finally he wanted it to relax and be kind, to relieve some of the tensions that build in him. And so the psychologist begins to try to explore, with him, those tensions. They are many, but they all have the same root, and there is no use talking about childhood trauma and dreams: Walter is versed in

the canon; his hopes are for something else. He can tell the psychologist the whole thing in a single sentence: he has always been paralyzed by the fear that he will repeat, with his own children, the pattern of his father's brutality. What he wants is for the psychologist to guarantee him that this won't happen, tell him categorically that there will be no such repetition, and of course this can't be done. Life must be lived in the uncertainty of freedom of choice, the psychologist says. The problem is that Walter is afraid to take responsibility for himself. It is all talk, and it is all true. Walter's father had a thing he liked to call "night dances," in which, for the benefit of Walter, for his correction and edification, Walter's father became a sort of dark gibbet that Walter danced beneath, held by the wrist within the small circumference, the range, as it were, of a singing swung belt whose large buckle was embossed with the head of a longhorn steer. This all took place in the basement of the house in Montgomery, before Walter was ten years old. There was no light at all in the basement, and so it was necessary for the boy to dodge blindly, and to keep from crying too loudly, so he could hear the *whoosh-whoosh* of the belt. Walter trembles to think of that. He tells the psychologist how his father would swing the belt calmly, without passion, like a machine, quiet in the dark. He shakes, telling it. He talks about the ancient story: the man who, in the act of trying to avoid some evil in himself, embraces it, creates it. The visits end. He is dry for about two weeks, but falters, and Irene finally does leave him.

This is what has happened to him. He is in Flagstaff, Arizona. He sits gazing at the small stained-glass windows on either side of the church, where in a few minutes he will probably be talking to a priest. God, he thinks, Flagstaff, Arizona. There is no reason for it. Perhaps he will go somewhere else, too. There is no telling where he might wind up. Irene and the children are all the way in Atlanta, Georgia, with Irene's parents. He has not had anything to drink today, and his hands shake, so he looks at them. He wonders if he should wait to talk to a priest, if he should tell a priest anything, or just ask for some food, maybe. He wonders if maybe he shouldn't tell the priest about the day of the picnic that he has been remembering so vividly, when Irene came out on the porch and told him she couldn't make it be enough anymore. He wonders if he should talk about it: how he walked out to the very edge of the lawn and turned to look upon the lighted windows of the house, thinking of the people inside, whom he had named and loved and called sons, daughters, wife. How he had stood there trembling, shaking as from a terrific chill, while the dark, the night, came. □

TWO SUSPENSIONS

Straight up noon, I watch a toad
 —dusty, huge—cross a blacktop road
 by hops and halts; landing each
 time like a splattered
 egg, he regathers, heavily pauses
 in the baking sun, and heaves
 aloft again, again until he makes
 the road's shoulder, come
 to rest finally under some
 dusty asparagus leaves.

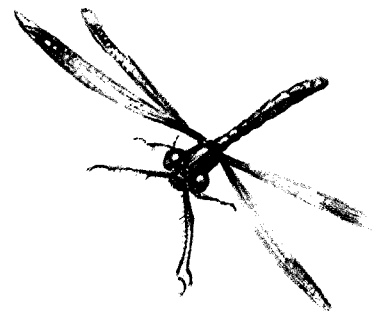
Next—and from nowhere,
 from right out of the air—
 quick as thought
 drops a damselfly,
 the wings that keep
 her motionless an icy blur
 of motion . . . Each at each appeared
 to peer: he maybe held
 by the sun-enameled
 emerald stickpin of her

spare torso; she,
 by a stolidity
 so extreme it looks
 accomplished, a dumb but deep-
 rooted contentment. Perhaps,
 of course, this choice encounter
 wasn't one and their gazes
 never met; yet they seemed to,
 at least for a few
 suspensive seconds that were—

were, obscurely, reminiscent of
 a web I'd found just above
 my head that same summer, which,
 metaphor for memory
 turned selfless, by a trick
 of the light had altogether
 vanished, yielding to the eye
 but what incidence had blown there:
 some seeds, needles, threadbare
 leaves, a curled gray feather—

were, surely, irresistible grist
 for the fabulist,
 who might well conclude
 that each, true to the instant's
 instance, as it urged the
 resolution of mind and mass,
 had felt the other's opposed
 appeals, and however much
could pass between two such
 contrary creatures indeed did pass.

—Brad Leithauser





THE NEXT AMERICAN FRONTIER

BY ROBERT B. REICH

I. PRESERVATION OF THE OLD WAYS

THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM THAT REACHED its full flower in the postwar era was organized around the principles of high volume and standardization. The scale of production was the key to competitive success. Thus, in each manufacturing industry, firms became bigger and fewer. By the 1960s, many of America's basic industries—steel, automobiles, rubber, petrochemicals, consumer electronics, electrical and non-electrical machinery—had become stable oligopolies of three or four major firms led by the largest and most entrenched. Government encouraged these arrangements, directly or indirectly, through its regulatory agencies, advisory boards, and procurement processes. In its time, this system worked reasonably well. American industry achieved unprecedented productivity, by taking to their limits its core principles of mass production. But in the late 1960s, the terms of global competition began to change. The competitive advantage for America lay not in mass production but in the more sophisticated flexible-system production. Flexible-system production is characterized by technological innovation, precision manufacturing, and customization of products. It demands a new style of management, emphasizing teamwork instead of hierarchy and problem-solving instead of routinization. This was the path of success for American business, and yet our basic industries could not respond.

America's basic industries had lost the habit of competing. U.S. Steel was setting the pattern of industry-wide investment, production, and prices in steel, General Motors in automobiles, Du Pont in many lines of chemicals, RCA in a range of electronic products, General Electric and Westinghouse in electrical machinery, Caterpillar in farm machinery, Goodyear in tires, Boeing in aircraft. Industry-wide unions were negotiating multi-year pacts in each of these industries, typically with automatic "cost-of-living" increases that were independent of productivity or profitability. Some government agencies, such as the Department of Defense, were routinely negotiating non-competitive contracts with industry leaders; others, such as

the Federal Trade Commission, were guarding against price-cutting to retailers and dealers.

Since profits were more or less guaranteed, through oligopolistic pricing, there was no reason to innovate with new products or processes—indeed, too much innovation could destabilize the structure. In the 1950s, U.S. steelmakers produced 47 percent of the world's steel. U.S. steel plants (though most were built before World War II) were still the world's largest and most efficient. But by the mid-1960s, U.S. steelmakers knew that newly developed, basic-oxygen furnaces were more efficient than their open-hearth furnaces. New methods of continuous casting were superior to standard American techniques. Steel technology had simply progressed since most American plants were built—a fact not lost on foreign competitors. But it would have been difficult and costly for U.S. firms to fit the new technology into their old plants without completely suspending production and redesigning the plant site. They saw no reason to go to this trouble and expense, since industry profits could be maintained through careful coordination among producers.

America's automobile industry was just as complacent. Three major auto makers dominated American highways and, to a large extent, the highways of the world. They knew that newly developed stamping technologies (which had been designed by American machine-press manufacturers) could save money over the long term. They were also aware of a wide range of pollution-control devices, and more efficient engine designs. Some automobile-industry experts even predicted the trend toward smaller cars. But the industry balked at investing in basic change. It did not have to.

The U.S. electronics industry was equally comfortable. America had invented the television. In 1964, television manufacturers produced more than a million sets. In 1968, Motorola replaced the vacuum tubes in its televisions with solid-state printed-circuit boards. But RCA and Zenith, the industry leaders, were slow to follow. They did not produce a full line of solid-state color televisions until five years later, by which time Japanese manufacturers were already dominating the world market.

Other American industries also concentrated on high-volume, standardized production to the exclusion of prod-

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uct innovations: tire manufacturers, seeking only to increase volume and reduce unit costs, disregarded advances into radial tires; appliance manufacturers ignored the advent of microwave ovens; manufacturers of machine tools neglected the development of computerized controls.

Foreign competition came as a rude shock to this stable system. When the first wave of low-priced Japanese steel, automobiles, and television sets hit America's shores, in the late 1960s, producers complained that the competitive success of foreign goods was based on cheap labor, dumping, and other unfair trade practices. Japanese wage rates were significantly lower than those in America at the time, but Japan's competitive success was more a matter of technological superiority. While American steelmakers clung to their open hearths and ingot casting, Japanese steelmakers were investing heavily in basic-oxygen furnaces and continuous casting. While American auto makers toyed with style changes, Japanese auto makers were investing in the new stamping technologies, and were experimenting with more efficient engines and pollution-control devices. In 1970, just two years after Motorola introduced solid-state circuitry, Japanese television manufacturers had fully commercialized the new technology. By 1971, 90 percent of Japanese-made color televisions were solid-state. And by 1979, the Japanese, unchallenged, were flooding the American market with video cassette recorders.

The competitive threat to the U.S. came not only from Japanese companies; it came also from West German machine-tool companies, French manufacturers of radial tires, Swedish manufacturers of precision instruments, and textile manufacturers in developing countries. Nor was the problem solely a reluctance to innovate. Unaccustomed to price competition, American industry often refused to let prices respond to market conditions. The steel industry, for example, was addicted to regular price increases set by the industry leader, U.S. Steel. When Japan's steelmakers reduced their prices in the late 1960s, American firms were unable to respond in kind. Their system of administered prices and guaranteed wage increases had rendered their pricing policies far less flexible than those of the Japanese.

Unready to compete on technology or price, American producers resorted to "paper entrepreneurialism"—merely rearranging assets to maintain profits. Many also turned to government, seeking protection from imports. Dominant producers within the steel, automobile, consumer-electronics, and other industries formed political coalitions with organized labor. They petitioned the executive branch. They lobbied Congress. They sought support through the federal courts.

In 1969, for example, Big Steel and the United Steel Workers together pressured the government to obtain voluntary restraint agreements, limiting the tonnage of steel that could be exported to the United States. When these restrictions failed to stem the tide, the industry filed "anti-

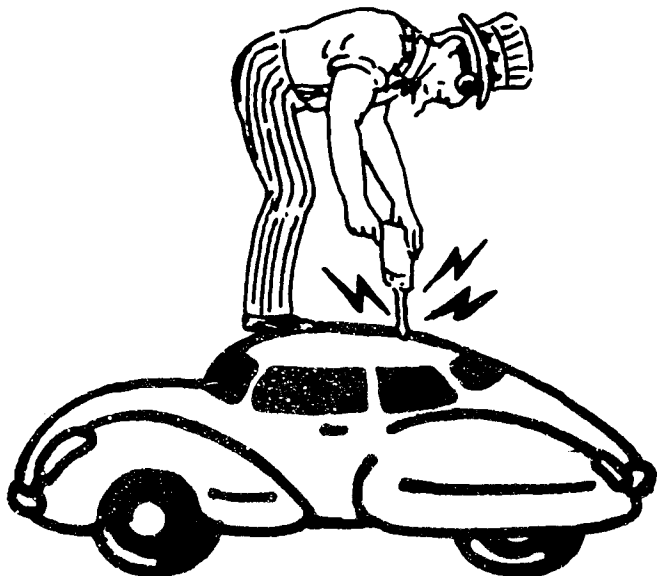
dumping" petitions, seeking countervailing duties on steel imports that had allegedly been dumped into the U.S. market at prices below their "fair market price." In 1978, the Carter Administration agreed to impose a "trigger-price" mechanism on foreign steel, which effectively barred imported steel at any price below the computed cost of production by Japan's most efficient steel producer plus transport charges, overhead, and a stipulated profit margin. The trigger-price was increased by 12 percent in 1980, after the steel industry filed new anti-dumping petitions. Last year, the industry once again filed anti-dumping petitions, and the trigger-price mechanism was suspended. The American steel industry has now obtained a formal quota on steel imports from Europe, and is seeking a quota on Japanese steel.

Other industries have followed the same pattern. Facing competitive decline, firms have responded to the challenge not with product or process innovations but with paper competition, commencing with dumping complaints and litigation and ending with various sorts of trade restrictions. In 1977, the U.S. government negotiated a marketing agreement with Japan that limited Japanese exports to the U.S. of assembled color televisions to just under 1.6 million units annually. Similar agreements were subsequently negotiated with Taiwan and South Korea. In 1978, the U.S. government substantially increased tariffs on CB radio transceivers. In April of 1981, the Reagan Administration pressured Japan into restricting its auto exports to America. At about the same time, the Administration allowed duties to be reimposed on \$3.8 billion worth of imports from Hong Kong, South Korea, Taiwan, Brazil, and Mexico—thereby substantially increasing the protection accorded American manufacturers of car parts, electrical goods, fertilizer, and chemicals. The Administration has even put quotas on imported clothespins.

American industries threatened by foreign competition have also been propped up by a wide assortment of government subsidies, special tax provisions, and subsidized loans and loan guarantees. These forms of assistance have mushroomed since the late 1960s, as global competitive pressures have increased. In 1950, for example, the total cost (in 1978 dollars) to the federal government of special tax credits and tax-depreciation allowances going to individual industries amounted to only \$7.9 billion (or approximately one percent of the gross national product). By 1980, the cost had grown to a staggering \$62.4 billion (almost 3 percent of that year's GNP). In 1950, the cost to the government of subsidized loans and loan guarantees to specific industries (measured in terms of interest charges and loan defaults) was only \$300 million. By 1980, the annual cost had grown to \$3.6 billion. Outstanding targeted federal loan guarantees now total more than \$221.6 billion. Taken together, subsidies, tax credits, and tax depreciation allowances to promote industries rose from \$8.2 billion (or one percent of the GNP) in 1950 to \$66 billion (3.1 percent of the GNP) in 1980.

The list of government benefits and beneficiaries gets longer year by year. The benefits also become better hidden. Unlike direct government spending, these loans, loan guarantees, and tax benefits are difficult to measure, because they do not show up in the annual federal budget. Nor do they require explicit congressional authorization and appropriation. In 1981, for example, the Reagan Administration merely removed from the 1982 federal budget 90 percent of the cost of direct loans to industry that it planned to make in 1983. By judicious budget editing, the Administration created the appearance of frugality.

By the same token, the so-called "voluntary" export agreements that have become popular in recent years are less visible, and therefore more politically expedient, than outright tariffs and quotas. They allow administrations to stick to their free-trade rhetoric. In the wake of the "voluntary" agreement to limit Japanese auto exports to the United States, Vice President George Bush noted that the Reagan Administration "stopped short of asking the Japanese" to take such steps, and that the Administration would not "go down the slippery slope of protectionism." Technically, he was telling the truth. It was not necessary for the United States to make a formal, explicit demand—the Japanese were made well aware of legislation pending in Congress to limit auto imports.



THESE SUBSIDIES AND IMPORT PROTECTIONS CONSTITUTE the U.S. government's principal response to the new challenge of global economic competition. But American industry has used this largesse to maintain profits—largely to maintain profits for paper-entrepreneurial exploits—rather than to build new plants, improve equipment, undertake new research and product development, or upgrade the work force. In other words, the government has financed a rearguard action to preserve America's old industrial base of high-volume, standardized production, not a campaign to meet world competition by

shifting American industry toward flexible-system production.

Most firms in the U.S. apparel, textile, footwear, and color-television industries have failed to retool once the government has offered a protective shield. The government's efforts to restrict the export of Japanese automobiles to the United States were premised on the American automobile industry's implicit agreement to use the opportunity to retool. But because that agreement was never made formal, the government and the public have no recourse now that these investment plans are falling short of their original targets. Major American steel producers similarly declined to invest in new plant and equipment during the "breathing space" they enjoyed after voluntary restrictions were imposed on imported steel. The restrictions—meant to sustain the steel industry while it retooled to meet foreign competition—went into effect in 1969. But the industry's capital expenditures for each of the next six years were below the 1968 level—while Japanese steel producers were increasing their assets by more than 23 percent per year. Nor did the American steel industry undertake any major restructuring after the trigger-price system was initiated in 1978.

Notwithstanding substantial import barriers, tax incentives, and assorted regulatory rollbacks—all designed to encourage new steel investment—the American steel industry has been diversifying out of steel at a rapid clip. In 1979, U.S. Steel walked away from thirteen steelmaking and fabricating facilities, while investing in a new shopping center near Pittsburgh and announcing that it would build major chemical facilities in Houston. Even before its recent purchase of Marathon Oil, steel had shrunk to less than 50 percent of the company's assets. National Steel, disdaining steel expansion, has decided instead to acquire three large savings-and-loan companies, worth \$6.9 billion. LTV, the corporate parent of Jones & Laughlin Steel, made an unsuccessful multimillion-dollar bid for Grumman Aircraft. Republic Steel has moved into the insurance business. And Armco has diversified itself so extensively in the past three years that it has now dropped the word "steel" from its corporate title.

This is not to suggest that steel or any other industry in distress should necessarily invest in its original product. Diversification into a more promising business may be a far better way to adapt to new competitive conditions. But distressed industries base their pleas for public assistance on the claim that they need it to regain competitiveness and avoid further layoffs, rather than simply to maintain overall corporate profitability. Despite widespread layoffs and plant closings, the American steel industry has been unwilling to place any substantial burden on its investors. Between 1972 and 1979, dividend payments averaged 49 percent of U.S. Steel's earnings and 53 percent of Bethlehem's earnings. Steel executives have let the balance sheet and the short-term bottom line dictate the competitive decline of their industry.



POLICIES TO PROTECT DECLINING INDUSTRIES ARE not only failing to promote new investment but in fact are dragging down the rest of the American economy. In an economy increasingly subject to foreign trade, any import barrier is apt to jeopardize the competitiveness of related industries. For example, the protection accorded U.S. textile manufacturers put clothing manufacturers at a disadvantage in world trade, because they had to pay higher prices for the textiles they used. To compound the damage, these restraints encouraged foreign textile manufacturers to shift their production to apparel, thereby channeling their cheap textiles into the U.S. market in the form of finished goods. Hong Kong, Korea, and Taiwan flooded the American market with cheap clothes, causing U.S. apparel manufacturers to seek protection in turn.

The U.S. steel industry's protectionist trigger-price system and the quotas that are succeeding it not only cost American consumers more than an estimated \$1 billion annually in higher prices for U.S. products that contain steel but also penalize all the U.S. industrial purchasers of steel—manufacturers of automobiles, farm machinery, appliances, and machine tools—who must now pay 25 to 35 percent more than their European and Japanese competitors for the steel they use. It should surprise no one that eleven years after voluntary export controls were first placed on steel, the U.S. automobile industry was seeking protection for itself.

Ironically, these efforts to preserve America's old industrial base have actually made the economies of Japan and several developing nations more flexible and dynamic than they otherwise would be, precisely because they have been forced to adapt to U.S. protectionist policies. Voluntary export restrictions have invited foreign manufacturers to upgrade their products in order to maintain their foreign earnings with the limited quantity they can export. Thus the restrictions have pushed foreign producers into the more expensive and specialized end of the U.S. mar-

ket, where American manufacturers otherwise have their best chance of maintaining competitiveness.

For example, since the onset of the trigger-price mechanism, Japanese steelmakers have limited shipments of steel to the United States to between 6 and 6.5 million tons annually; but the per-ton value of Japanese steel has increased significantly. The recent voluntary restriction on Japanese auto exports has had a similar effect, encouraging Japanese auto makers to produce slightly larger cars with more sophisticated engineering, which command higher prices in America.

Because foreign nations have so readily adapted themselves to the attempts of the U.S. to protect its old industrial base, each protective device lasts only a short time before additional protectionist measures become necessary. In response to a flood of imported shoes from Korea and Taiwan, voluntary export agreements were negotiated with these countries in 1977. One year later, footwear imports from Hong Kong, Italy, and Brazil had more than filled the gap. And because the 1977 agreements did not cover rubber footwear, Korean and Taiwanese manufacturers merely changed the composition of their products, substituting rubber for certain parts. In no time, millions of Americans were wearing rubber shoes from Korea and Taiwan.

The same result followed a 1977 agreement voluntarily limiting Japan's export of color-television receivers. By 1978, color sets were streaming into the United States from Taiwan and Korea. After agreements were reached with these countries, the televisions began entering the U.S. in the form of sub-assemblies and components, which were not restricted by the agreements. Since by this time most U.S. television manufacturers had already established overseas operations to produce their own sub-assemblies and components, they were in no position to seek yet another round of agreements restricting these imports as well.

Only when protectionist measures have become extraordinarily broad have they had any lasting effect. But these broad measures have had devastating effects on developing countries, which desperately need foreign trade. For example, the U.S. has recently imposed new restrictions on textile imports from Hong Kong, South Korea, and Taiwan—limiting them to an annual increase of just over half a percent. The bilateral deals that the U.S. has signed with Mexico, Pakistan, and Brazil will hold these countries to the same low export levels permitted between 1978 and 1981. Such restrictions brutally retard these nations' economic growth, perpetuating poverty and perhaps threatening world peace. And by choking off foreign earnings, they make it hard for these countries to repay loans, thus threatening the stability of Western banks.

Not even comprehensive protectionist measures can halt the decline of an industry losing in international competition. Anticipating further U.S. protectionism, Japanese and West German firms are already rushing to establish

manufacturing facilities within the United States. For example, Volkswagens are now produced in Pennsylvania, and Hondas in Ohio. But these facilities are, for the most part, assembly operations. Advanced components, made elsewhere, are merely put together by relatively unskilled American workers, who constitute the lowest-valued end of the production process—an area where America could retain long-term advantage only if wages fell drastically. Many such workers are in dead-end jobs, which count for very little in the emerging system of international trade. Those who perform them will be consigned to a relatively low standard of living, measured against the rest of the industrialized world.



IN THE EARLY 1960S, WHEN ONLY 8 PERCENT OF THE U.S. economy was subject to foreign competition, and America still enjoyed rapid growth, a decline in one high-volume industry was typically offset by increases in another. Capital and labor could shift fairly easily out of old enterprises and into new, because production processes were similar across the economy. But today, with imports comprising more than 30 percent of American manufactured goods, with much slower domestic growth, and with the only real opportunities for future growth located in a very different system of skill-intensive production, such adjustments are far more difficult. Declines are not automatically offset by growing industries that readily absorb the newly freed capital and labor. Instead, they are marked by plant closings and rising unemployment.

This gives a simple fact of political life enormous importance: old industries and their workers carry far more political power than emerging flexible-system businesses. Whole cities or regions, as well as the industries' own employees, are often dependent on declining industries' networks of suppliers, distributors, independent contractors, and service businesses. These groups exercise their political influence and exploit their well-established connec-

tions. The emerging businesses cannot match this political appeal.

Flexible-system producers, almost by definition, are small and new. Although they may offer great potential for the creation of jobs in the region, few people are now dependent on them for their livelihood. This disparity in political power between declining standardized producers and emerging flexible-system producers makes it risky for politicians to advocate policies promoting adjustment rather than protection. Declining businesses and their dependents prefer protection for the simple reason that adjustment subjects them to an uncertain future, while protection at least temporarily preserves the status quo.

It is relatively easy for organized industrial interests to impose costs on those who are unrepresented—typically consumers, emerging industries, and other major industries that bargain in other forums. Thus the U.S. steel industry has been able to obtain protection at the expense of such industries as farm equipment, automobiles, and appliances, which must now pay substantially more for the steel they use.

Rather than fight such protectionist measures directly, industries often find it politically easier to use their own avenues of access to government in order to impose the costs elsewhere in the economy. Instead of seeking to modify or eliminate the trigger-price system—a strategy that would have entailed a direct confrontation with the steel industry—American auto makers sought to improve their position by limiting Japanese-import competition. In precisely the same manner, U.S. semiconductor firms lobbied Congress last spring for import restrictions on Japanese semiconductors. U.S. computer manufacturers, whose competitive position would be hurt by any such restrictions, were reluctant to lobby against their sister industry.

The most competitive businesses within each of America's major industries, and their industrial customers, have seldom sought protection, but have often had it thrust upon them. This has been the case for a significant portion of the clothing industry, as import barriers raised textile costs; for parts of the shoe industry—particularly dealers and retailers—as footwear manufacturers obtained protection; and for specialty steel producers and auto makers, in the wake of the protection given to carbon-steel manufacturers. Similarly, it was no accident that in 1980 a robust General Motors declined to seek tariff protection against Japanese imports, while Ford clamored for it. Seeing its own profits threatened from abroad, a less confident General Motors has now joined the chorus in favor of protection.

The U.S. government could have recognized and positively responded to these differences within industries by strengthening the most competitive businesses and helping workers find new jobs. Instead, it has watched passively as one industry after another has lost market shares to foreign producers.

II. WHAT WE CAN DO

THE UNITED STATES HAS A CHOICE. WE CAN CONTINUE to endure a painful and slow economic transition, in which industrial assets and managers are endlessly rearranged through paper entrepreneurialism, political coalitions seek and obtain shelter from foreign competitors, and a growing share of American labor becomes locked into dead-end employment or unemployment. This kind of transition can lead only to a lower standard of living for many Americans. Our future wealth will come primarily from extracting coal, timber, and grain from our lands, from assembling advanced components that have been designed and fabricated elsewhere, and from distributing the resulting products to our own citizens. We will become a nation of extractors, assemblers, and retailers—relatively poor by the standards of the rest of the industrial world. This transition will be coupled with political rancor and divisiveness as the steadily shrinking economic pie is divided into ever-smaller slices.

The alternative is a dynamic economy, in which capital and labor adapt to engage the new realities of international competition. In order to ensure a high standard of living for our people in the future, the nation's economic base must shift out of standardized commodities into higher-valued goods and services that can be competitive in world trade.

That shift is not occurring as rapidly and efficiently and equitably as it should because America is not organized for the change it implies. American managers cannot raise the capital they need to make long-term investments in new products and processes. U.S. capital markets are dominated by institutional investors who move in and out of large issues at the drop of a fraction of a point in stock price. We lack a system for providing more patient capital.

American workers, meanwhile, are understandably afraid of losing their jobs. They therefore cling to rigid work rules, job classifications, and cost-of-living wage increases, which give them some degree of security in the short run but further tie the hands of managers. Workers have no easy means of preparing for higher-valued jobs. Alone of all Western industrialized nations the United States lacks any retraining program available to the majority of its labor force.

And neither group—managers nor workers—is accustomed to intense, ongoing collaboration. The older bureaucratic structures of hierarchical responsibility still predominate. They resist change, because they embody deeply held assumptions about the nature of work and authority.

Because industrial change has been so difficult to achieve, American managers have opted instead for paper entrepreneurialism, and have joined with labor in seeking protection against imports. These two short-term strategies perversely reinforce each other. As workers observe

that managers are buying other companies and engaging in creative accounting instead of investing in new products and processes, they become less willing to accept wage reductions or to give up job classifications. Why should they make these concessions if they will not lead to greater job security or to better jobs in the future? Instead, workers seek tariffs or bailouts from the government, which may help them hold on to what they have.

If U.S. management and labor could break this economic gridlock—if management had access to patient capital, labor had adequate retraining opportunities and sufficient job security, and both sides willingly restructured the organization of production—what would the resulting new American economy look like? We can only speculate, of course, but certain features seem most likely.

First, contrary to the visions of some high-technology enthusiasts, the new American economy would not be all computers and robots. Blue-collar, clerical, and retail workers would not be transformed magically into electronics engineers and programmers. Many Americans would continue to be employed in routine jobs. Not everyone is capable of maintaining precision machinery, developing computer software, or participating in a problem-solving team. And even in the new economy, many unskilled jobs—sheltered from international competition—would still need to be done. But it seems a safe assumption that among the estimated 25 million Americans now locked into dead-end employment or unemployment are vast numbers whose latent talents and untapped capacities for learning could be put to far more productive uses.

Nor would we abandon our basic industries—steel, automobiles, textiles, chemicals. Wholesale abandonment is neither feasible nor desirable. These industries are too central to the nation's present industrial structure to be merely bid farewell. Webs of suppliers and industrial purchasers are dependent on them, as are vast numbers of employees. One in six manufacturing jobs in the United States is related to the automobile industry alone.

Even more to the point, national economies evolve not through sudden and dramatic shifts among sectors but through improvements in products and processes—improvements that elaborate upon networks of suppliers, purchasers, and employees already in place. Rather than abandon basic industries, we would shift capital and labor to the highest-valued and most competitive segments of these industries—segments that are likely to expand as their world markets develop, absorbing more labor and generating new wealth.

Steel workers and mills—which in 1982 produced approximately 40 million tons of basic steel bars, sheets, and plates—would shift to specialty custom-cast steels with new additives and different levels of purification: high-tensile-strength steel, light enough to be used in fuel-efficient



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cars; steel mixed with silicon, designed to improve the efficiency of power transformers and electric motors; corrosion-resistant steel. Only about 8 million tons of specialty steels were produced in the United States in 1982, but the return on investment in specialty steel (including that produced by mini-mills) has been more than twice that of basic steel, and certain specialty steels could be highly competitive internationally.

Meanwhile, about 25 percent (up from about 12 percent now) of America's need for basic steel would be supplied by mini-mills using energy-efficient electric-arc furnaces, continuous casters, and straight-through rolling mills. Other basic steel would come from abroad (although for national-security purposes the government would underwrite the cost of building one or two new integrated mills, each with a 6-million-ton annual capacity).

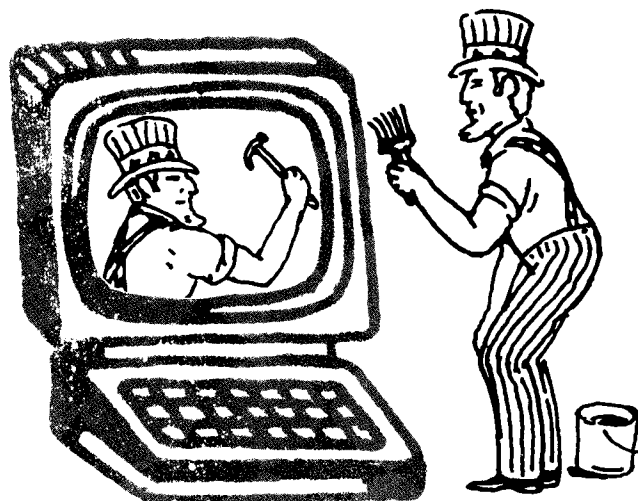
America's automobile industry likewise would shift out of low-skilled assembly operations and the production of such simple components as dashboards and seat covers. Assembly for the U.S. market would be highly automated, with computerized machines handling most of the routine work. Simple components would be imported from lower-wage countries. The majority of the more than 855,000 American workers now engaged in assembling automobiles and manufacturing their components would either monitor and service the machines or manufacture complex components, such as fuel-efficient engines, transmissions, and graphite-fiber chassis.

Other basic industries would be similarly restructured toward more skill-intensive products and processes, employing most of their former workers as markets for the higher-valued goods continued to expand. Textile manufacturers would shift out of basic cotton, wool, and simple synthetics. They would focus instead on such items as high-strength carbon fibers and specially coated polyester filaments. Chemical producers would drastically reduce capacity in ethylene and chlorine and their derivatives, while building expertise in products such as high-performance ceramics, insecticides and herbicides custom-tailored to the ecologies of particular regions, single-crystal silicon, and high-grade crystal glass. Pharmaceutical manufacturers would move into new biotechnologies, such as monoclonal antibodies, interferon, and artificial skin. Oil and coal companies would invest heavily in renewable energy sources.

Many of these shifts, in turn, would rely on advanced micro-electronics and new materials. Fiber-optic cables, lasers, process-control devices, semiconductors, and large-scale integrated circuits would be embedded within new systems for delivering services as well as for producing goods.

Indeed, distinctions between goods and services would blur in many of these higher-valued industries. As producers of basic machine tools shifted to robots and numerically controlled devices, they would also develop computer software to link the separate machines with computer-aided

systems customized for particular manufacturing needs. Producers of teletext transmitters, decoders, and terminals would provide teletext services. Suppliers of electronic office systems would simultaneously lease, maintain, and program the equipment.



THE SHIFT FROM STANDARDIZED COMMODITIES TO higher-valued, more specialized products would characterize high technologies themselves. Computer manufacturers would abandon to lesser-developed nations the simpler production tasks—assembling memory boards, for instance—in favor of more demanding processes, such as designing and fabricating made-to-order microprocessors. By the time a product generation had evolved into a relatively standardized commodity, such as 16K random access memory semi-conductor chips, the industry would have shifted to a new generation, such as 256K memory chips.

Many of these changes are already occurring within American industry. The problem is that they are not occurring quickly enough. The world is becoming a race course on which the first producer to gain a dominant share of a new market is able to maintain its lead in future markets, because it enjoys higher profits than its rivals—profits that can be applied to product and process improvements.

Already the Japanese have more than half of the world market in 64K memory chips. They have led in the introduction of the next generation—256K chips. They are on the verge of outpacing the U.S. in supercomputers. They are gaining significant shares of the world market in fiber optics, communications equipment, sensing devices, industrial ceramics, and composite materials. They are substantially ahead in computer-aided manufacturing, photovoltaics, and the application of robotics. But it is not only the Japanese who pose a challenge to America's economic future. West Germany continues to move into specialty steel, precision machinery, and specialty chemicals; France, into aircraft, nuclear-power generators, satellite

technology, and electronic switching equipment. The current recession has slowed the shift in all these nations, but we should not let short-term troughs in the business cycle make us lose sight of longer-term changes that are occurring in the structures of these economies.

These nations' governments are working with their businesses and labor unions to accomplish the shift. They are ensuring that managers obtain long-term capital and that workers obtain retraining. Many of the tools that are being used by these governments—subsidized loans, temporary tariffs or import quotas, targeted tax benefits—are similar to those used in America. But their purposes and effects are diametrically opposite: these nations are trying to guide their economies into higher-valued production.

America could take several immediate steps to help shift into higher-valued production. For example, in place of public-service job-training programs that merely perpetuate dead-end labor, we could provide unemployed workers with vouchers that they could cash in at companies for on-the-job training. Firms that accepted the vouchers would have half their training costs paid by the government, for up to three years. The program could be financed by a payroll tax paid by employees and employers. Any worker unemployed longer than three months would be eligible. The virtue of such a program is that it would match training to specific industrial needs and, by ensuring that companies themselves financed part of the training, help target program funds to firms that were serious about employing the newly trained workers. The program would also create incentives for companies to locate in high-unemployment, low-skilled regions, whose work forces would represent a substantial subsidy.

One variation on the same theme would feature retraining vouchers. These would be available to any worker who had been employed for more than two years at his present job and wished to upgrade his skills. The vouchers could be cashed in at universities or accredited training facilities, which would be reimbursed by the government.

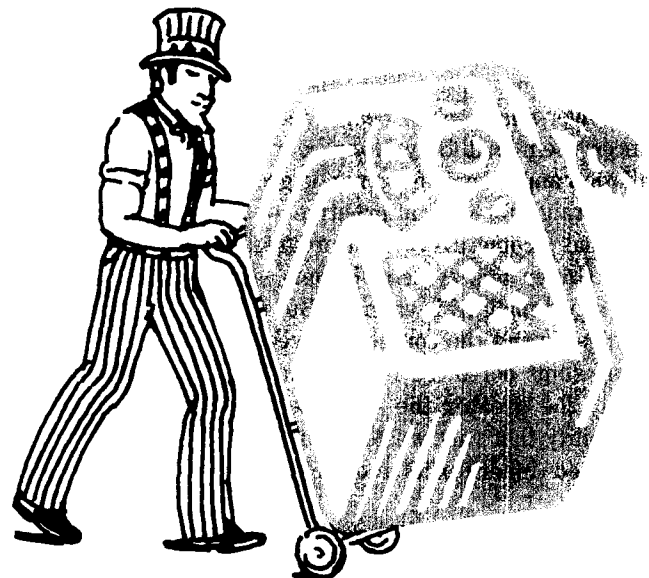
Programs like these would quickly pay for themselves. The cost would likely be quite low compared with the productivity benefits that were generated. In West Germany, which has similar programs, the cost per participant is approximately \$3,500 per year, once savings from reduced unemployment costs are taken into account.

In addition to such direct subsidies, tax incentives could be used to encourage companies to invest in upgrading their work forces and communities. The tax code now provides incentives leading in just the opposite direction: companies that wish to desert their workers and communities in pursuit of greener pastures can now deduct the costs of moving as a business expense, write off the plant and machinery left behind, and obtain tax credits and accelerated depreciation against new plant and machinery purchased at the new location. On the other hand, education and training costs to prepare employees for new jobs cannot be deducted from current income. This policy preference gen-

erates large social costs as workers and communities are left stranded within vast pockets of unemployment.

To reverse this policy preference, the tax code might permit companies to set aside an annual tax-deductible reserve fund for human-capital development, based on the number of workers on the payroll. The accumulated funds would be used for retraining and upgrading the work force within a certain number of years of their being set aside, or else the deduction would be lost. The tax code might also reward companies for remaining in their communities by giving them deductions proportional to their length of stay. In effect, this would be a kind of reverse depreciation—recognizing that the social benefits of remaining within a community (and the social costs of leaving it) often increase with the duration of a company's stay.

Tax reform might also eliminate the inconsistencies that invite paper entrepreneurialism. As of now, the tax code rewards corporations and individuals for rearranging assets and speculating on their future value. The code confuses economically sterile transactions with productive investments. It does this by, among other things, making interest payments on loans for *any* investment tax-deductible. One avenue of reform would be to allow interest deductions only for the purchase of new assets or the modernization of old ones. Under this rule, mergers and acquisitions would not qualify for tax deductions. Nor would commodity futures, paintings by old masters, or real estate. Lest millions of middle-class homeowners suddenly be impoverished, however, mortgage-interest payments on one's principal residence would still be deductible, at least in part.



INCENTIVES COULD BE RESTRUCTURED IN OTHER ways to encourage human-capital investment. For example, companies now have little to lose by laying off their employees during downturns. By foisting their payroll expenses onto the states' unemployment-insurance

funds, they reduce their fixed costs. Then, when the economy improves, the companies hire back their employees. This merely encourages employers to consider their employees as fungible commodities and discourages firms (and their employees) from making long-term investments in training. It also promotes needless unemployment.

An alternative scheme would be to make companies' payroll contributions to the unemployment-insurance system depend specifically on the extent to which their former employees have been forced to use the system in the past. If a company's practice was to lay off many of its employees every time there was a downturn in the business cycle—shifting the carrying costs for its labor "stock" onto the community—its unemployment-insurance premium would be substantially higher than that of a similar company that kept its workers employed. Like any other insured entity, the former company would be deemed a relatively bad risk, and would pay accordingly. If unemployment-insurance rates were directly pegged to a company's employment history in this way, companies would have more of an incentive to maintain their work forces intact and to invest in their long-term development.

A final change in the tax system might encourage savings (so that there is more money to invest) without giving a windfall to the rich or placing a disproportionate burden on the poor. The Reagan Administration has sought to spur savings by cutting taxes for the rich. It claims that rich people invariably save more and spend less of any extra earnings than do poor people, for the simple reason that the poor are more likely to need that extra dollar for basic necessities. But this argument is highly questionable. It is no secret that the rich are likely to spend large chunks of any new income on Persian carpets, rare paintings, antiques, yachts, luxury cars, and vacations. Conspicuous consumption like this makes many middle-class and lower-middle-class people feel even poorer, and convinces them that they alone bear the burden of fighting inflation and financing economic growth.

A straightforward alternative would be to replace the personal income tax with a progressive tax on consumption. Under this system, income would not be taxed so long as it remained in savings. But money withdrawn from savings during the course of a year would be taxable, as would sums borrowed for consumption. The more money spent, the greater the tax rate. To ensure against the possibility that vast wealth would go completely untaxed, increased inheritance and gift taxes would be necessary.

A personal consumption tax would not be difficult to administer. Banks and other savings institutions would keep records of annual personal savings deposits. A copy would be attached to a taxpayer's return, documenting his or her deduction of savings from yearly earnings for the purpose of computing taxes due. And the consumption-tax schedule could be designed to yield the same overall revenue as the income tax now yields. The only difference is that the

progressive consumption tax would encourage more savings, more equitably.

Other changes could be made in programs that use business subsidies to attract investment to various regions of the country. America's economy is based on distinct economic regions, each with its own climate, raw materials, demographics, and special needs. Major business investments ripple throughout a region, fostering skills, spinning off new innovations (consider "Silicon Valley," around Stanford University, and Route 128, around Harvard and MIT), and spawning networks of suppliers that are dependent on the region's major industries. Similarly, a region's special problems—traffic congestion, inadequate sewage treatment, disposal of toxic wastes, water shortages—are largely a function of the regional pattern of industry. Within these regional economies, public and private investments are inextricably linked. But as capital markets have become national and even international, bank lenders and institutional investors have become almost oblivious of these linkages. Private-capital markets now focus narrowly on an individual company's bottom line. Across America, money that used to remain within regions is now pouring out. By the end of last year, money-market funds had grown to more than \$220 billion, from only \$10 billion at the end of 1978; most of this growth was at the expense of financial institutions, mainly in small towns. The public response to this problem has been a welter of local tax-abatement schemes, industrial-development bonds, urban-development action grants, and Economic Development Administration loans—all of which are spread so widely and so thinly across the land that their net effects cancel one another out, burdening taxpayers and granting companies pure windfalls that fail to influence location decisions.

In place of this patchwork, and with no more expense, the federal government might establish regional development banks to provide low-interest long-term loans to industries that agree to restructure themselves to become more competitive. The banks would also supply cities and towns in the region with low-interest financing for maintaining and developing infrastructure such as roads and sewage-treatment plants. Bank directors would be appointed by state governors. The banks would finance themselves by issuing government-guaranteed bonds and shares of stock.

Taken together, changes like these would constitute a modest start toward a dynamic economy. Of course, before we were to launch on any one of them, we would want to know a great deal more about its likely effects on business strategies and possible substantive or administrative difficulties. But even if all of them were to be successfully implemented, they would not be a panacea. For the failure of America rapidly to embrace economic change is due not merely to faulty tax policies, inadequate long-term capital, and insufficient retraining opportunities. It is also due—at a deeper level—to failure within our political institutions.



AS THE UNITED STATES ECONOMY HAS SLOWED down, all participants in American enterprise—corporate executives, lawyers and financial brokers, lower-level employees, government bureaucrats—have taken advantage of opportunities to increase their own economic security at the expense of others. Every group is reluctant to risk change in its economic status for fear that the burden of change in the economy as a whole will fall disproportionately upon it. But the collective unwillingness of all participants to risk economic change is dooming everyone. America's impasse is rooted in the incapacity of its political institutions to ensure that the burdens and benefits of adjustment will be allocated fairly.

Fundamentally, the United States needs a political forum capable of generating large-scale compromise and adaptation—a national bargaining arena for allocating the burdens and benefits of major adjustment strategies. Such an arena would enable the nation to achieve a broad-based consensus about adjustment. It would enable government, business, and labor to fashion explicit agreements to restructure American industry. Protectionist measures and bailouts to preserve the status quo for particular industries would be difficult to elicit from government if they were demanded and debated in full view of industrial purchasers, emerging segments, consumers, and other groups on whom their costs would fall. Companies seeking financial support or import protection would have to ensure that the measures would be temporary and would serve to benefit the overall economy. Perhaps most important, the single arena could provide a focus for an ongoing national debate about human-capital investment.

To a limited extent, this idea lay behind the establishment of a U.S. trade representative's office in the White House. But its jurisdiction is far too constrained, its powers too circumscribed and advisory, and the bargaining over which it presides too covert for this office to become a

forum for building a consensus about structural change in America. We have only to compare it with the comprehensive bargaining arena in which West German structural policy is formulated—where industry, labor, finance, and government leaders thrash out workable agreements on wage rates, selective credit policies, and adjustment—or with the structure and influence of Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry, to comprehend the scale and effort that is needed.

This is not to suggest that either West Germany or Japan provides the United States with an appropriate model. The relative ease with which a consensus about structural policy has been achieved in both countries may have more to do with their recently feudal (and more recently totalitarian) histories than with institutional design.

America is blessed with a highly contentious political system in which disorder, opportunism, and ad hoc arrangements abound and in which hierarchical mass organizations have never found much support. But this by no means rules out the possibility of a more open, more public debate about economic change, in which bargains can be struck "wholesale" in place of the covert "retailing" that now dominates the cloakrooms of Congress, the boardrooms of America's giant corporations, and the courtrooms of every judicial district.

The answer is not "national planning," if we take that term to mean the centralized drafting of detailed blueprints for future economic management. We already have that sort of planning. We have had managerial planning for decades—within our giant corporations and government agencies. Managerial planning depends on stability, predictability, and control. It seeks to be apolitical—a legacy of the management era in America. It is becoming dangerously obsolete as America is caught up in the unpredictable dynamic of international competition. Instead, we need a political forum as versatile as flexible-system enterprises—less concerned with making "correct" decisions than with making correctable ones; less obsessed with avoiding error than with detecting and correcting for error; more devoted to responding to changing conditions and encouraging new enterprises than to stabilizing the environment for old enterprises.

This is not to suggest that America should seek to politicize every major economic issue. The point is that any important economic choice is by nature political, but the political dimension is often systematically obscured. This submergence of politics results in economic policies whose burdens and benefits are allocated in ways that many people ultimately consider unfair. Americans, like most people, reject or resist painful decisions that they have had no part in making. Efforts to submerge politics serve only to pervert it. America's accelerating slide into industrial preservation is the most obvious but by no means the only illustration of this fact. Only when political considerations are dealt with openly can we avoid the dilemma of inefficient special-interest policies or institutional paralysis.

Adjustment cannot proceed without mechanisms for explicit bargaining among economic groups and without institutions with the authority to monitor and guarantee the consensus.

The biggest barrier to active adjustment is not technical but ideological. For fifty years Americans have been embroiled in an endless debate over the relative merits of two highly artificial concepts: the "free market" and "national planning." The real choice facing America is rather between evading the new global context and engaging it—between protecting the American economy from the international market while generating paper profits, and adapting it to meet international competition. Either way, government will be actively involved. And though the form of government involvement may be different, the fact of it will be nothing new.

Many Americans feel that government should—and, but for regrettable lapses, does—refrain from interfering with the market. We may even acknowledge that the market itself is a product of public institutions that establish property rights and liability rules and determine how contracts are to be enforced. But we see these as neutral "rules of the game" that do not selectively affect specific industries or groups.

The enduring myth of the unmanaged market illustrates the power of ideology over political reality. The broad array of tariffs, quotas, voluntary export agreements, and bailouts for declining businesses that now pervades our economic system is somehow considered an isolated exception to the government's normal role of benign neglect, while our defense-related contracts, targeted tax breaks, and assorted subsidies for particular industries are seen as separate issues, unrelated to industrial development or to the dynamics of the market. Many Americans object to the subsidies foreign governments offer their emerging industries but then fail to acknowledge the seminal role defense and aerospace projects play in the development of our own emerging industries. We demand that foreign governments reduce the procurement preferences they give certain of their domestic industries but then demand that our own large, regulated manufacturers buy only from American producers. In short, our mythic assumptions lag behind our economic reality: every industry in America is deeply involved with and dependent on government. The competitive position of every American firm is affected by government policy. No sharp distinction can validly be drawn between private and public sectors within this or any other advanced industrialized country; the economic effects of public policies and corporate decisions are completely intertwined. But so long as this pattern of govern-

ment involvement is hidden from public view, the result will continue to be historic preservation of an outmoded industrial base.

These disjunctures between ideology and reality make it doubly difficult for policy-makers to choose adjustment over protection. So long as all government assistance to businesses and to individual citizens is seen as somehow illegitimate, the government is forced to respond to each industry's plea for assistance with special emergency interventions, as if it were an exceptional case. Industry participates in this charade, disguising its long-term strategies to obtain government supports through targeted benefits embedded within particular tax laws, appropriations, agency regulations, court rulings, and executive orders. Because neither government nor business can admit to the intimacy of the relationship, both sides treat it as an illicit affair, hiding it from public view and thereby undermining the chances for those aspects of the relationship that promote positive adjustment to earn cultural legitimacy.

Above all, this false choice—the free market versus central planning, business culture versus civic culture—has prevented us from understanding the importance of human capital to America's future.

In high-volume production, most of a firm's value is represented by physical assets, while the principal stores of value in flexible-system enterprises are human assets. Specialized machines and unskilled workers cannot adapt easily to new situations. Flexible machines and teams of skilled workers can. Only people can recognize and solve novel problems; machines can merely repeat solutions already programmed within them. The future prosperity of America and all the other industrialized countries will depend on their citizens' ability to recognize and solve new problems, for the simple reason that processes that make routine the solution to older problems are coming to be the special province of developing nations. Industries of the future will depend not on physical "hardware," which can be duplicated anywhere, but on human "software," which can retain a technological edge.

Financial-capital formation is becoming a less important determinant of a nation's well-being than human-capital formation. Financial capital is highly mobile. It crosses international borders with the speed of an electronic impulse. International savings are flowing around the globe to wherever they can be put to use. But a nation's store of human capital is relatively immobile internationally. The skills, knowledge, and capacity to work together within America's labor force will determine our collective standard of living. □

JADE BUDDHAS, RED BRIDGES, FRUITS OF LOVE

A SHORT STORY
BY ELLEN GILCHRIST



SHE HAD WRITTEN TO HIM, SINCE NEITHER OF THEM had a phone.

I'll be there Sunday morning at four. It's called the Night Owl flight in case you forget the number. The number's 349. If you can't come get me I'll get a taxi and come on over. I saw Johnny Vidocovitch last night. He's got a new bass player. I want to go to that chocolate place in San Francisco the minute I get there. And lie down with you in the dark for a million years. Or in the daylight. I love you.

Nora Jane

He wasn't there. He wasn't at the gate. Then he wasn't in the terminal. Then he wasn't at the baggage carousel. Nora Jane stood by the carousel putting her hat on and taking it off, watching a boy in cowboy boots kiss his girlfriend in front of everyone at the airport. He would run his hands down her flowered shirt, then kiss her again.

Finally the bags came. Nora Jane got her flat shoes out of her backpack and went on out to find a taxi. I should have had a phone, she told herself. I knew I should have had a phone.

She found a taxi and was driven off into the hazy early-morning light of San Jose. The five hundred and forty dollars she had gotten from the robbery was rolled up in her bag. The hundred and twenty she had saved from her job was in her bra. She had been awake all night. And something was wrong. Something had gone wrong.

Nora Jane was nineteen years old, a self-taught anarchist and a quick-change artist, and only eighteen hours before, she had robbed a bar in uptown New Orleans, leaving four men, including a federal judge, locked in the ladies' rest room.

Nora Jane was not a hardened criminal. She had only

been a criminal for half a year. Before that she had been a Roman Catholic and a record salesclerk. She had robbed the bar to get money to join her boyfriend in California. The whole time she was planning and pulling off the robbery, all she thought about was Sandy Halter's soft blond hair. Flying across the United States in the middle of the night, she had begun to think of other things. Like her fingerprints all over the cash register in the bar. Like the house of detention and the central lockup and the federal penitentiary in Atlanta.

"You been out here before?" the taxi driver was saying.

"It's the first time I've been farther west than Alexandria," she said. "I've hardly ever been anywhere."

"How old are you?" he said. He was in a good mood. He had just gotten a \$100 tip from a movie star. Besides, the little black-haired girl in the back seat had the kind of face you couldn't help being nice to.

"I'll be twenty this month," she said. "I'm a Moonchild. They used to call it Cancer, but they changed. Do you believe that stuff?"

"I don't know," the driver said. "Some days I believe in anything. Look over there. Sun's coming up behind the mountains."

"Oh, my," she said. "I forgot there would be mountains."

"On a clear day you can see Mt. Diablo. You ought to go while you're out here. You can see 80 percent of California from it. You came out to visit someone?"

"My boyfriend. Well, he's my fiancé. He wasn't sure he could meet me. Is it far? To where I'm going?" They were in a neighborhood now, driving past a row of stucco cottages built close together, like houses in the Irish Channel. The yards looked brown and bare, as if they needed rain.

"Couple of blocks. These are nice old neighborhoods. My sister used to live out here. It's called the Lewis tract." He turned a corner and came to a stop before a pink house with an overgrown yard.

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"Four-fifty-one. Is that right?"

"That's right."

"You want me to wait till you see if anyone's here?"

"No, I'll just get out."

"You sure?"

"I'm sure." She watched as he backed and turned and went on off down the road, little clouds of dust rising behind the wheels. She stood looking up the path to the door. A red tree, peeling like a sunburn, shaded the yard. Here and there a few scraggly petunias bloomed in boxes. *Get your ass out here and see where the USA is headed*, Sandy had written her. *I've got lots of plans. No phone as yet. Bring some French bread. Everything out here is sourdough. Yours forever, Sandy.* He's here, she thought. I know he's here.

She walked up the path. There was a spider's web across the screen door. They can make one overnight, she told herself. It's nothing to make one overnight.

She rang the doorbell and waited. Then she walked around to the back and looked in the window. She saw a large room with a modern-looking stove and a tile floor. I'm going in, she decided. I'm worn out. I'm going in.

She picked up a rock and broke a pane of glass in the door, then picked out all the remaining pieces and put them in a pile under the steps. She reached her hand through the opening, undid the latch, and went in. It was Sandy's house. His old Jazzfest poster of Dr. John and the Mardi Gras Indians was hanging on a wall. He'll be back, she thought. He's just gone somewhere.

She walked around the house looking for clues. She found only a map of San Francisco with some circles drawn on it, and a list, on an envelope from something called the Paris Hotel. "Willits," it said. "Berkeley, Sebastopol, Ukiah, Petaluma, Occidental."

She walked into the kitchen looking for something to eat. The refrigerator was propped open with a blue tile. Maybe he's in jail, she thought. Maybe I got here just in time.

She reached up and with her fingernail flipped open a greeting card that was tacked up over the stove. On the outside was a photograph of a snow-covered mountain with purple fields below and blue skies above. A hawk, or perhaps it was a buzzard, was flying over the mountain. **FREEDOM IS THE GREATEST GIFT THAT ONE CAN GIVE ANOTHER**, the card said. **IT IS A GIFT BORN OF LOVE, TRUST, AND UNDERSTANDING.** Nora Jane pulled out the pushpin and read the message inside.

Dear Sandy,

I am glad I am going to be away from you during our two weeks of abstinence. You were so supportive once you realized I was freaking out. I want to thank you for being there for me. We have climbed the mountain together now and also the valley. I hope the valley wasn't too low for you.

We will both hopefully grow from this experience. I want us to have many more meaningful experiences

together. I love you more than words can say. In deepest friendship,

Pam

I'm hungry, Nora Jane thought. I'm starving. She walked over to a bed in a corner. She guessed it was a bed. It was a mattress on top of a platform made of some kind of green stone. It looked more like a place to sacrifice someone than a place to sleep.

She put her pack up on the bed and began riffling through the pockets for the candy bar she had saved from a snack on the plane. When she found it she tore open the cardboard box and began to eat the candy, slowly at first, then faster. *I don't know*, she thought. *I just don't know.* She leaned up against the platform, eating the chocolate, watching the light coming in the window through the leaves of a tree, making patches on the mattress. Maybe that's all we are, she thought. Patches of light and darkness. Things that cast shadows.

She ate the rest of the candy, stopping every now and then to lick her fingers. When she was finished, she folded the candy box and put it away in her pack. Nora Jane never littered anything. So far in her life she had not thrown down a single gum wrapper.

DURING THE NEXT WEEK THERE WERE FOUR EARTHQUAKES in the Bay Area. A five-point, then a four-point, then a two, then a three. The first one woke her in the middle of the night. She was asleep in a room she had rented near the Berkeley campus. She had taken a bus from San Jose to Berkeley because she'd heard it was a good place for young people to be. At first she thought a cat had walked across the bed. Then she thought the world had come to an end. Then the lights went on. Everyone in the house gathered in the upstairs hall. When the excitement wore down, a Chinese mathematician and his wife fixed tea in their room. "Very lucky to be here for that one," Tam Suyin assured Nora Jane. "Sometimes have to wait long time to experience big one."

"I was in a hurricane once," Nora Jane said. "I had to get evacuated when Camille came."

"Oh," Tam said to her husband. "Did you hear that? Miss Whittington have to be evacuated during hurricane. Which one you find most interesting experience, Miss Whittington, earthquake or hurricane?"

"I don't know," Nora Jane said. She was admiring the room, which was as bare as a nun's cell. "I guess the hurricane. It lasted longer."

The next morning she felt better than she had in a week. She was almost glad to be alive. She bought croissants from a little shop on Tamalpais Street, then spent some time decorating her room to look like a nun's cell. She put everything she owned in the closet. She covered the bed with a white sheet. She took down the drapes. She put the rug away and cleaned the floor. She bought flowers and put them on the dresser.

That afternoon she found a theatrical-supply store on Shattuck Avenue and bought a stage pistol. It was time to get to work.

"What are you doing?" the proprietor said.

"Happy Birthday, Nora Jane. Have you ever seen it?"

"The Vonnegut play? The one with the animal heads?"

"No, this is an original script. It's being done by a new group on the campus."

"Bring a poster by when you get them ready. We like to advertise our customers."

"I'll do that," she said. "As soon as we get some printed."

"When's it scheduled for?"

"Oh, right away. As soon as we can whip it together."

FREDDY HARWOOD WALKED DOWN TELEGRAPH AVENUE thinking about everyone who adored him. He had just run into Buiji. She had let him buy her a café mocca at the Met. She had let him hold her hand. She had told him all about the horrible time she was having with Dudley. She told him about Dudley's au pair girl and the night he threatened her with a gun and the time he choked her and what he said about her friends. It was Freddy she loved, she said. Freddy she adored. Freddy she worshiped. Freddy's hairy stomach and strong arms and level head she longed for. She was counting the days until she was free.

I ought to run for office, he was thinking. And to think I could have thrown it all away. I could have been a wastrel like Augustine. But no, I chose another way. The prince's way. Noblesse oblige. Ah, duty, sweet mistress.

Freddy Harwood was the founder and owner of the biggest and least profitable bookstore in northern California. He had one each of every book in the English language worth reading. He had everything that was still in print and a lot that was out of print. He knew dozens of writers. Writers adored him. He gave them autograph parties and unlimited credit, and kept their books in stock. He even read their books. He went that far.

In return, they were making him famous. Already he was the hero of three short stories and a science-fiction film. *California Magazine* had named him one of the Bay Area's ten most eligible bachelors. Not that he needed the publicity. He already had more women than he knew what to do with. He had Aline and Rita and Janey and Lila and Barbara Hunnicutt, when she was between tournaments. Not to mention Buiji. Well, he was thinking about settling down. *There are limits*, he said to himself. *Even to Grandmother's money. There are perimeters, and prices to pay.*

He wandered across Blake Street against the light, trying to choose among his women. A man in a baseball cap took him by the arm and led him back to the sidewalk.

"Nieman," Freddy said. "What are you doing in town?"

"Looking for you. I've got to see three films between now and midnight. Go with me. I'll let you help write the reviews."



"I can't. I'm up to my ass in the IRS. I'll be working all night."

"Tomorrow, then. I'm at Gautier's. Call me for breakfast."

"If I get through. If I can."

"Holy shit," Nieman said. "Did you see that?" Nora Jane had just passed them going six miles an hour down the sidewalk. She was wearing black-and-white-striped running shorts and a pair of canvas wedgies with black ankle straps, her hair curling all over her head like a dark cloud.

"This city will kill me," Freddy said. "I'm moving back to Gualala."

"Let's catch her," Nieman said. "Let's take her to the movies."

"I can't," Freddy said. "I have to work."

An hour later his calculator broke. He banged it on the desk several times, then beat it against the chair. Still no light. He laid it down on a pile of papers and decided to take a break.

Nora Jane was sitting by a window of the Atelier reading *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. She was deep into a description of Uncle Pio. "He possessed the six attributes of the adventurer—a memory for names and faces, with the aptitude for altering his own; the gift of tongues; inexhaustible invention; secrecy; the talent for falling into conversation with strangers; and that freedom from conscience that springs from a contempt for the dozing rich he preyed upon." That's just like me, Nora Jane was thinking. She felt in her bag for the gun. It was still there.

Freddy sat down at a table near hers. Your legs are proof of the existence of God. No, not that. What if she's an atheist? If I could decipher the Rosetta Stone of your ankle straps. My best friend just died. My grandmother owns Sears, Roebuck.

"I haven't seen one of those old Time-Life editions of that book in years," he said. "May I look at that a minute?"

"Sure you can," she said. "It's a great book. I bought it in New Orleans. That's where I'm from."

"Ah, the Crescent City. I know it well. Where did you live? In what part of town?"

"Near the park. Near Tulane."

"On Exposition?"

"No, on Story Street. Near Calhoun." She handed him the book. He took it from her and sat down at the table.

"Oh, this is very interesting, finding this," he said. "Look at this cover. You don't see them like this now."

"I've been looking for a bookstore to go to," she said. "I haven't been here long. I don't know my way around yet."

"Well, the best bookstore in the world is right down the street. Finish your coffee and I'll take you there. I'm Freddy Harwood. Clara, I call it. The store. For light. You know, the patron saint of light."

"Oh, sure," she said. "I'm Betty. Betty Walker. Betty Walker James." She stood up, to cover the lie. *The stranger*, she told herself. *This is the stranger*.

THEY MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH A SEA OF ICE-cream chairs and out onto the sidewalk. The summer session had just ended at Berkeley, and Telegraph Avenue was quiet, almost deserted. When they got to the store, Freddy turned the key in the lock and held the door open for her. "Sorry it's so dark," he said. "It's on an automatic switch."

"Is anyone here?" she asked.

"Only us."

"Good," she said. She took the pistol out of her purse and stepped back and pointed it at him. "I am robbing you," she said. "I came to get money. Please take me to the office."

"Oh, come on," he said. "You've got to be kidding. Put that gun down."

"I mean it," she said. "This is not a joke. I have killed. I will kill again." He put his hands over his head as he had seen prisoners do in films and led the way to his office through a field of books, a bright meadow of books, one hundred and nineteen library tables piled high with books.

"Listen, Betty," he began.

"I came to get money," she said. "Where is the money? Don't talk to me. Just tell me where you put the money."

"Some of it's in my pocket," he said. "The rest is locked up. We don't keep much here. It's mostly charge accounts."

"Where's the safe? Come on. Don't make me mad."

"It's behind that painting. Listen, I'll have to help you take that down. That's a Helen Watermeir. She's my aunt. She'll kill me if anything happens to that painting."

Nora Jane had moved behind his desk. "Try not to mess up those papers," he said. "I gave up a chance to canoe the Eel River to work on those papers."

"What's it a painting of?" she said.

"It's A. E."

"A. E.?"

"Abstract Expressionism."

"Oh, I know about that. Sister Celestine said it was from painters riding in airplanes all the time. She said that's what things look like to them from planes. You know, I was thinking about that flying up here. We flew over all these salt ponds. They were these beautiful colors. I was thinking about those painters."

"I'll have to let you tell Aunt Helen that. She's really defensive about A. E. right now. That might cheer her up. Now, listen here, Betty, hasn't this gone far enough? Can't you put that gun down? They put people in prison for that." She was weakening. She was looking away. He pressed his luck. "Nobody with legs like yours should be in prison."

"This is what I do," she said. "I'm an anarchist. I don't know what else to do." The gun was pointing to the floor.

"Oh," he said. "There are lots of better things to do in San Francisco than rob a bookstore."

"Name one," she said.

"Oh, you could go with me," he said. He went for his old standby. "We could go, you and I, while 'the evening is spread out against the sky, like a patient etherized upon a

table . . . Oh, do not ask "What is it?" Let us go and make our visit."

"I know that poem," she said. "We had it in English." She wasn't pointing the gun at him, and she was listening. Of course he had never known "The Love Song" to fail. He had seen hardhearted graduate students pull off their sweaters by the third line.

"We could go 'through certain half-deserted streets, the muttering retreats of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels and sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells.' " He kept going. Hitting the high spots. Watching for signs of boredom. By the time he got to "tea and cakes and ices," she had begun to cry. When he got to the line about Prince Hamlet she laid the gun down beside the broken calculator and dissolved in tears. "My name isn't Betty," she said. "I hate the name of Betty. My name is Nora Jane Whittington and tomorrow is my birthday. Oh, goddamn it all to hell. Oh, goddamn everything in the whole world to hell."

He came from behind the desk and put his arms around her. She felt as good as she looked. "I'm going home and turn myself in," she was sobbing. "They've got my fingerprints. They've got my handwriting. I'm going to have to go live in Mexico."

"No, you aren't," he said. "Come along. Let's go eat dinner. I've been dreaming all day about the prawns at Narsai's."

"I don't want any prawns," she said. "I don't even know what prawns are. I want to go to that chocolate store. I want to go to that chocolate store my boyfriend told me about."

MANY HOURS LATER, THEY WERE SITTING IN THE middle of a eucalyptus grove on the campus, watching the stars through the trees. She was wrapped in his coat. The fog had lifted.

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall," Freddy was saying, but she interrupted him.

"Do you think birds live up there?" she said. "That far up?"

"I don't know," he said. "I never thought about it."

"It doesn't look like they would want to nest that high up. I watch birds a lot. I mean, I'm not a birdwatcher, or anything like that. But I used to go out on the seawall and watch the sea gulls. And feed them bread or chicken scraps. Did you ever think about how soft flying seems? How soft they look, like they don't have any edges?"

"I took some glider lessons once. But I couldn't get into it. I don't care how safe they say it is."

"I don't mean people flying. I mean birds."

"Well, look, how about coming home with me tonight. I want you to spend the night. You can start off your birthday in my hot tub."

"You've got a hot tub in your house?"

"And a redwood deck and a vegetable garden, corn, okra, squash, beans, skylights, silk kimonos, futon, orange

trees. If you come over you won't have to go anyplace else the whole time you're in California. And movies. I just got *Chariots of Fire*. I haven't even had time to see it yet."

"All right," she said. "I guess I'll go."

Much later, sitting in his hot tub, she told him all about it. "Then there was this card tacked up over the stove from this girl. You wouldn't believe that card. I wouldn't send anyone one of those cards for a million dollars. We used to have those cards at The Mushroom Cloud. Anyway, now I don't know what to do. I guess I'll go on home and turn myself in. They've got my fingerprints. I left them all over everything."

"We could have your fingers sanded. Did you ever see that movie? With Bette Davis as twin sisters? And Glenn Ford?"

"I can't stay out here," she said. "I don't know how to take care of myself out here."

"I'll take care of you," he said. "Listen, N. J., you want me to tell you the rest of that quote I was telling you, or not?"

"The one about the trees dying?"

"No, the one about the lice."

"All right," she said. "Go on. Tell the whole thing. I forgot the first part." She had already figured out there wasn't any stopping him once he decided to quote something.

"It's from Heraclitus. Now, listen, this is really good: 'All men are deceived by the appearances of things, even Homer himself, who was the wisest man in Greece; for he was deceived by boys catching lice: they said to him, 'What we have caught and what we have killed we have left behind, but what has escaped us we bring with us.' "

"Am I supposed to say something?" she said.

"Not unless you want to. Come on, let's get to bed. Tomorrow we begin the F. Slazenger Harwood memorial tour of the Bay Area. The last girl who got it was runner-up for Miss America. It was wasted on her, however. She didn't even shiver when she put her finger in the passion fruit."

"What all do we have to do?" Nora Jane said.

"We have to see your chocolate store and the seismograph and the Campanile and the Pacific Ocean and the redwood trees. And a movie. At least one movie. There's this great documentary about Werner Herzog playing. He kills all these people trying to move a boat across a forest in Brazil. At the end he says, 'I don't know if it was worth it. I don't know if movies are worth all this.' "

The tour moved from the Cyclotron to Chez Panisse, from Muir Woods to Toroya's, from the Chinese cemetery to Bolinas Reef.

It began with the seismograph. "That needle is connected to a drum deep in the earth," Freddy said, as though quoting from a high school science lecture. "You could say that needle has its finger on the earth's heart. When the



plates shift, when the mantle buckles, it tells us just how much and where."

"What good does that do," Nora Jane said, "if the building you're in is falling down?"

"Come on," he said. "We're late to the concert at the Campanile."

They drove all over town in Freddy's new De Lorean. "Why does this car have fingerprints all over it?" Nora Jane asked. "If I had a car this nice, I'd keep it waxed."

"It's made of stainless steel. You can't wax stainless steel."

"If I got a car I'd get a baby-blue convertible," she said. "This girl at home, Dany Nasser, that went to Sacred Heart with me, had one. She kept promising to let me drive it but she never did."

"You can drive my car," he said. "You can drive it all day long. You can drive it anywhere you want."

"Except over bridges," she said. "I don't drive over bridges."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. It always seems like there's nothing underneath them. Like there's nothing there."

He asked her to move in with him, but she turned him down. "I couldn't do that," she said. "I wouldn't want to live with anyone just now."

"Then let's get matching tattoos. Or have a baby. Or buy a dog. Or call up everyone we know and tell them we can't see them anymore."

"There isn't anyone for me to call," she said. "You're the only one I know."

A FEW WEEKS LATER, SANDY FOUND HER. NORA Jane was getting ready to go to work. She was putting in her coral earrings when Tam Suyin called her to the phone.

"I was in Colorado," he said. "I didn't get your letter until a week ago. I've been looking all over the place for you. Finally I called New Orleans and got your phone number."

"Who's Pam?" she said. "Tell me about Pam."

"So you're the one who broke my window."

"I'll pay for your window. Tell me about Pam."

"Pam was a mistake. She took advantage of me. Look, Nora Jane, I've got big plans for us. I've got something planned that only you and I could do. I mean, this is big money. Where are you? I want to see you right away."

"Well, you can't come now. I'm on my way to work. I've got a job, Sandy."

"A job?"

"In an art gallery. A friend got it for me."

"What time do you get off? I'll come wait for you."

"No, don't do that. Come over here at five. It's 1512 Arch Street. In Berkeley. Can you find the way?"

"I'll find the way."

She called Freddy and broke a date to go to the movies. "I have to talk to him," she said. "I have to give him a chance to explain."

"Oh, sure," he said. "Do whatever you have to do."

"Don't sound like that."

"What do you want me to do? Pretend I don't care? Your old boyfriend shows up at eight o'clock in the morning . . . the robber baron shows up, and I'm supposed to act like I think it's great."

"I'll call you tomorrow."

"Don't bother. I won't be here. I'm going out of town."

Freddy worked all morning and half the afternoon without giving in to his desire to call her. By two-thirty his sinus headache was so bad he could hardly breathe. He stood on his head for twenty minutes, reciting *The Four Quartets*. Nothing helped. At three he stormed out of the store. I'm sitting on her steps till she gets home from work, he told himself. I can't make myself sick just to be a nice guy. Unless that bastard picks her up at work. What if he picks her up at work? He'll drag her into drugs. She'll end up in the state pen. He'll put his mouth on her mouth. He'll put his mouth on her legs. He'll touch her hands. He'll touch her hair.

Freddy trudged up Arch Street with his chin on his chest, ignoring the flowers and the smell of hawthorn and bay, ignoring the pines, ignoring the sun, the clear light, the cool, clean air.

At the corner of Arch and Brainard he started having second thoughts. He stood on the corner with his hands stuck deep in his pockets. A white Lincoln with Colorado plates pulled up in front of Nora Jane's house. A tall boy got out and walked up onto the porch. He inspected the row of mailboxes. He had an envelope in his hand. He put it into one of the boxes and hurried back down the steps. A woman was waiting in the car. They talked a moment, then drove off down the street.

That's him, Freddy thought. That's the little son-of-a-bitch. The Suyins' Pomeranian met him in the yard. He knocked it out of his way with the side of his foot and pried open Nora Jane's mailbox. The envelope was there, in between an advertisement and a letter from a politician.

Angel, I have to go to Petaluma on business. I'll call tonight. After eight. Maybe you can come up and spend the weekend. I'm really sorry about tonight. I'll make it up to you. Yours forever,

Sandy

When he finished reading it he wadded it up and stuck it in his pocket. "All right," he said out loud. "I'll show him anarchy. I'll show him *business*. I'll show him war."

He walked back down to Shattuck Avenue and hailed a taxi. "Where's the nearest Ford place?" he asked the driver. "Where's the nearest Ford dealer?"

"There's Moak's, down the street. Unless you want to go to Oakland. You want me to take you to Moak's?"

"That's fine," Freddy said. "Moak's is fine with me."

"I wouldn't have a Ford," the driver said. "You couldn't give me a Ford. I wouldn't have a thing but a Toyota."

Moak's had just what he was looking for. A baby-blue convertible, sitting in the window with the sunlight gleaming off its chrome and glass. The interior was an even lighter blue, with leather seats and a soft blue carpet.

"I'll need a tape deck," he said to the salesman. "How long does it take to install a tape deck?"

At six-thirty he called her from a pay phone near her house. "I don't want to bother you," he said. "I just want to apologize for this morning. I just wanted to make sure you're okay."

"I'm not okay," she said. "I'm terrible. I'm just terrible."

"Could I come over? I've got a present for you."

"A present?"

"It's blue. I bought you something blue."

She was waiting on the porch when he drove up. She walked down the steps trying not to look at it. It was so blue. So very blue. He got out and handed her the keys.

"People don't give other people cars," she said. "They don't just give someone a car."

"I do whatever I need to do," he said. "It's my charm, my fabled charisma."

"Why are you doing this, Freddy?"

"So you'll like me better than old Louisiana Joe. Where is he, by the way? I thought you had a big date with him."

"I broke the date. I didn't feel like seeing him right now. Did you really buy me that car?"

"Yes, I really did. Get in. See how good it smells. I got a tape deck but they can't put it in until Thursday. You want the top down or not?"

She opened the car door and settled her body into the soft seat. She turned the key. "I better not put it down just yet. I'll put it down in a minute. I'll stop somewhere and put it down later."

She drove off down Arch Street, wondering if she was going crazy. "You don't have to stop to put it down," he said. He reached across her and pushed a button, then knelt on the seat, took hold of the bar, and the blue accordion top folded down like a wing. He opened it again, then closed it, then started to open it again.

"Stop doing that," she said. "You'll make me have a wreck. Where should I go, Freddy? I don't know where to go."

"We could go by the Komatsu showroom and watch ourselves driving by, in their glass walls . . . Don't look like that, N. J. It's okay to have a car. Cars are all right. They satisfy our need for strong emotions."

"Just tell me where to go."

"I want to take you to the park and show you the Brun-

dage Collection, but I'm afraid they're closed this time of day. They have this jade buddha. It's like nothing you've ever seen in your life. I know, let's give it a try. Go down University. We'll drive across a couple of bridges. You need to learn the bridges."

"I can't drive across a bridge. I told you that."

"Of course you can. We'll do the Oakland first, then the Golden Gate. You can't live here if you can't go across the bridges. You won't be able to go anywhere."

"I can't do it, Freddy. I can't even drive across the Huey P. Long, and it's only over the Mississippi."

"Listen to me a minute," he said. "I want to tell you about these bridges. People like us didn't build these bridges, N. J. People like Teddy Roosevelt and Albert Einstein and Aristotle built those bridges. People like my father. The Golden Gate is so overbuilt you could stack cars two deep on it and it wouldn't fall."

"Go on," she said. "I'm listening." She was making straight for the Oakland Bay Bridge, with the top down. In the distance, the red girders of the Golden Gate gleamed in the sun. She gripped the wheel and turned onto University Avenue, heading for the Bay.

"All right," he continued, "about these bridge builders. They get up every morning and put on a clean shirt and fill their pockets with pencils. They go out and add and subtract and read blueprints and put pilings all the way down to the bedrock. Then they build a bridge so strong their great-grandchildren can ride across it without getting hurt. My father helped raise money for the Golden Gate. That's how strong it is."

Nora Jane had driven right by the sign pointing to the Oakland Bridge. The little car hummed beneath her fingers. She straightened her shoulders. She kept on going. "All right," she said. "I'll try it. I'll give it a try."

"I wish to hell the Brundage was open. You've got to see this buddha. It's unbelievable. It's only ten inches high. You can see every wrinkle. You can see every rib. The jade's the color of celadon. Oh, lighter than that. It's translucent. It just floats there."

"Don't talk so much until I get through this gate," she said. She almost sideswiped a black Mazda station wagon getting into the lane. There was a little boy in the back seat. He was wearing a crown. He put his face to the window and waved.

"Did you see that?" Nora Jane said. "Did you see what he's wearing?" She shook her head, then drove through the tollgate and out onto the bridge. She was into it now. She was doing it.

"Loosen up," Freddy said. "Loosen up on the wheel.

This buddha I was telling you about, N. J. It's more the color of seafoam. You've never seen jade like this. It's indescribable. It's got a light of its own. Well, we'll never make it today. I know what, we'll stop in Chinatown and have dinner. I want you to have some Dim Sum. And tomorrow, tomorrow we're going to Mendocino. The hills are like yellow velvet this time of year. You'll want to put them on and wear them."

I haven't been to confession in two years, Nora Jane was thinking. What am I doing in this car?

The Mazda passed them again. The boy with the crown was at the back window now, looking out the open window of the tailgate, eating a package of nacho-cheese-flavored Doritos and drinking a Coke. He held up a Dorito to Nora Jane. He waved it out the window in the air. The Mazda moved on. A metallic-green Buick took its place. In the front seat was a young Chinese businessman wearing a suit. In the back seat was a Chinese gentleman wearing a pigtail.

A plane flew over, trailing a banner. HAPPY 40TH, ED AND DEB, the banner said. Things were happening too fast. "I just saw an airplane fly by trailing bread crumbs," she said.

"What did you say?" he said. "What did you just say?"

"I said . . . oh, never mind. I was thinking too many things at once. I'm going over there. In the lane by the water." She put the turn signal on and moved over into the right-hand lane. "Now don't talk to me anymore," she said. "Until I get off this bridge."

They got to Chinatown in time for the rain, a wild, unseasonable rain. The first rain of fall. They sat in a restaurant eating pigeon breasts, watching the rain pour down upon people on the street.

"Bread crumbs," Freddy was saying. "That's a brilliant concept, N. J. Wait till I tell that to Jerry. He's a Jungian. He'll go crazy over that."

"It was really a plane pulling this banner for someone's anniversary," she said. "Didn't you see it?"

"I know what it was. I mean, the concept's brilliant. Don't you see? Here we are, in 1982, in the middle of a feast. *With computers*, for God's sake, and we're trailing all these old defenses, old used-up ideas and religions, old used-up hates and terrors."

"You think it's brilliant? You really think it's brilliant?"

"I think it's devastating."

"Well, I have a good mind. I know that. I have a very good mind." She picked up her chopsticks. She sighed. "Well, the mind's a funny thing, isn't it? I mean, you just can't tell what it'll think of next." □



In 1977, We Told You Ford Pintos Had A Problem.

In 1980, We Told You That America Had A Problem.



Illustration by Robert Grossman

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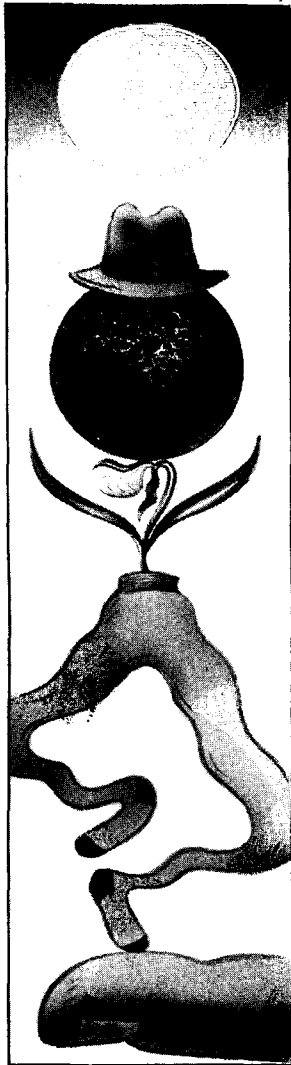


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THE ROOSTERS DON'T LIKE IT

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



AN HOUR OF TIME for an hour of daylight. If that wouldn't sound fishy to an unnumbered person, I don't know what would. How about an acre of space for an acre of prime bottomland? A gallon of volume for a gallon of honey? Time to trade time for light, the bland newscasters tell us two Saturday nights a year, in April and October, and we do. Without protest. It is the contemporary thing. It makes me nostalgic for the activist sixties, when I was living in Georgia among people who would not take Daylight Saving lying down.

In Georgia in those days, the question of ordained time was thrashed out where God meant for bedrock matters to be thrashed out: in the legislature. Under the federal Uniform Time Act, a state could opt out of DST from one year to the next, and plenty of Georgians annually resisted traipsing to and fro through time just to keep in step with complete strangers.

Maybe time is *supposed* to be a raw deal. If you mess with it, maybe it gets worse. In fact, held the traditionalists, so-called ("so-called" was a key political term in Georgia at that time) Standard Time was drastic enough: since Georgia was in so-called Eastern Time but was close to the so-called Central Time line, it was actually, according to what county you were in, only 8:41 or 8:38 or even 8:29 when the Boston/New York/Washington axis was trying to shove 9:00 down honest people's throats.

Why pretend that a Winged Chariot with endless corridors of shifting sand is subject to administrative fiat? Because these are dynamic, future-oriented times, said the daylight salvationists.

In the parliamentary battle between these two world views, one solon charged that under Daylight Saving "the sun sets too long after dark." You may not think time is a moral issue. But for every extra dollar that some Atlanta wheeler-dealer made by peddling a wa-

ter-ski-rope-bobber or some damned thing in the glare of artificially prolonged afternoon, there was one more rural schoolchild who probably got lost trying to find his way to the school bus in the pitch dark of so-called morning and was never seen again. And the converse could be put, and was.

The debate, it seemed to me, should have been staged as an outdoor pageant. There was a very successful one in the North Carolina mountains that depicted how Andy Jackson cleared out the Indians, a noble people who never harnessed tourism's potential. Today, when an imposing percentage of Americans in every state own a water-ski-rope-bobber and yearn to get enough of an edge on the economy to buy a new model, the issue of Temporal Relativity vis-à-vis the Spiritual Absolute may seem moot. But no more so than that one about the Indians. In the eighties, it seems appropriate to reflect that a person might enhance his capital position, and hearken back to days of eternal verities, and also hearken back to days of modern, future-oriented dynamism, by getting himself commissioned to create a pageant along these lines:

At the crest of the highest hill in Georgia are gathered a myriad of interests—drive-in-theater operators, stock brokers, poultry, airline-reservation clerks, schoolchildren, TV folk, Jaycees, and cattle. They fall into two camps, God's Time and Up-to-Date Time, from which are heard, contrapuntally, the following cries.

G.T.: It ain't decent to go to the drive-in before dark!

U.T.: Do you want *Eleven Alively News* at ten?

G.T.: You want noon at 1:37?

U.T.: The Leisure Industry feels . . .

G.T.: You ever gotten up at 2:30 to milk?

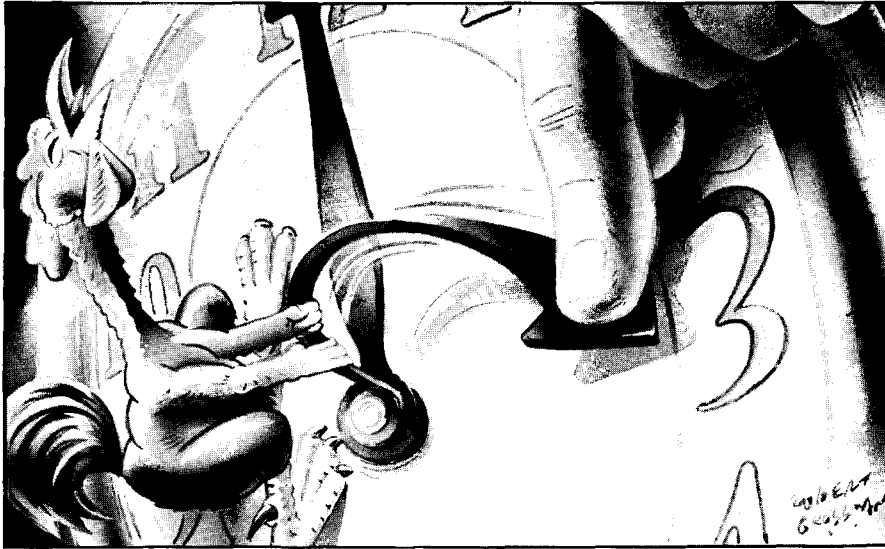
U.T.: What can you know of jet fatigue?

The two camps advance upon each other menacingly until . . .

The Sun rises over the hill.

Roy Blount, Jr., is the author of *One Fell Soup*.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN



SUN: What on earth?

DIRT FARMER: It ain't natural. I get up at dawn every day anyway and when I do it under Daylight Saving it makes my day twicet as long and the roosters don't like it.

STOCK BROKER: No, listen here. In the summer when it's 4 P.M. here, unless we have Daylight Saving Time, it's 5 P.M. in New York. So when I call Wall Street to broke a stock at 4:45 here, the man I want to broke it to has left the office. I call his home and his wife says, "Wait a minute, I'll see if I can get him, he's out playing Red Rover, Red Rover with the children." Of course he is in no mood to deal. And by the time I get home, I have only two hours of daylight left to play Red Rover, Red Rover with *my* children in. Surely you can see that?

DIRT FARMER (*cannily*): Red *whut*, Red *whut*?

STOCK BROKER: There is no *talking* to these people!

COW: Uhhh, I don't know. Uhhh/but it looks like the fiddle gummunt running ever'thing. Uhhh/but it can't run cows. And somebody said you ever had to get up at 2:30 to mmmmm'ilk? Mwell I jus want to know did anybody ever have to get up at 2:30 to *be* mmmmm'ilked?

CITY BUSINESSMAN: I appeal directly to the Sun! I represent EHEU-Georgia, the state affiliate of Extra Hour Enthusiasts United. And I would like to remind the Sun that Daylight Saving affords every citizen of Georgia an extra hour to water-ski or swim or boat or fish or go crabbing or ever what form of recreation he so may choose—and all in the Sun! I also sell boats.

DIRT FARMER: Now, wait a minute.

You ain't gittin' twixt we'uns and the Sun. We is the ones that labors from kin till cain't.

TV PERSONALITY (*raised God knows where*): What till what?

DIRT FARMER: Yessir. From when we jist kin see the Sun till we jist cain't. Yes-sir. And we ain't sittin' still for no satchel-totin' boorycrat to tell us when we kin and when we cain't. How 'bout it, Sun?

(*There is a pause.*)

SUN: Friends, your Sun is deeply moved by these expressions, on both sides, of confidence and love. What your Sun would ask is that you live in peace and harmony, under the Sun. Regarding this great and crucial question you bring before me, I find myself in no position to comment further publicly at this time. Your Sun has this morning accepted from the National Science Foundation a federal research grant of . . .

DIRT FARMER: The Sun hath come under a cloud!

CITY BUSINESSMAN: Want to buy a boat?

IT MAY BE OBJECTED that this pageant is too "down." Something brighter and more timely may be desired. For are we not enlightened enough today to recognize that there are, in the true sense, no opposing camps? Surely daylight, time, business, farming, East, West—matter itself, for that matter—are all pretty much a matter of each other. Most of matter, we now know, *is* daylight, in the sense of space. As in the song *When was the last time you've seen us In the dark nibbling each other's ears? We've put lots of daylight between us Over the last few years.*

Daylight is like time in that something we would like to change about both of them is: they make us look older. What we might have in the pageant is a scene in which we turn forty, and the not necessarily reliable Time-Light chorus intones, "Well . . . you . . . don't . . . look . . . forty."

Now through multi-media effects we flash forward thirty years, to the chorus filing past us and intoning, "Well . . . they . . . certainly . . . don't . . . look . . . dead."

But we deceased don't let it go at that. We come back with something. We have squirreled away enough daylight in our time that we are able to burst incandescent for just one instant and crack: "Okay, y'all, be cool. We got to roll around heaven."

And sink back down.

And then what?

Then we spring right spang back up, fling out our arms limberly, and dance! Risen like a water-ski-rope-bobber released from the deep, we sing of how dark, musty, exhaust-filled time will henceforth become moment upon moment lit so well from within that without is no real problem. Old time is restituted, new time saved, indeed, for we have pulled it off, we have come to light, we have outlicked Ramona in the Dark Glasses.

Here's what happened. We caught a glimpse of that certificate the chorus was handing around. It gave the time of our passing as 2:15 A.M. the last Sunday of April. *And there is no such time.* □

FASHION

MEN WILL BE MEN

BY HOLLY BRUBACH



THE 1960S WERE full of hope, and in fashion the hope was men. The "peacock revolution" was at hand, led by a vanguard wearing turtleneck sweaters, fitted suits (dignified by historical adjectives—Edwardian, Napoleonic), voluminous cloaks, even jewelry and handbags. Oleg Cassini, Pierre Cardin, Bill Blass, Yves Saint Laurent—the leading designers of women's clothes rushed headlong into menswear, liberating the victims of tradition. *Vogue* decided to issue



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men's editions. After nearly a century of plodding along in dark, drab flannel suits, men seemed at long last ready to cast off their inhibitions and strut.

Here we are some fifteen years later, and men's clothes look as staid as ever. Has nothing changed? Well, clearly something has, if not to the extent that designers predicted. Consider men as they appear in two recent advertisements:

The current campaign for Aramis men's cologne depicts a man in a tuxedo and a woman in an evening gown; they are in the kitchen. It could be his kitchen, it could be their kitchen, but somehow you get the idea that it's hers, if only because the situation implies that she is on her own turf. She stands facing the man, who is backed up against the refrigerator, pinned between her outstretched arms. Coming upon this couple in a magazine is like opening a wrong door and surprising two strangers. What saves the picture from being just another loaded situation, what makes it so striking, is that the woman is the instigator.

Ads for Calvin Klein underwear are of a different sort. The photograph, taken from the vicinity of the model's knees, forces the viewer to look up to a man so sun-bronzed, so hard-muscled, that he appears to be hewn out of rock. Is he a lawyer, a bank teller, a real-estate agent? It doesn't matter, because this man is made for sex. Obviously strong but at the moment inert and completely vulnerable (his eyes are closed), his sex appeal is strictly man-to-man.

Consider *American Gigolo*, a movie in which Richard Gere plays a high-priced young man who services the women of Beverly Hills. He takes great pride in dressing impeccably and keeping fit; it's all in a day's work. To the accompaniment of disco music, in a scene so charged with rhythm and energy that it becomes a dance, he lays out the coming week's worth of shirts and ties. Clothes provide this man with a means of expression. His character is skin-deep. "Everything worth knowing about me you can learn by letting me make love to you," he tells one woman.

The gist of all this is that men are sex objects now—a new, though not unexpected, development. When women be-

came self-supporting and more forthright, they could supposedly choose their men the way men have traditionally chosen their women; men, it stood to reason, would then dress to call attention to themselves. As it turns out, most men, even those who play the siren role, still follow the advice dispensed by English tailors, which has it that a man's clothes should go unnoticed. They dress for their careers, not for romance. To look at them, you might think men had made no sartorial progress in the past ten years. But that rote style is only half of the story.

THE OTHER IS THAT while many men have reverted to the safety of tradition, some have gone on to explore the possibilities of fashion. The promise of the peacock revolution has been fulfilled in the articulation of a style that is decidedly homosexual. Its leading exponents include Calvin Klein, Alexander Julian, Claude Montana, and most Italian designers, notably Giorgio Armani and Gianni Versace, who design clothes fitted closer to the body than tradition allows. Jackets come with imposing shoulders, the waist suppressed; pants are cut narrow in the hips. The silhouette is Y-shaped. Armani tailors a suit to taper so drastically from shoulder to waist that the man who wears it takes on the dimensions of a member of some super-race, impervious to the cares that weigh so heavily on other men and make them stoop-shouldered. Montana produces a high-priced, fast-selling, tough-looking line of leather outerwear, characterized by outrageously broad shoulders, tassels, prominent hardware—nail heads, buckles, steel zippers with big teeth—and other S.S. overtones.

Several designers today make clothes that correspond directly to the fantasies in which gay men cast themselves. As far as I can tell, these include overtly masculine, usually outdoor roles, such as lumberjacks, firemen, cowboys; the military, or any other occupation in which a uniform imparts authority and anonymity; and prep school, which may recall male bonds formed early on or suggest innocence waiting to be corrupted. Gay chic in its present form is essentially an exaggerated masculinity, an advertisement for virility and youth.

The stock in The Crow's Nest, Camouflage, High Gear, the Loft, and other New York City boutiques that cater to

gay men's tastes in clothes is disproportionately casual: what the shops lack in suits, dress shirts, and ties, they make up for in a large and varied supply of shorts. Now what, one wonders, leaping through the racks in these stores, do the men who shop here wear during the day? Any man who doesn't work, or whose job is as a lifeguard, might find his entire wardrobe here, but chances are that most men would need something more formal, such as a suit, to wear to the office. What these boutiques sell is romance, or at least the clothes for it—the romance of a way of life apart from the demands made by society. The style is not functionally casual, as, for instance, L.L. Bean's is, but casual in spirit. The real aim is to make the man not comfortable but alluring.

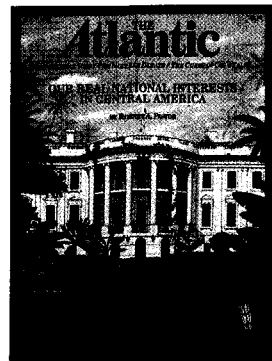
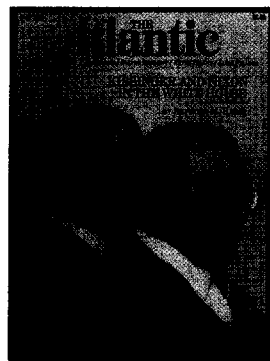
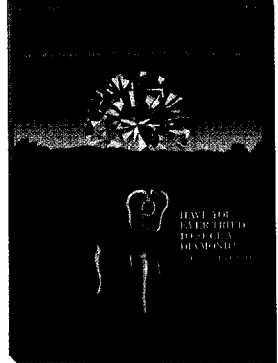
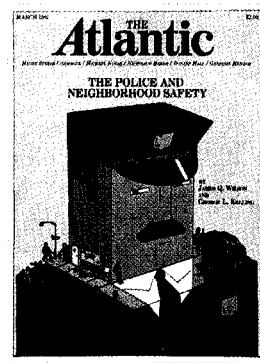
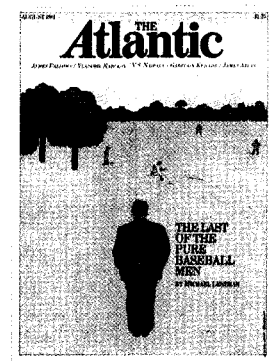
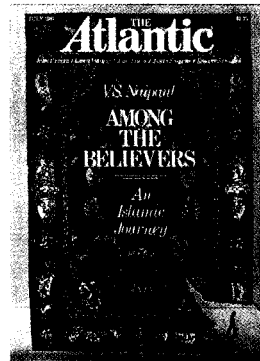
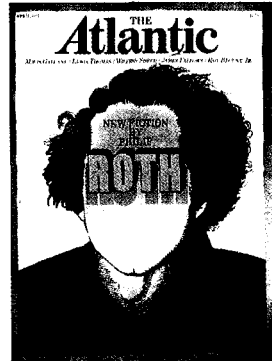
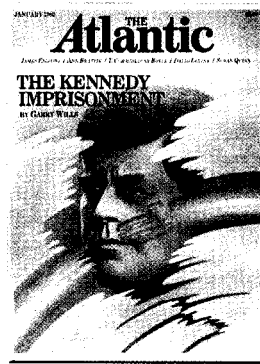
It would be convenient to think that gay men, by rejecting a way of dress prescribed by tradition, were choosing for themselves a more individual style, but that doesn't seem to be the case. The so-called clone look—leather bomber jacket, flannel shirt, blue jeans, and hiking shoes—is every bit as ubiquitous on Christopher Street as the gray sack suit is on Wall Street. Many gay men have exchanged one uniform for another.

AS FOR THE OLD uniform—the drab-colored, utterly conformist suit—it is as commonplace today as it was before the revolution of the sixties. Granted, men now have more leeway when it comes to the color of a shirt or the stripe of a tie. They have a new wealth of advice on buying clothes and getting dressed available to them in several books (the best, *Making the Man*, is written by a designer, Alan Flusser). Yet the overall look of men's clothes has hardly changed at all. Today's tuxedo is a fairly accurate facsimile of the one Griswold Lorillard first wore to a country club in Tuxedo Park, New York, in 1886. There is not much room for personal variation.

The three-piece suit as we know it dates to the 1850s. By that time, the dandyism that had taken hold in London and Paris thirty years before, when men adopted an effeminate silhouette—bosoming chest, pinched waist, and curved hips, often achieved by corseting—was on the wane. (The colorful, snug-fitting knee breeches men wore regularly throughout the 1700s had become taboo, as a symbol of aristocracy, after the

Holly Brubach is a staff writer for The Atlantic. Her most recent article, "The Height of Fashion," appeared in the February issue.

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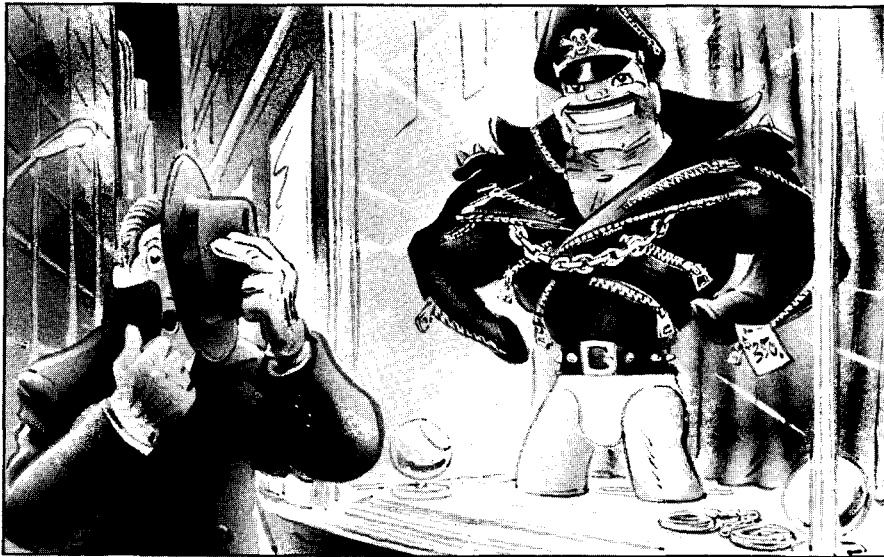
**THE
Atlantic**

French Revolution.) By mid-century, the "ditto" suit had arrived—a coat, waistcoat or vest, and trousers, all matching. Color was restricted to the waistcoat and tie, often made of such sensuous fabrics as silk brocade and dotted velvet. In the nineties, creased trousers came into vogue, when Edward, Prince of Wales, tried on a pair that had been lying folded at his tailor's and liked the slenderizing line.

By the turn of the century, the new civilian uniform was more or less complete, dictated by the Industrial Revolution and the changes it had brought to men's lives and work. The fabrics were sturdy and usually dark, in order to camouflage the soot and dirt produced by lo-

clined the freedom to dress more imaginatively. Apparently, they don't want fashion. But why not?

In 1938, Elizabeth Hawes, an outspoken fashion designer and writer busy waging her own campaign for livelier menswear, asked the men she knew why they dressed the way they did, which was, for the most part, pretty boring. Because, they nearly all replied, it was the way women wanted to see them. (Mind you, their wives and mothers bought them their clothes.) And why didn't they rebel, strike out and wear something a little more stylish, whimsical, flattering, colorful? Because they were afraid of being thought effeminate, they said.



comotives and factories. The age of specialization had dawned: all life would be more efficient. Men would see to reality, women to fantasy. Men would deal in numbers and ideas, women in images. Men agreed to run the world, women to decorate it.

By the early 1970s, that arrangement seemed to have outlived its usefulness. Women would pursue their ambitions, men their vanity. For a time, both sexes dressed alike, in blue jeans, muslin shirts, and Wallabees. Pitched in some sexual no-man's-land, these "unisex" clothes could be as noncommittal as a cassock but revealing enough to convey the shape of the body underneath. Men and women had hit on an interim style, a bid for more time to consider their new roles and how to dress for them. It was never intended to last.

Now, having thought the matter over, the majority of men seem to have de-

clined the freedom to dress more imaginatively. Apparently, they don't want fashion. But why not? When, in the course of my own highly subjective research, I asked those same two questions of a number of Brooks Brothers-looking men I know, their answers were: 1) because this was the way respectable men had always dressed, they guessed; and 2) because they were afraid of being thought effeminate. Most of these men bought their own clothes. Not one of them admitted to dressing for women, though all of them wanted women to find them attractive. Asked how they thought women wanted men to look, they said: successful (seven out of nine men polled), prosperous, powerful, tall, strong, fatherly, boyish, and (one vote) lost. The discrepancy between what men think women want in a man and what women actually do want in a man (a list that may include some of the same adjectives but would more likely start with wise, intelligent, kind, remarkable but unspectacular) is hardly

new. But the signals, however crossed, get through nonetheless. A straight man may not dress expressly to attract women, but he declares by the way he's dressed that it's women he wants to attract.

AFTER A FEW long looks around, you can't help but come to the conclusion that men's attire is primarily an expression of solidarity. Styles are polarized according to sexual preferences. Sometimes these are stated in terms that leave nothing open to question, as in the case of Montana on the one hand and Brooks Brothers on the other. Sometimes the statements are qualified: Calvin Klein and Jeffrey Banks cut clothes that look traditional but really aren't, because they fit too close. Paul Stuart takes the Brooks Brothers mold and jazzes it up—only slightly—with more distinctive fabrics and a cleaner fit, for men who are interested in clothes but pretend not to be. Perry Ellis's suits are almost a caricature of the Brooks look—oversized jacket and baggy pants that pay tongue-in-cheek tribute to the sack style.

But no matter how modified the stereotype, it is rare that men's clothes manage to sidestep the issue of sexual preference. That this should be such an important factor in the way men dress day in and day out strikes a woman as peculiar. To the extent that lesbians dress in a style of their own, it resides mainly in the way they wear their clothes, not in the clothes themselves. Whereas most straight men shy away from band-collared shirts or skinny bow ties, for example, because of what they might imply, no woman decides against a particular kind of skirt or color in a blouse for fear of coming across gay.

Obviously, women get away with a lot more, and always have: "A woman impudent and mannish grown," says Patroclus in *Troilus and Cressida*, "is not more loath'd than an effeminate man." A woman can wear pants as a matter of course, but a man in a dress is still a transvestite. Why do men's clothes get so bogged down in double meanings? Why is it that men feel so compelled to assert their sexuality in the way they dress? "It did seem to me once that without questioning men's entire upbringing, one could question men's clothes," Hawes wrote. "But I am beginning to doubt it."

"A masterpiece"

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According to many psychologists, men's sexual identity is more fragile than women's. The caretakers of children of both sexes in our society are women. Both boys and girls initially identify with their mothers; for girls, that identification continues, uninterrupted, into womanhood. Boys, on the other hand, must eventually separate themselves from their mothers in order to find their masculine identity. As a result, becoming a man is at least in part a process of eradicating the feminine, of refusing to side with women any longer, of setting oneself apart. This could explain a lot of things—among them, men's collective resistance to the notion of fashion, which has been women's territory, and women's privilege to dress in men's clothes without incriminating themselves.

Even the words men and women use to talk about their clothes differ. A woman aspires to dress with style. But men speak of being "properly dressed"; one of the recently published clothes manuals for men is titled *Dressing Right*. Men, according to Carol Gilligan, the Harvard psychologist and author of *In a Different Voice*, tend to make more categorical decisions than women. Precisely because a man's experience in growing up is one of separating himself, he emerges free to think in abstract terms and inclined to live according to principles. But a woman, who has never had to sever those first bonds, sees the world as a place where everyone is connected, where no principle is without its repercussions in people's lives, and, consequently, where no issue is ever as black-and-white as it looks on paper. When the invitation says "black tie," a man knows exactly what to wear—and what not to; a woman might wear a dinner suit, a cocktail dress, or an evening gown. For women, there are half-tones, more shades and degrees.

To think that this fundamental difference in the way men and women look at life should be so apparent in the clothes they wear is at first startling but, come to think of it, only fair. Men and women, wrote Randall Jarrell, "understand each other worse, and it matters less, than either of them suppose." Getting men to participate wholeheartedly in that process of rapid change we call fashion begins to look harder than ever, and the world probably wouldn't be all that much better off if they did. □

BOOKS

THE D. M. THOMAS PHENOMENON

BY MARTIN AMIS

ARARAT

by D. M. Thomas. Viking, \$13.50.



IT LOOKED LIKE the perfect success story—and still does, in many ways. Already it has acquired the tranquil glow of fairy tale. D. M. Thomas was once an unregarded novelist and a steady, unexceptional, mildly insouciant poet. He was a Cornishman (a specific thing to be, like a balladeering hillbilly—but with Celtic, messianic associations), exiled to humble Hereford, in the marshlands of England, where he taught at a rude and lowly training college. His most recent novel, a little offering called *The White Hotel*, had tiptoed through the review pages of the London press and had sold the usual 500 copies.

In America, Thomas's publisher seemed to have higher hopes for the book. Perhaps Thomas might even buy himself a new typewriter, or take the family off for a weekend in Anglesey.

The rest we know. The American reviews maintained a note of tearful, inconsolable gratitude; the book started to sell like *Garp* T-shirts. When Thomas's agent called him in Hereford and rattled off the polysyllables of the paperback sale, Thomas was still so poor that he had to celebrate with a bottle of cooking sherry. In England, red-faced reviewers began to take a second look. *The White Hotel* became a best seller in the Cornishman's native land. He was runner-up for the Booker Prize. Glamorously, he went AWOL while being lionized at an American university. In the gossip columns, his name was linked—however erroneously, however excitably—with that of the popular novelist and official reviser of the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*, Margaret Drabble!

And everyone was pleased—or "genuinely" pleased, as they say. Thomas was working in such a depopulated area (not Hereford, but the genre of the sexual surreal) that even his fellow writers felt unthreatened. There was also the con-

soling thought that *The White Hotel* had gained its American lift-off for peculiarly American reasons. In a country so obsessed by the Holocaust that even a flapping, squawking turkey like *Sophie's Choice* (that thesaurus of florid commonplaces) enjoyed universal acclaim, *The White Hotel* had a lot going for it. Styron offered sex and the Final Solution; Thomas had all this and psychoanalysis, too—the full triumvirate of national fixations. Finally, though, and more important, Thomas had written an interesting novel; overrated, perhaps, but fresh, freakish, and solitary.

The predictable undertow that followed the book's success did at least take a surprising form. Vigilant readers discovered that the Babi Yar section of *The White Hotel* had been laboriously transcribed from *Babi Yar*, by Anatoli Kuznetsov. True, the copyright page acknowledged "use of material" from Kuznetsov, and in his apologia Thomas firmly stressed the need for the impersonal voice of history, of testimony, at this stage in the narrative. Analogous accusations then greeted *The Bronze Horseman*, his verse translations of Pushkin. Thomas's counter-argument was forceful and immediate: case dismissed. The borrowings from *Babi Yar*, however, remained an anomaly. It wasn't a case of plagiarism; but it was clearly a case of something. When the reviewers spoke of the transports and crackups they weathered as they checked out of *The White Hotel* ("I walked out into the garden and could not speak," and so on), it was Babi Yar that had assailed them. The testimony is unbearably powerful; it is the climax of the novel; it is, in plain terms, the best bit—and Thomas didn't write it.

In publishing, success creates a centrifugal process: the big book spins off spin-offs. The popularity of *The White Hotel* ironically gave rise to a reissue of *Babi Yar*. It also gave rise to a reissue—in England, recently—of *Birthstone*, Thomas's long-remaindered second novel. Now just how ironic is *this*?

Martin Amis lives in London. His latest novel, *Other People: A Mystery Story*, has recently been published by Penguin.

I didn't know which to be most shocked by—the violation, the sadism, the kleptomania or the exhibitionism. As if suspicion of terrorism wasn't enough. I could be in the dock for shop-lifting and indecency. I had a picture of me haemorrhaging on to a rubber sheet while two policemen took statements.

Birthstone has many things in common with *The White Hotel*, including frequent descents to a flat, tinker-toy, children's-book prose style. In addition, they both feature androgynism, meteoric disturbances, Freudian scatology, dreams, poems, and a rampant sexuality. The sex is particularly hard to get away from. It is like pornography in that it escalates fantastically with new permutations and perversities. It is unlike pornography in that its concerns are dourly anti-erotic—except for readers who harbor very specialized tastes: rubber, enemas, gerontophilia, and a denunciatory attitude toward panty-hose. *Birthstone* is an embarrassment; it spreads unease; it makes you wonder whether the author's effects—murky, cosy, risible, banal—are the result of calculation or of a fanatical tastelessness. *The Flute-Player*, Thomas's first novel, might help to clarify the matter; no doubt it awaits its own vampiric resuscitation.

So, with all kinds of disquiet, one opens *Ararat*. There are signs of authorial disquiet also. The text is preceded by half a page of acknowledgments and disclaimers: "the author's invention . . . translated by the author . . . from the Armenian poet Nareg . . . principal source . . . factual details." We confront the prologue and the slinky decadence of its opening: "Sergei Rozanov had made an unnecessary journey from Moscow to Gorky, simply in order to sleep with a young blind woman." On the third page, one brief paragraph contains, by my count, five buxom clichés: "through to the bitter end"; "the oblivion of sleep"; "torrential rain lashed the window"; "the autumn trees stripped bare"; "make the most of every moment." We creep on. The poet Rozanov sleeps with the blind woman. "Olga's love-making was acrobatic but lacking in finesse." Olga asks Rozanov to tell her a story. The first section, "Night," begins.

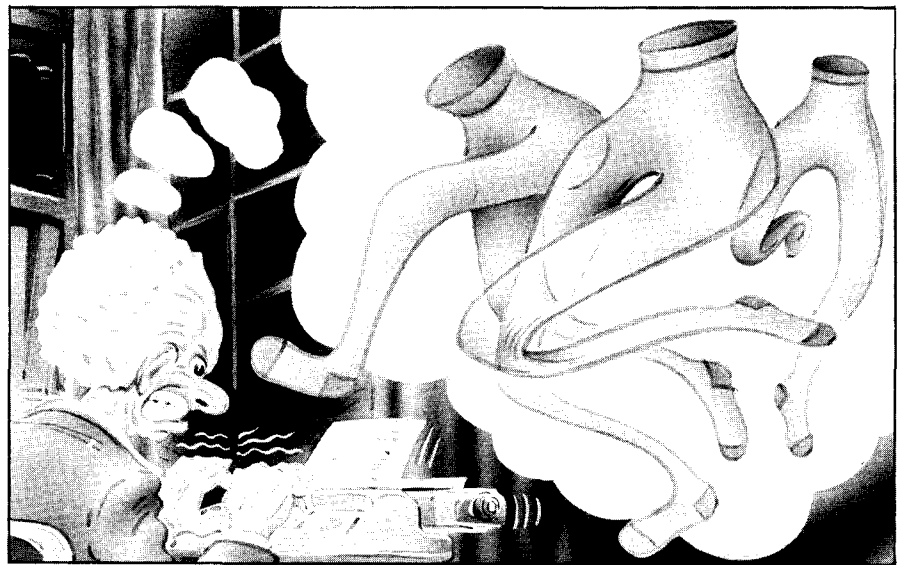
"Why are you so obsessed with sex?" the woman doctor asks Surkov, another poet. The reader leans forward. No satisfactory answer. They sleep together; there is a further attack on panty-hose,

an *ubi sunt* lament for stockings and garter belts. Surkov takes an ocean cruise on his doctor's advice. He sleeps with a virgin gymnast. An old fellow passenger, Finn (a superb comic-sinister creation), turns out to be a multiple war criminal. Within a few pages we encounter the Armenian genocide, Babi Yar, the annihilation of the gypsies, the purge of the kulaks, the Gulag Archipelago, Yezhov, Beria, Stalin, and Hitler. It seems to be Thomas's world: poems, dreams, a supercharged and eroticized landscape—sex and violence, on the cosmic scale.

And so the book proceeds, by turns fascinating, repellent, funny, owlsh, ingenious, and shallow. *Ararat* is a novel of

Solzhenitsyn, the cliché expresses a hearty stoicism. D. M. Thomas, who is thoroughly Russian in many of his predilections—"making strange," the delights of decadence and vulgarity, the alienations of the "superfluous" man—is clearly in pursuit of an artful simplicity. But the style has its dangers. Take the descriptions of formal womanly beauty:

. . . the golden coils of her hair, her full lips, her voluptuous figure, her lustrous eyes. . . her face, with its high cheekbones, was a perfect oval. Her black eyes flashed provocation. . . Her red lips were inviting—full and exquisitely curved. Her bosom swelled over the decolletage of her white dress. . .



five poets, from Pushkin to Yevtyshenko; it is a novel about Russianness. It is a series of improvisations on the theme of improvisation—its very method, sentence by sentence, is improvisatory, as all dreams are, as all fantasy is. Thomas can often sustain a note of charming inconsequentiality, of free-fall, an intoxicating liberty from the world of cause and effect. During these moments one may gain much slothful pleasure from following the skittish fantasist, who has no imperative other than to seem striking.

Thomas's use of cliché is so insistent, and so remote from his poetry and discursive prose, that it can only be aiming at a kind of back-door subtlety—a Tolstoyan transparency, perhaps, or a Pushkinian purity. Chekhov and Nabokov used cliché, particularly in interior monologue, to suggest the reduced and bounded lives of their characters. In

Reading this, you fear that the writer's face is about to flop onto the typewriter keys; the sentences conjure nothing but an exhausted imagination. Similarly, much of the verse incorporated into the story is so "free" that it is scandalized by its own line breaks: "Turning in bed/restlessly, you urge me/not to smoke so much,/recalling someone dear/to you who died/of lung cancer. . . ." For long stretches Thomas seems to do no more than wallow in stock response. Elsewhere, he achieves a weird weightlessness, an effect perfectly attuned to the marshlight of this misty romance.

Quite possibly, *Ararat* will reproduce the success, if not the *succès*, of *The White Hotel*. That success is inordinate, of course, by definition, but I don't think Thomas will be distracted by its unreality. (He *will* be distracted by further controversy, however: the version of Pushkin's *Egyptian Nights* that he incor-

porates—supposedly “a translation by the author”—uses unprocessed chunks of a translation by Gillon R. Aitken, word for word.) But for all his reputation as a magpie, he is an original; to my knowledge, the only novelist whom he even remotely resembles is the underrated science-fiction writer J. G. Ballard. Although Ballard is more of a stylist than Thomas, their prose has the same glassy fragility and dazzle, and the same susceptibility to quirkiness and excess. To assess his achievement in the most generous terms, Thomas may be the first writer who has been able to translate the poet’s world (with all its chaotic, shadowy, and fugitive elements) to the more accessible arena of the novel. Nowadays the great literary successes are nearly always democratizing in tendency. The converts are honored and flattered by their invitation to the pantheon—or, more appropriate in Thomas’s case, their summons to the pandemonium. □

ZEAL FOR THE HIDDEN DETAIL

BY ALFRED KAZIN

THE FORTIES

by Edmund Wilson.

Edited by Leon Edel.

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$22.50.



IN 1942, WHEN I first met “America’s outstanding man of letters,” as Leon Edel rightly calls Edmund Wilson in his introduction to Wilson’s diaries and notebooks of the 1940s, he was an embittered, impoverished, increasingly self-willed man of forty-seven whose seedy appearance shocked admirers who came upon him in New York. He was soon to have a whole new life and career, thanks to *The New Yorker*. At the moment, however, his isolationist views made him *persona non grata* with even *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, where he had been most at home. He was violently unhappy with his third wife, Mary McCarthy, whom he had coaxed into the writ-

ing of fiction that soon turned into a livelier interest than her husband. Although he would always be scornful of American capitalism, *To the Finland Station*, his literary-historical study of Marxism developing into the Russian Revolution, was proving more durable than his trust in socialism. The death in 1940 of his Princeton classmate F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose *The Crack-Up* and unfinished last novel, *The Last Tycoon*, Wilson would edit, had reinforced his conviction that “their” period, the 1920s, represented a freedom and gaiety beyond the resources of America in depression and war.

The author of *Axel’s Castle*, *The Triple Thinkers*, *To the Finland Station*, and *The Wound and the Bow* was my intellectual hero. He was not just an extraordinarily learned and illuminating critic, the greatest teacher I could read, but a *writer*, in the traditional European sense of the word. Nietzsche, that most dazzling stylist, had praised Emerson as one of the four best prose writers of the nineteenth century. Reading Wilson on Proust, on Michelet, on Lenin, on the “American jitters” of the 1930s, on learning Russian in an Odessa hospital while recovering from scarlet fever, I could never understand why so many average novelists, poets, and dramatists were more honored as writers.

Wilson always put on a great performance. In some way he managed to leave the impression that no one else had ever faced all the difficulties in *À la Recherche du temps perdu*, had worked his way through the labyrinthine mind of the eighteenth-century Neapolitan social thinker Vico. The same mind doggedly investigated the economics of the auto industry, analyzed the literary style of Karl Marx, described Lenin’s childhood home as a duplicate of Concord. Every subject he took up represented a puzzle or obscurity that required the “lens” of Edmund Wilson’s fixed scrutiny. He had bought a house at Wellfleet, on Cape Cod, in 1941, and, studying the ponds with his Thoreauesque projection of self into natural history, he saw an affinity between the self-sufficiency of the biological life in the ponds “and my life at this time—and a darkness into which I sink and a clear round single lens, well guarded and hidden away.”

Everything had to be brought into some bright focus. His intellectual life seemed to consist in clarifying things for himself, in approaching books and people

from the troubled need to unlock the mystery of himself. He was not superior to other commentators on a subject, just unmindful of them. Such urgent personal struggle with his material made him exciting.

I never thought Wilson’s criticism pathbreaking in the tradition of the great poet-critics who from Wordsworth and Coleridge to Eliot sought understanding for their poetry by making a revolution in taste. Wilson did not change a reader’s mind; he just helped to furnish it. Peering through his “lens,” concentrating on the fine points of a book, a career, a style, the grammar of every new language he learned, he always displayed a startling connection between Edmund Wilson and the work in hand. Critics perhaps deeper than Wilson have remained unheralded because of some fatal impersonality. An essay by Wilson on A. E. Housman as the greatest Latinist of his time was as dramatic in its anecdotal cleverness as Boswell on Johnson.

FROM THE INTENSE personal strain in Wilson’s criticism I had easily guessed him to be a “character.” I came away from my first meetings with him amused but baffled by the polarities he presented. He was ferocious in his intellectual self-reliance and pride, but as a human being often helpless. A woman editor who had a crush on him (despite his girth and air of distraction, he appealed to many women) once told me in tears that Wilson was “as hard as a diamond.” With the old American sense of command natural to his race and class, he was so innately tyrannical of temperament that, as he admitted in his journal, “Reading late at night after work I found myself correcting the sentences of the author to make them read the way I wanted mine to. To stretch them tauter than the vibrant bow.”

In New York I had seen him one moment snarling at Mary McCarthy, the next wondering out loud just what Joyce had in mind describing the cabman’s shelter in *Ulysses*. In London at the end of the war (by now Wilson was all over Europe as a correspondent for *The New Yorker*), he astonished me at a grand party thrown for him by his publisher by snubbing his many English admirers. “We have to stick together against these limeys,” he informed me in his most decisive voice. The rounder and pinker he became with a drink in hand, the more

Alfred Kazin has recently completed *An American Procession*, a book about American writers from Emerson to Eliot, to be published by Knopf.

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he looked like Winston Churchill. Not being of British descent, I hadn't realized how much dislike of the British could fill the heart of an Edmund Wilson. *The Forties* contains much resentment of British imperialism even in its dying moments. The real "English Revolution," he writes here, occurred in America.

So strenuously personal a transaction with every book and experience of course required a personal journal. Inveterate journal-keepers are not like other writers—they have to write all the time. Wilson often referred to his journal, but would never let anyone see it. When it was finally being typed up from the ledgers in which he kept it, he ordered the typist to put a cloth over it if

Russia, Israel. But there are many journal entries on life on Cape Cod among the ponds, and too many ingenuous passages describing sex with his fourth wife, Elena Mumm Thornton. Wilson never lost his obsession with the sexual mechanics that so titillated readers of *Memoirs of Hecate County*. He describes the minutiae of intercourse with his new wife with the same solemn studiousness with which he describes the grass and fish in a Cape Cod pond.

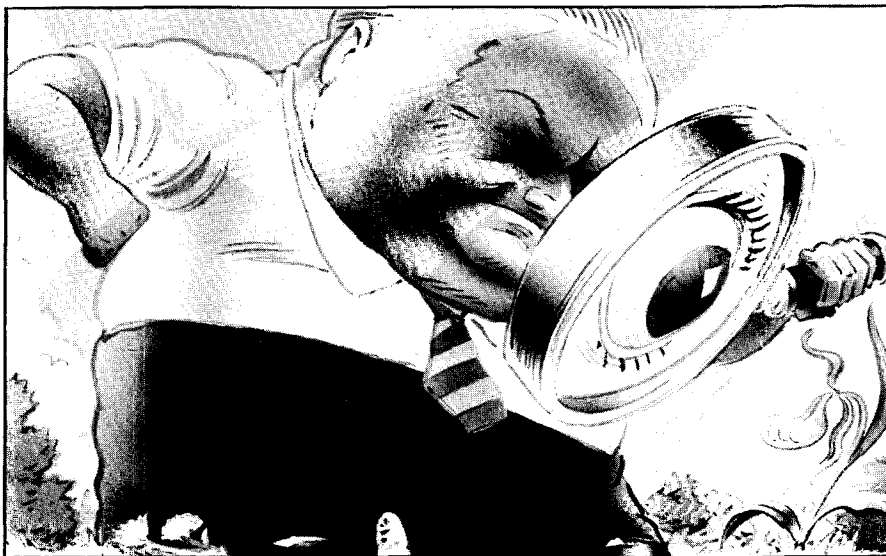
Throughout this personal record, Wilson achieves the same crabbed exactness peering through his "lens," no matter what the subject or occasion. Here are the ruins of London, Naples, Milan; a meeting with the aged Santayana in

meticulous writer. Then there is his way of exploring a new place, a different society, of tracing a literary achievement to its many different sources. He never rid himself of his problem by writing. But because he knew that he *was* the problem, he unrelentingly pursued every subject in an effort to free himself from excessive gravity, his sometimes frightened sense of being isolated in an America where "those Americans . . . who had come down from the early Americans, were . . . nobody now."

GADDING ABOUT EUROPE at the end of World War II, around Indian reservations and Haiti after the war, no one could have been less the representative American or typical American reporter than this fat, preternaturally bookish, often nervously tongue-tied scholar with his sometimes crushing indifference to small talk and commercial American cheeriness. But he always identified himself with America in appreciative detail. A recurrent theme of *The Forties* is his anguish over the deterioration of cultural standards, his fear that the war loosed a "new sadism," his horror of the thirst for blood among war victims seeking revenge.

To be equal to so many different phenomena was the lifetime burden Wilson set on himself. The form this took was a prose wholly enumerative. The effect of many passages in his journal is to leave one sympathetic to so much effort squinting mightily at the "lens." Gull Pond in Wellfleet: "The lady's slippers were out, sprinkled so sparsely around the brink of their solitary flowers—deepening in a couple of days from flimsy stooping ghosts as pale as Indian pipe to a fleshy veined purplish pink swollen between pigtailed and curling topknot that also suggested Indians."

In the end, so much zeal for the "hidden" detail gives him a power of illumination hidden from most writers. He is more aware of weaknesses in Mark Twain and Henry James than the now uncritical style of literary biography permits. When he visits Edith Wharton's old estate, The Mount, in Lenox, he fuses his appreciation of Wharton's old-fashioned grandeur to his lament for Wharton's generation in America. No one but Wilson would have carefully noted in a personal record a federal judge's disinclination to drive on a Sunday in Delaware for fear of offending the blue-noses. No one else would have worried,



she left the machine. He boasted to me that when it was all released, after his death, it would prove scandalous and provide for his children. Already published sections of Wilson's journal, *The Twenties* and *The Thirties*, have no more rocked the world than did the supposedly confessional "autobiography" that Mark Twain left unpublished because "only dead men tell the truth." Like Mark Twain, Wilson had already used much of his material in his published stuff. As a professional writer, he could not operate without first confiding his impressions to his notebook.

The Forties is as fascinating as *The Twenties* and *The Thirties*. Great chunks of it come from Wilson's hurried notes on the spot for his travel books—*Europe Without Baedeker: Sketches Among the Ruins of Italy, Greece and England* and *Red, Black, Blond and Olive; Studies in Four Civilizations: Zuñi, Haiti, Soviet*

Rome; the ravages time has wrought on the face of his old love Edna St. Vincent Millay; the house in Wilmington of the sister of Judge John Biggs, his Princeton classmate; the London blackout that persisted after peace had broken out; disagreeable encounters with those English snots Evelyn Waugh and Maurice Bowra; the obsequies in Provincetown after John Dos Passos's wife, Katy, was killed in the automobile accident that cost "Dos" an eye.

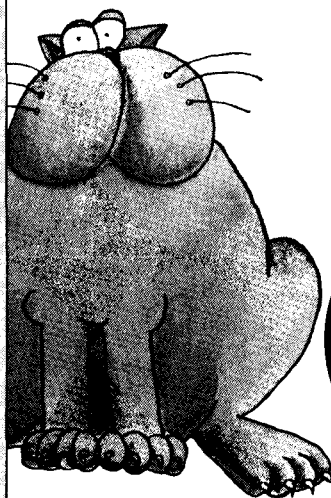
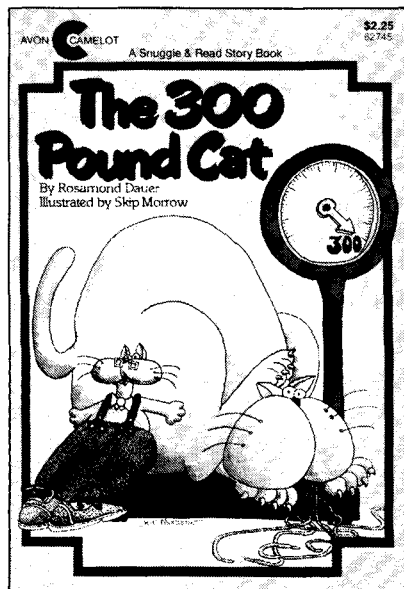
To be open to so many facets of experience, talent, social travail, was remarkable enough. Edmund Wilson was no closet philosopher, no dreary academic monopolizing "my area." What makes Wilson's adept handling of these many different sides of life in the turbulent mid-century so fascinating is his admission that he feels unworthy of his distinguished family and needs to prove himself the most alert, proficient,

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while attending *The Magic Flute* at the Metropolitan Opera during the war, that it might be wrong to enjoy oneself "while the Germans were being exterminated." No one else was so much concerned with "the effect of airplanes on [the] dignity of human habitations." And of course no one else would have admonished the warring *little* countries of Europe to diminish their nationalistic zeal. He was not without malice; the British always provided an excuse. A British officer watching Italians making love in the Borghese Gardens commented: "You see, they are an inferior race," then promptly offered a bystander his field glasses for a closer look.

Edmund Wilson was a perpetual astonishment to his family, his admirers, his rivals, his friends. The main reason that he wrote so well is that he was from earliest childhood a perpetual astonishment to himself. He was a problem he was always trying to clear up. Thank God, he never did. □

NEW LEGENDS FOR OLD

BY ROBERT CRAFT

MOZART

by Wolfgang Hildesheimer.

Translated by Marion Faber.

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$22.50.



.....
WOLFGANG HILDESHEIMER'S *Mozart* aims to debunk the myths propagated by earlier biographers and to establish what is definitely known, or can be safely conjectured, about the man. Popular legends are demolished along with some of the conclusions of such eminent Mozartians as Abert, Einstein, and Paumgartner. Re-examining the sources, Hildesheimer attempts to separate the grains of truth or likelihood from the inventions ("mostly for personal reasons") of the witnesses. Not many of his arguments are plausible, but the novelty of the presentation makes the book readable.

Hildesheimer jumps from the music to the life, and from one aspect of a subject to another, often disregarding chronolo-

gy. Thus an analysis of Mozart's melodramatic style in a late money-begging letter to one of his Masonic brethren occurs near the beginning of the book, because it illustrates a feature of the composer's personality. Brief sections replace chapter divisions, allowing for digressions, most of them ending with unresolved questions. These techniques, not surprising from a novelist and author of the fictional biography *Marbot*—Hildesheimer is not a musicologist—sustain suspense. The best things in *Mozart* are the uncovering of clues and motives and the imaginative gap-filling in both the narrative and the testimony of observers. Understandably, the book has been a best seller, albeit much overpraised.

The author is familiar with music, but many of his "insights" are unreliable and his judgments dead wrong. Anyone who could write that Mozart's compositions of the Salzburg and Italian years do not "step beyond the conventions of the various genres" has not listened carefully. While Hildesheimer recognizes such precocious marvels from the early years as the Piano Concerto in E-flat major, K. 271 (he might have added the middle movement of the A-major Violin Concerto, which Mozart himself thought too recherché), he does not seem to see that the reason they are so remarkable is that their emotional intensity is as great as that of almost any of the late music.

Hildesheimer's admiration for the libretti of *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan tutte* blind him to the merits of the book of *The Magic Flute*. He writes, incredibly: "The importance of [*The Magic Flute*] within Mozart's *oeuvre* has always been overestimated." In fact, this opera, one of mankind's supreme achievements, has been largely underestimated. Moreover, the music cannot be fully appreciated apart from its theology—perfect love overcoming fear; light and the forces of good driving out darkness and evil. Sarastro, a "card-board cut-out" to Hildesheimer, inspired the noblest music for any character in all opera, endowing this "cut-out" with a godlike nature.

The author's philosophizing is an encumbrance. It is difficult to see the point of telling us that "music is replaceable when it expresses something that need not be expressed exclusively in music," or to know what is meant by the attempted distinction "In [Mozart's] music he is not the bearer of a will (like Beethoven) but rather the will itself, unaware

of the imperative it is obeying." Then, too, who can agree that "our pleasure consists in identifying with the creator, in feeling after him what he might or 'must' have felt during the creative act"? Obviously, what happens is that we respond to the intended effect, and the degree of our awareness of the means by which it was produced varies from individual to individual. But who could possibly follow Mozart's creative acts, let alone know what he "felt"? Still another assertion, "In the end we always experience Mozart's music . . . as the catharsis resulting from one man's sublimation of his personal crisis," requires Mozart to have suffered crises during most of his waking hours. In fact, the independence of Mozart's muse from the events of his life can be demonstrated by the futility of trying to match his compositions with the biographical facts. Similarly, in the play of mistaken identities in *Così fan tutte*, it is impossible to tell the difference between the genuine emotions of the Neapolitan suitors and the fake ones of the "Albanians," since Mozart touches equal depths of feeling for both.

Hildesheimer's psychologizing is also mystifying. He writes that "until late (too late) in Mozart's life, he did not know who he was," and that, unlike Beethoven, Mozart did not have a "metaphysical aura" (whatever that may be). But surely both composers were conscious of their identities at relatively early ages. Mozart would hardly have been unaware that his powers were superior to those of other musicians. The author might better have contrasted Beethoven's music with Mozart's, in areas such as the active listening required by the former versus the passive listening often suitable for the latter.

Turning to Mozart the man, I find myself in agreement with most of what the book says he *was not*, but not with what it claims he *was*. The author has a tendency to state as fact what is no more than speculation—the fault he condemns in his predecessors. Thus he says that Mozart was in love with Nancy Storace, the first Susanna in *Figaro*, though this is not supported by evidence. It may be, too, that "the composition itself was usually complete long before Mozart wrote it down," but this is not proved by Hildesheimer's point that the manuscripts are rarely marred by corrections. The statement that Mozart's Masses "are infused not with belief but with the will to portray it" is also open to question. The ab-

Robert Craft's Present Perspectives will be published by Knopf in June.

sence of documentation concerning Mozart's attitude toward the Church in the period after his service with Archbishop Colloredo in Salzburg does not confirm anything about the composer's beliefs, whereas his berating of Voltaire as "godless" surely does.

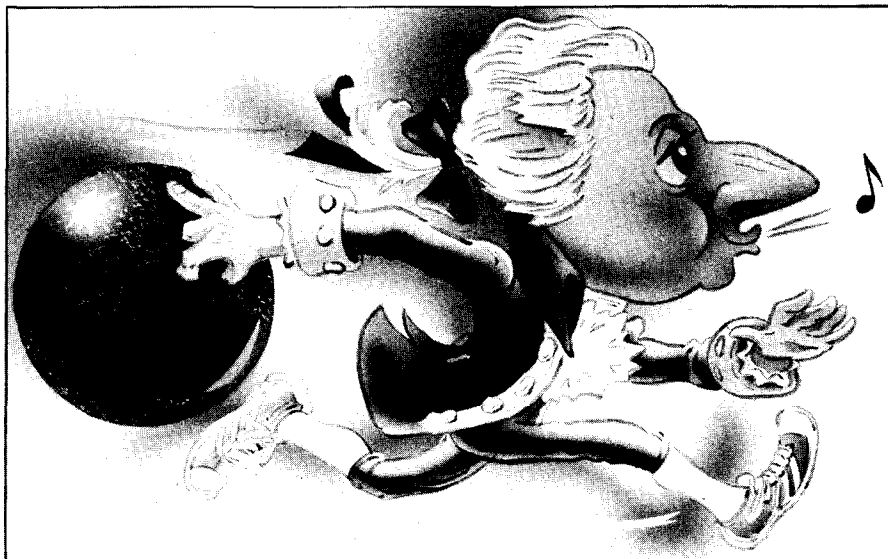
Hildesheimer is mistaken in stating that "the *Zeitgeist* spoke to [Mozart] without touching his consciousness." Actually, both the career and the works challenge the abuse of power, in the spirit of the French Revolution. Moreover, Mozart was the first free-lance composer, the first to rebel against a feudal system of patronage. If *The Abduction from the Seraglio* implicitly criticizes tyrannies, *Figaro* attacks them frontally. Some of the ideals of the Revolution are embodied in *The Magic Flute*, as Jean Starobinski remarks in his 1789: *The Emblems of Reason*. In *Don Giovanni*:

victory goes to the old order, the outraged father. . . . [In *The Magic Flute*] the dawn that breaks at the end and drives away Monostatos and the Queen of the Night is solar Good. . . . It is absolutely basic to *The Magic Flute* that all should end in a new age, a glorified beginning.

In another passage, Starobinski refers to the "eschatological promise" with which the opera ends.

Hildesheimer believes that the relationship between father and son deteriorated into a conflict of wills. But surely differences of personality were as much to blame for their strained relations, and became increasingly difficult to reconcile. Wolfgang was extroverted, at least in comparison with Leopold, who had an interest in the development of science and was widely read and a considerable pedagogue. Whatever Leopold's musical gifts—and his Trumpet Concerto is the work of a skilled, if minor, composer—he did not perceive his son's stature until Joseph Haydn informed him of it.

On the question of the paternity of Mozart's last child, Hildesheimer provides a new twist: Süßmayr, Mozart's pupil, might have slandered Constanze, Mozart's wife, rather than been her lover, since she "was angry" with him at the end, whereas Mozart entrusted him with the completion of the Requiem. But if Süßmayr were the father, would she have advertised the fact by giving his Christian names, Franz Xaver, to the boy? Hildesheimer is not an apologist for Constanze. She was a poor musician, he



says. Yet she was immediately attracted to Bach fugues, more so, apparently, than Mozart himself ("I am no great lover of difficulties"); and how could anyone sight-read an aria in the C-minor Mass, as she did, and not be at least a proficient musician?

One of the author's theses is that Mozart's fortunes declined after *Figaro*, as "an unconscious drive" came to the surface and tempted him "to stop living according to the rules imposed on him from the outside." By 1790, "Vienna had temporarily abandoned Mozart; it seemed to be waiting until this unpleasant and ultimately asocial character . . . had transformed himself by his death into a great man." *Figaro* is the turning point in Mozart's life, certainly, not so much because of its reception as because he had to have known that in this work of unprecedented scope he had discovered a musico-dramatic world. Surely this realization compensated for the loss of his performing career, as did the sense, even if unshared, of his achievements in *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte*.

That Mozart became more isolated, and correspondingly more inward and pessimistic, toward the end is the accepted view, but it fails to take into account *The Magic Flute*. In Starobinski's words, the opera's dénouement involves "a shift of power . . . that marks the advent of universal happiness." Surely this sentiment corresponded to Mozart's own; still, the conclusion of the opera is the Parousia as well as the end of a world.

If it is true that Mozart was "unpleasant," wouldn't this have been an inevitable consequence of his greatness, which

was a natural irritant to those who envied it? He was definitely no diplomatist, sycophant, or flatterer, and was probably outspoken in his criticism of other musicians. He also seems to have been unable to restrain himself from demonstrating his superiority—as when, after someone had played a composition, he would go to the keyboard and improvise a better one, in a playful spirit, and not intending to offend, though this was not likely to have been appreciated. It is hardly surprising that Mozart's widow reported that he had been slandered at the end; his brother-in-law described him as a "victim of envy and intrigues."

Admirers of *Amadeus* who consult Mozart for the facts about the composer's fecal humor will learn that this was common to the Mozart family, including the composer's mother. Whether or not toilet functions were more openly discussed in Mozart's time, his life-long anality is abnormal. Stefan Zweig, who owned originals of nine of the letters written by the twenty-one-year-old Mozart to his female cousin Bäsle, thought that they threw light on his erotic nature, which had "elements of infantilism and coprophilia" (from a 1931 letter to Freud). But Hildesheimer regards the two predispositions as entirely separate. Whether real or fantasy, Mozart's expressions of his desires toward the susceptible young woman are clearly erotic; furthermore, the same phrases occur in a later letter to his wife.

Perhaps the next biography of Mozart will contain an estimate of how much of his life was spent writing music—for he composed it in his head while he bowled (and no doubt during other activities as

well). Some of the difficulties of such a project are admittedly insuperable, since Mozart was capable of composing the second movement of a piece while writing out the first, and since manuscripts are still being discovered (most recently of the early A-minor symphony, in Odense, Denmark, and a revised version of *Exultate, jubilate*, in the collection of St. Jacob's Church in Wasserburg, Bavaria). Still, computers are able to provide parameters for the writing time of the complete works, aided by beta-radiography, which can help to date the manuscripts by revealing their watermarks. (Using this method, Alan Tyson, the noted musicologist, has recently shown that Mozart labored during a period of two years to complete the quartets dedicated to Haydn.)

Meanwhile, Hildesheimer's book enables us to piece together a sufficient number of details to form a portrait of Mozart the man. We can visualize him rehearsing an orchestra (and speaking to the players in a soft tenor), gambling, bowling, playing billiards (a table was among his effects), riding horseback (a doctor had ordered this), and executing a *balestra* (*à la* Don Giovanni). We believe Clementi, who said that Mozart dressed elegantly, and Tieck, who noted that the composer was "small, quick," had "weak eyes" (how could they have been otherwise?), and was "an unimpressive figure." (The large nose and protruding eyes are confirmed both by verbal accounts and by graphic portraits.) It can even be understood that one of the hardest-working men who ever lived considered himself lazy, since his father so often scolded him for his indolence. What is not comprehensible is how any mere human being could have composed Mozart's music. □

SHORT REVIEWS



AFTER LONG SILENCE by Michael Straight. Norton, \$17.50. Mr. Straight's commendable desire to improve the world led him into the Communist circle at Trinity College, Cambridge, during the 1930s. His brilliance as a student of economics lifted him even to the rarefied level of the Apostles—a remarkable dis-

tingtion for an American. It seems never to have occurred to him that his claim to a useful share of the Whitney fortune and his mother's friendship with Eleanor Roosevelt had any connection with his elevation. He enjoyed the company of the revered (and non-Communist) Keynes as well as the verbal antics of Guy Burgess and the sympathetic friendship of Anthony Blunt. He was thoroughly surprised when the bill was presented. This was an order—an order, no less—to go home to the States, insert himself into the Morgan banking house, and keep his Russian agent (who would duly turn up) informed on the inner workings of the villainous capitalist economy. Mr. Straight firmly refused to become a banker. He did not refuse the agent, and as a minor member of Washington's lower echelons delivered what he insists was totally harmless personal opinion to a character calling himself Green. It probably was harmless, for Green soon faded away, leaving Mr. Straight to pursue a varied and useful career until 1963, when he was offered the chairmanship of the newly established Advisory Council on the Arts. There was casual reference to "the FBI check . . ." Mr. Straight did not wait for the ax to fall. He declined the chairmanship and went to the FBI, where he was treated with great civility and passed on to British Intelligence. Such is the speed of modern life that Anthony Blunt was publicly revealed as a Russian agent in 1979. In the uproar that followed, Mr. Straight was described in the British press as an American "who had himself spied for the Russians." Instead of suing for libel, Mr. Straight has written this autobiography. It is probably impossible to appear graceful while explaining that one has been a juvenile dupe, an accomplice through silence, and, in a piffling way, something rather like a traitor, but Mr. Straight has very nearly managed it. He blames no one but himself, an admirable novelty in ex-Communist laments.

SALVADOR by Joan Didion. Simon and Schuster, \$12.95. Ms. Didion's report of the conditions she observed on a visit to El Salvador last year is the more horrifying for the cool, low-keyed style in which the author describes the daily appearance of unexplained corpses, the constant presence of weapons in the hands of unidentifiable men, and the mist of official rhetoric that seems to

have no connection with, or effect on, actual events. The quotation from Conrad that precedes the text is appropriate. El Salvador truly has become the Heart of Darkness.

AUDEN: A CARNIVAL OF INTELLECT by Edward Callan. Oxford, \$25.00. In Professor Callan's view, W. H. Auden's "perennial themes were consciousness and the human condition," but his attitudes toward these topics changed and developed throughout his life. His methods, however, were established early and did not alter. Auden sharked up ideas and terms from a great variety of sources, incorporating them successfully into poetry remarkable for technical subtlety and contemporary vocabulary. Professor Callan's examination of what Auden used, and how, and why, may be overmeticulous for a casual reader, but admirers of Auden should be thoroughly interested.

A CAST OF STARS by Allan Prior. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$16.95. Mr. Prior's novel describes the people and maneuvers behind the production, in London, of a controversial play. The producer is a tyro, the director is touchily fastidious, the designer is a hot-tempered lesbian, and the cast includes "the Sirs"—two glorious veterans of the stage who have hated each other ever since playing Iago and Othello thirty years before. The shenanigans are extensive, held together by the one principle all the characters share. Once committed, they will do anything (short, possibly, of murder) to make the play a success. The book is entertaining reading, bar one defect: the play in question sounds as glum as a rainy Sunday in Philadelphia.

TIM PAGE'S NAM by Tim Page. Knopf, \$25.00 and \$14.95. At the age of seventeen, Mr. Page bolted from his home in a London suburb to see the world. By age twenty-one, he was covering the war in Vietnam as a photographer who would go anywhere, fly in anything, snap the shutter under any conditions, and when hit, as he was more than once, go at it again in bandages. His recklessness eventually took him out with a severe head wound. It also got him the brutal, vivid, weirdly beautiful pictures collected in his book. Mr. Page's commentary, riddled with military argot, is almost as startling as the photographs, for while

he despised the war's purpose and the destruction of civilian lives and property, he frankly loved the machines, the racket, the suspense—the sheer crazy excitement of his crazy profession.

STRANGER AND BROTHER by Philip Snow. Scribner's, \$14.95. Mr. Snow's memoir of his novelist brother, C. P. Snow, is about as dull a tribute as true affection has ever produced. It will, no doubt, be useful to future literary scholars; it does contain interesting flashes of insight and prophesy in C. P.'s wartime letters; there are bits of action on the cricket field. The rest is slumber.

INUIT by Ulli Steltzer. University of Washington, \$29.95. Ms. Steltzer's fine photographs of Inuit (Eskimo) in action are accompanied by her subjects' opinions on the changes rapidly occurring in northern Canada. Some Inuit approve modernization, some have regrets, all are impressively sensible people.

THE GREAT EXTINCTION by Michael Allaby and James Lovelock. Doubleday, \$13.95. Scientists examining fossils, lines in rocks, and chemicals in clay have determined that 65 million years ago (more or less), something happened that exterminated the dinosaurs and a great many other species as well. Mr. Allaby and Mr. Lovelock believe that they have identified the culprit: a planetesimal that wandered out of space and fell into the ancestor of the North Atlantic, with worldwide effects. Their reasons for this belief require careful, step-by-step explanation, which the authors provide with neatness and clarity. They also maintain that another planetesimal is inevitable and overdue, and call for international preparations to head the thing off. The pessimistic reader is likely to find the arrival of the first planetesimal more believable than the hypothetical deflection of the second.

THE CONQUEST OF MOROCCO by Douglas Porch. Knopf, \$16.95. The French conquest of Morocco was a devious, violent, disorganized affair conducted on both sides by an astounding crew of rascals and eccentrics. Mr. Porch writes such an entertaining history of the fantastic business that one tends to forget that the bloodshed was real and that the European intrigues fomenting it were disgraceful.

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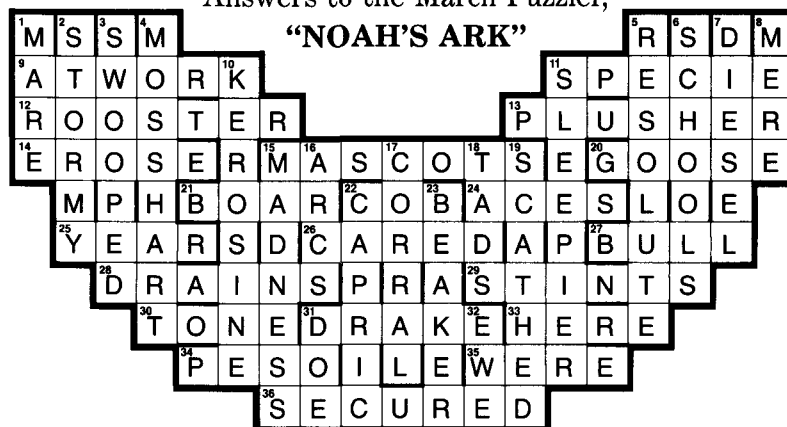
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THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

BOOKSHELVES

A certain section in the library consists of two shelves, each containing thirteen books. The librarian uses the "cryptic" cataloguing system: each book has stamped on its spine five letters that can be mixed to form a word. The words thus formed are given cryptic clues, which are filed so that their answers are in alphabetical order.

The books are arranged so that, reading left to right, the top letters (rows 1 and 6) identify each book; the bottom letters (rows 5 and 10) identify the section as a whole; and rows 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, and 9 yield various words whose clues are also on file in the card catalogue. Can you reconstruct the two bookshelves? Answers include three proper nouns.

1													
2													
3													
4													
5													
6													
7													
8													
9													
10													

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 133.

TOP SHELF

2. Books set right in shelves (7)
Rock band halfway through season (6)
3. Get away from South Carolina football player (5)
Cartoon boxer gives a terrible groan during knockout (8)
4. Make observations about wood or ocean's edge (8)
A cent lost in play (5)

BOTTOM SHELF

7. My catching curve is sloppy (5)
Broken-down princess told jokes aloud (8)
8. Grounds found in tea set, strangely (6)

Show featuring cartoons' foremost rabbit interrupted by commercial (7)

9. Void filled by a yearbook (6)
Spray a tender back with oil, not iodine (7)

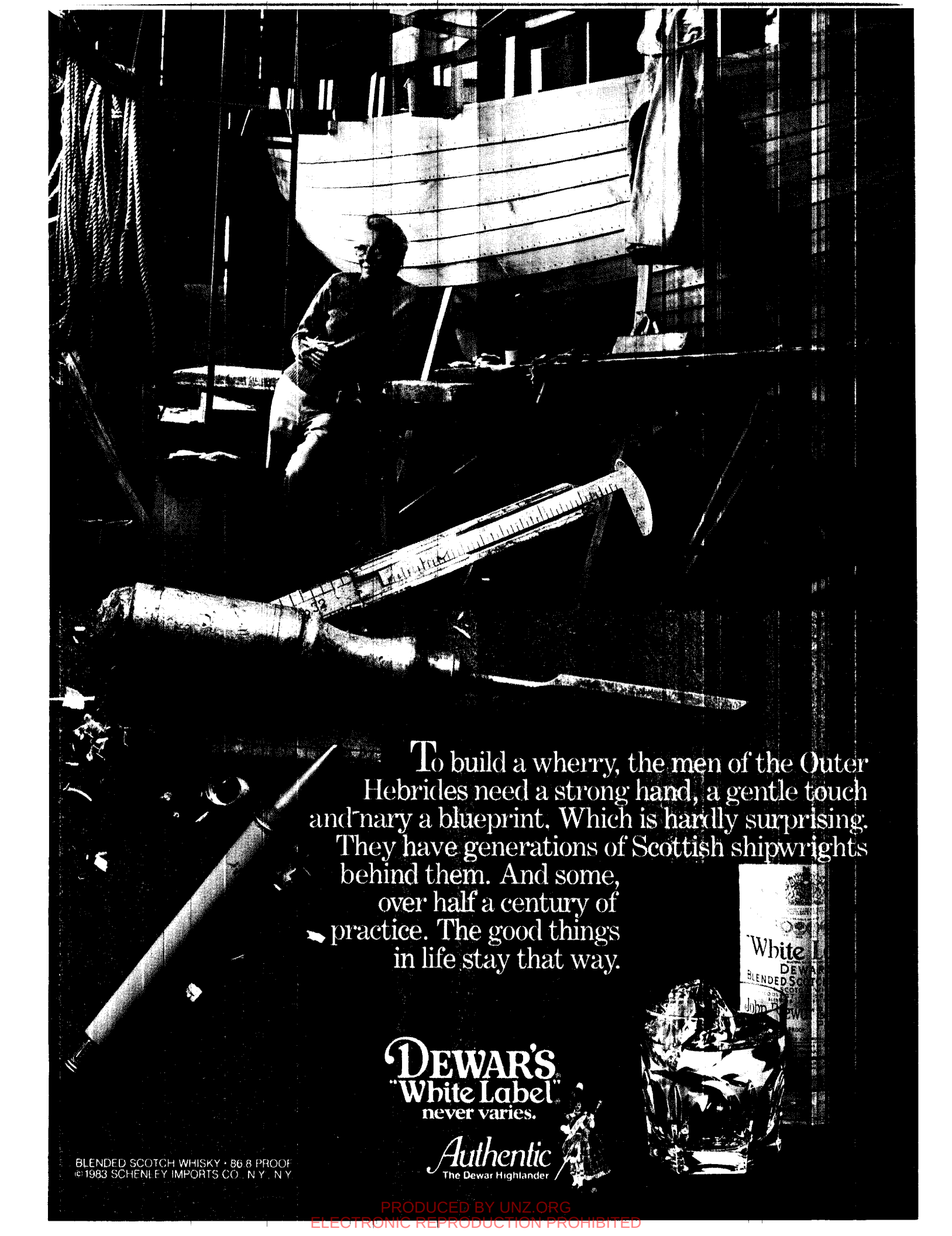
FIVE-LETTER WORDS

Nimble soldier gets into drink
Revise goal after morning
Tree in sandy place by the sound
Benjamin takes church seat
Hear gardener, at times, in wood
Hide coyote traps: hunter's ruse
French artist has to vent fumes?
Loud Rolling Stones music and dress
Girl Scout keeps Bob's partner for ages
A huge, sprawling Netherlands city

Vehemently exposes macho guys
Greek adventurer gets hence in January

Goes on wooden feet?
Crooked deal involving film didn't work
Neighborhood diet
Organ contains one sound
Acts like a hot dog in part of a suit
Leave a coat
Go on north with black bird
Team has left playground equipment
Pigeon fouled a bus carrying queen
Weary after last of laps, made a vow
Diplomacy keeps one silent
Linger, like a sailor?
Source of revenue is cabs
Carry male ancestral emblem

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



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